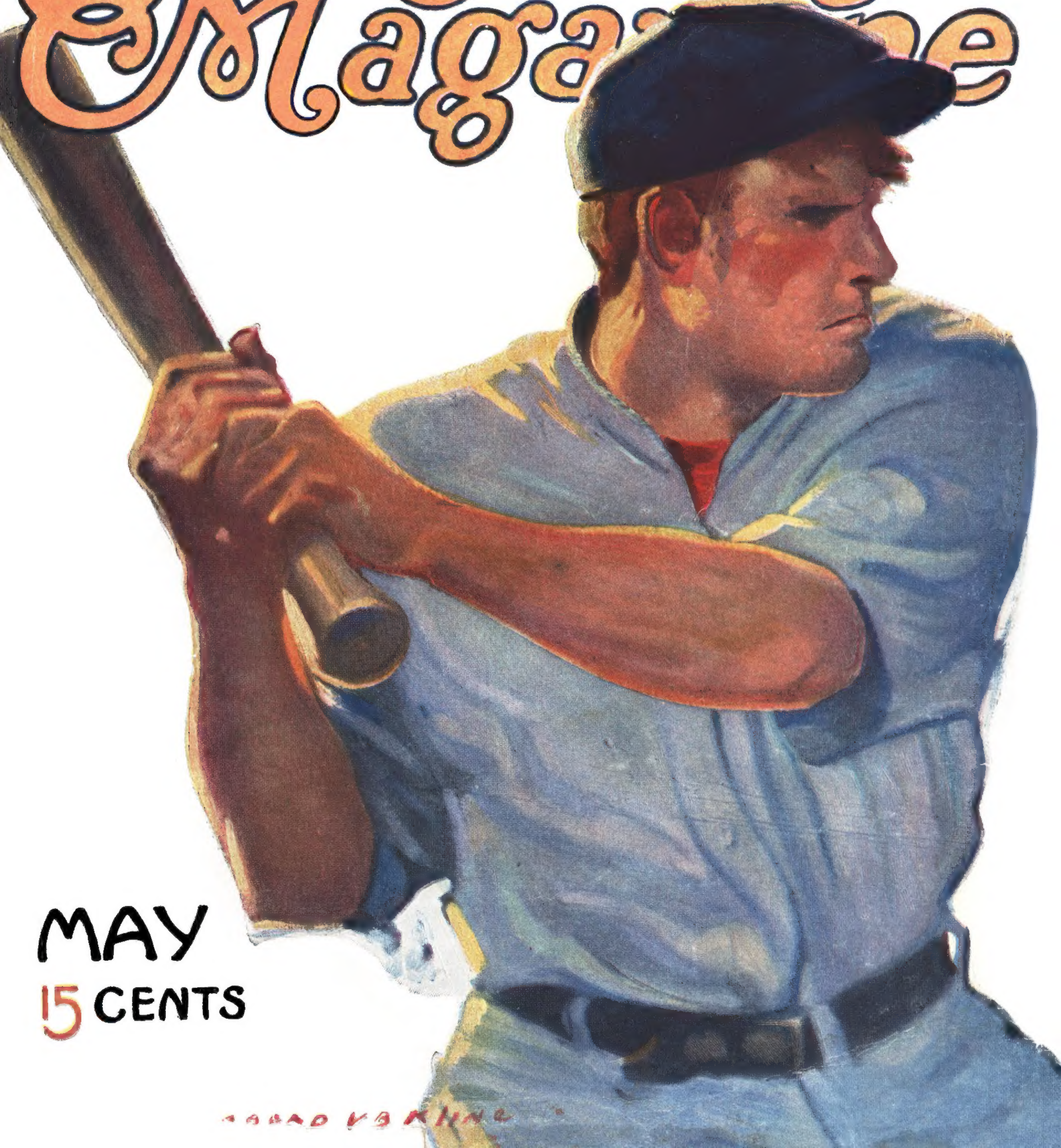
THE FEDERAL LEAGUE

by JOE TINKER

"What about it, Joe? Give it to us straight!"

Everybody's Magazine



MAY

15 CENTS

"38" Packard "48"

SIX-CYLINDER CARRIAGES

CONSTANT, sincere effort toward a logical result has made the Packard reputation.

The confidence of a patron cannot be bought by a bargain. Good will gravitates where it is deserved. It cannot be bestowed or transferred at pleasure.

Packard success is due to Packard principles and Packard product—backed by a permanent organization.

THE BRIDGE BUILDER'S FACTOR OF SAFETY
IS BUILT INTO PACKARD CARS AND TRUCKS

Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit

LINCOLN HIGHWAY CONTRIBUTOR

Ask the man who owns one

TIFFANY & CO.

FEATURES OF THE HOUSE OF TIFFANY & CO.

PEARLS JEWELRY SILVERWARE STATIONERY BRONZES AND CHINA

HIGH STANDARDS PERFECTED PRODUCTS MODERATE PRICES

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS

BRANCHES IN PARIS AND LONDON

THE MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT
IS EVER AVAILABLE TO OUT-OF-TOWN
CORRESPONDENTS

FIFTH AVENUE AND 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

"NOBBY TREAD"
UNITED STATES TIRE
"NOBBY TREAD"
UNITED STATES TIRE—QUICK DET

Punctures 90% Less

Investigations prove that with "Nobby Tread" Tires punctures are 90% less than with the average tire.

The big, thick "nobs" on "Nobby Tread" Tires stand out so far from the shoe that nails, glass, sharp stones, etc., hardly ever reach the shoe.

Study the "nobs" their size, their thickness, and the way they are placed, and you will understand why.

And remember this—you have got to wear out these big, thick, tough "nobs" before you even start to wear out the extra strong tire underneath—that is one reason why experts call "Nobby Treads."

Two Tires in One

The original wear-resisting quality, the quantity of rubber, the methods of construction—all have been rigidly maintained in "Nobby Tread" Tires, and maintained regardless of cost and regardless of price competition.

"Nobby Tread" Tires are the largest selling high-grade anti-skid tires in the world, and they are REAL anti-skid Tires. Based solely upon their remarkable mileage records,

"Nobby Tread" Tires

are now sold under our regular warranty—perfect workmanship and material—BUT any adjustments are on a basis of

5,000 Miles

Thousands upon thousands of veteran motorists now use "Nobby Tread" Tires on their front and rear wheels through all seasons, because they are such phenomenal mileage tires and real anti-skid tires.

United States Tire Company

DO NOT BE TALKED INTO A SUBSTITUTE

Your own dealer or any reliable dealer can supply you with "Nobby Tread" Tires. If he has no stock on hand, insist that he get them for you at once—or go to another dealer.

NOTE THIS:—Dealers who sell UNITED STATES TIRES sell the best of everything.

What's The Trouble With Ulster?

G. K. Chesterton Cables The Answer

See Page 667

Everybody's Magazine

Vol. XXX MAY 1914 No. 5

CONTENTS

Everybody's Pictorial Guide to America . . . Harry Grant Dart . . . Adv. Sec. 27

Putting Across the Federal League . . . Joe Tinker . . . 577
With photographs

His Majesty's Ragtime. A Story. . . . Robert Emmet MacAlarney . 589
Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

The Doodle-Bug. A Story . . . George Randolph Chester . 601
Illustrations by Paul Bransom

The Human Man. A Story . . . Eugene Wood . . . 613
Illustrations by Horace Taylor

The High Price of Speculation . . . Garet Garrett . . . 619
Cartoon by Thornton D. Skidmore

"Persons Unknown." A Serial Story. II. Virginia Tracy . . . 624
Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

Better Business. . . . . . William Hard . . . 641
With photographs

Rum: What the Organized Pros and Cons Would Do About It 654

In Love . . . . . . Frank Leon Smith . . . 660
Illustrations by W. Pryor

The Way of It. Verse . . . . Mary Normile . . . 666

The Trouble With Ulster . . . G. K. Chesterton . . . 667
With Foreword by . . . Joseph Edgar Chamberlin

Carnations. Verse . . . . . Margaret Widdemer . . 673
Illustrations by Maginel Wright Enright

New Operas—Good and Not So Good . William Merrigan Daly . . 674
With photographs

The Button. A Story . . . . Leavitt Ashley Knight . . 687
Illustrations by Stockton Mulford

"Let's Pretend." . . . . . . Virginia Roderick . . . 698

The Second Murderer. A Story . . E. W. Hornung . . . 700
Illustrations by Frederic Dorr Steele

Dead In The Steerage. Verse . . Nancy Byrd Turner . . 712

Everybody's Money . . . . . John Parr 713

Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree 717

Straight Talk with "Everybody's" Publishers 719

The contents of this Magazine are copyrighted and must not be reprinted without permission.

Issued monthly. Yearly subscription, $1.50 in advance. Single copy, fifteen cents.
Foreign postage, $1.00 additional. No extra postage for Canada.

Copyrighted, 1914, by The Ridgway Company in the United States and Great Britain

Published by THE RIDGWAY COMPANY, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City
6, Henrietta St., Covent Garden, London, W. C., England
Entered at the New York Post-Office as Second Class Matter
Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Improved Standards of Living

The Part MAGAZINE ADVERTISING Plays in Bringing this About.

WHEN we think of it we realize what an important part advertising has played in improving our standards of living. We live in an age when we are no longer content to continue doing things in the same way that our fathers and grandfathers did them.

Advertising has been the means by which we have learned not to accept, blindly, drudgery of any description. It has stimulated us to keep on looking for better methods of doing everything. It has made familiar to us innumerable labor-saving devices by the use of which we have been able to do our work more efficiently, more quickly and with less expenditure of effort and money.

Thus, through advertising, in a multiplicity of ways our leisure hours have been increased. Not only has advertising enabled us to have more time for recreation and mental cultivation, but it has also been the means by which we have learned how to utilize our hours of ease.

Advertising has proved a wonderful method for spreading educational influences. It has brought the written works of the greatest minds of the ages within reach of millions and millions.

It has made educational advantages a possibility for untold thousands dwelling remote from centers of learning.

In the dissemination of the most varied and practical kind of information advertising in itself is an educator.

It has taught us the great gospel of "the better way of doing everything." It has taught us how to clean our homes without using a broom. It has given us music without ability or effort on our part. It has completely changed our kitchens and dining-tables. It has taught us differences in various kinds of foods. It has shown us how to dress better, and has unified the question of style for the village and the city.

Advertising has taught us how to tell quality and where to look for it. When we think of our knowledge on this subject alone we begin to realize part of our debt to advertising.

It has taught us that *a manufacturer's name on a product is as much a guarantee of its genuineness as his name on a check.* Advertising has taught him and us that he must stand as responsible for the one as he will for the other.

We know to-day that the manufacturer, who puts his name on an article and advertises it, must maintain its quality. We would not purchase more than once if he did not.

Advertised products are therefore in a sense a protection for us. They are a guarantee of permanent quality.

(*Read the rest of this on page 6*)

Index to Advertisements

Automobiles, Motor Boats and Accessories PAGE
American Engine Co. 84
Bowser & Co., S. F. 101
Brooks Mfg. Co. 62
Caille Perfection Motor Co. . . 62
Classified Advertising 80
Detroit Boat Co. 90
Edwards Mfg. Co. 88
Electric Launch Co.—Elco . . . 82
Electric Storage Battery Co. . . 40
Evinrude Motor Co. 61
Firestone Tire & Rubber Co. . . 100
Goodrich Co., B. F. 53
Gray Motor Co. 80
Lee Tire & Rubber Co. 89
Michigan Steel Boat Co. 84
Motor Dis. Syndicate 8
Mullins Co., W. H. 56
Packard Motor Car Co. . . 2nd cover
Pennsylvania Rubber Co. 99
Speedaway Boat Motor Co. . . 74
Stutz Motor Car Co. 68
Timken-Detroit Axle Co. 50
U. S. Tire Co. 82
Wright Engine Co., C. T. 94

Bathroom Appliances
Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co. . . 98
Trenton Potteries Co. 93

Building and Construction
Alabastine Company 93
Barrett Specification Roofs . . . 102
Boyle & Co., A. S. 65
Corbin Co., P. & F. 104
Johns-Manville Co., H. W. . . . 21
Kenyon Co., R. L. 76
Lewis Mfg. Co. 91

Building and Construction
Continued PAGE
National Lead Co. 74
North Amer. Construction Co. . 92
North Western Expanded Metal Co. 103
Pratt & Lambert—Vitralite . . 91
Rice's Mill White 41
Sherwin-Williams Co. 38
Tarvia 105
Trus-Con Laboratories 86
Valentine & Co. 28

Cameras and Optical Goods
Chicago Ferrotype Co. 58
Classified Advertising 78
Eastman Kodak Co. 32-37
Geneva Optical Co. 89
Goerz Optical Co., C. P. 85
Rochester Optical Co. 45

Cutlery, Razors and Strops
Shumate Razor Co. 77

Educational
American Acad. of Dramatic Arts 16
Bogue School for Stammerers . . 16
Boston School of Drawing . . . 16
Chautauqua School of Nursing . 21
Chicago Tribune 16
Columbian Corres. College . . . 22
Cortina Academy of Languages . 16
Detroit School of Lettering . . . 16
Dickson Memory School 22
Evans School, W. L. 22
Hamilton Ins., Alexander 95
Home Corres. Schools 22
Illinois College of Photography . 16

Educational—*Continued* PAGE
International Corres. Schools . . 77
Landon Sch. of Illus. & Cartooning 22
Language Phone Method . . . 21
Lewis School for Stammerers . . 16
National Press Ass'n 22
National Salesmen's Training Ass'n 22
Northwestern School for Stammerers 16
Pacific School for Stammerers . . 16
Page-Davis School 22
Rosing School of Lettering & Design 22
Saul Brothers 22
School of Applied Art 22
University of Chicago 16
Walton School of Accountancy . 16

Residential Schools
Arkansas 15
Camps and Summer Schools . . 9
Connecticut 12
District of Columbia 13
Foreign 12
Georgia 12
Illinois 15
Maryland 14
Massachusetts 11-12
Michigan 15
Missouri 15
Nebraska 15
New Jersey 14
New Mexico 12
New York 9-10-11
North Carolina 15
Ohio 15
Pennsylvania 12
South Carolina 15
Tennessee 15
Virginia 14-15
West Virginia 11

The rest of Index to Advertisements Continued on page 6.

Wholesome Fiction *versus* Scavenger Fiction

By E. W. REYNOLDS

Copyright 1914, by E. W. Reynolds

Some people read "scavenger" fiction from choice. Others read it in order to be, as they imagine, up to date. But many read it because it comes into their hands **like a thief in the night.**

Books do not have to be unclean to be interesting, nor do they have to be uninteresting to be good literature.

The "high-brow" with an overbalanced artistic sense, who writes fiction with his rules of English in one hand and his tea-table etiquette in the other, writes good literature and his books are clean, but — they are uninteresting.

The "literary scavenger" with genius, using material that decent writers reject and putting it in form so attractive that it appeals to the baser emotions of men and women, affording them thrills that respectability will not permit them in public, writes good literature and his books are interesting—to some readers—**but they are unclean.**

It is no sign that a book is wholesome, or good literature, because it is found in the various lists of "best sellers." Neither is it proof that the book is crude, or unclean.

But it **is** true, of every book that gains the distinction of being a "best seller," that it has in it something, besides literary style, that makes a strong appeal for readers.

This is also true: A wholesome book crudely written frequently finds its way into the "best seller" class, while a "scavenger" book rarely attains to such heights, **unless its literary style is good.** Vice and crime, filth and vulgarity, lust and sensuality, in order to be the invited guests of respectability **must appear in faultless attire.**

There are some — present day authors, perhaps — who have gained much notoriety through the prostitution of their talents, but no writer of fiction has made a record as enviable as the one made—in scarcely more than ten years—by Harold Bell Wright.

His books are wielding a steadily growing wholesome influence. They are the germ of a new order of fiction for the strength of the race.

His first book, "That Printer of Udell's," a vigorous story of practical Christianity, has given a new hope, a new inspiration, to millions of readers. From the date of its publication in 1903 it has grown in popularity. **Nearly 100,000 copies are now sold every year.**

"The Shepherd of the Hills" published in 1907, "The Calling of Dan Matthews" published in 1909 and "The Winning of Barbara Worth" published in 1911 are important factors in the life and thought of the present generation. They are an inheritance for the boys and girls of today who are the men and women of tomorrow.

"Their Yesterdays," published in 1912, exalts life and love, and is the author's greatest contribution to the race, **for the perpetuation of the race.**

"The Eyes of the World"—**to be published August 8th**—strikes a powerful blow at present day evils in the world of literature and art that is most opportune. It will have a tremendous influence for arousing the public conscience to the necessity of censure before the youth of the land is poisoned to the verge of degeneracy by **"scavenger" fiction.**

Harold Bell Wright has, in his thirty millions of readers in the United States, Canada, England and Australia, the largest audience of any living author. "The Eyes of the World" is his sixth consecutive successful novel. He has never written a failure.

"The Eyes of the World" is a ripping romance with 136,000 words of wholesome action, plot, counter-plot, mystery and love, sweet sentiment and strong passions. The scene is one of Southern California's cities among orange groves and the San Bernardino mountains. One half million copies will be sold before publication day because it is wholesome—it is interesting—it is good literature.

To secure a copy from the first printing (also a complimentary photograph of the author and his family) **you should place your order now,** with your bookseller.

THE BOOK SUPPLY COMPANY
231-233 W. Monroe St., Chicago — Publishers

Note: Harold Bell Wright does **not** contribute to any magazine. His books are **not** published as serials. His books are **not** shown in moving pictures but they are dramatized and produced on the regular stage under leased rights.

Food Products PAGE
Anheuser-Busch Malt Nutrine . . 23
Campbell's Soups 33
Coca Cola 57
Curtice Brothers 83
Eskay's Food 63
Grape-Nuts 29
Post Toasties . . . . . . 4th cover
Whitman & Son, Stephen F. . . 83

Furniture
Brooks Mfg. Co. 64
Come-Packt Furniture Co. . . . 91

Health Promotion
Absorbine, Jr. 69
Geier Co., P. A. 88
Lambert Pharmacal Co. 84
Mears Ear Phone 62
Newskin Company 85
Wulfing & Co., A. (Formamint) . 39

Heating and Lighting
American Radiator Co. 35
Peck-Williamson Co. 87
Weir Stove Co. (Glenwood Ranges) 67

House Furnishings
Carpenter & Co., Geo. B. . . . 89
Classified Advertising 80
Gilbert & Bennett Mfg. Co. . . . 47
Grand Rapids Refrigerator Co. . . 63
McCray Refrigerator Co. . . . 60
Metal Stamping Co. 64
Monroe Refrigerator Co. . . . 84
Naumkeag Steam Cotton Co. . . 72
Ostermoor & Co. 67
Western Electric Co. (Sturtevant Vacuum Cleaner) 51

Household Supplies
3-in-One Oil Co. 52
Johnson & Son, S. C. 75
Old Dutch Cleanser . . . 3rd cover

Insurance
Ætna Life Insurance Co. . . . 73
Travelers Insurance Co. 48

Jewelry and Silverware
Engel, Albert W. 86
International Silver Co. 43

Jewelery and Silverware *Continued* PAGE
Lindemann, Henry 64
Loftis Bros. 8
Reed & Barton 70
Thomas, Seth, Clock Co. 70
Tiffany & Company 1

Miscellaneous
Amer. Telephone & Telegraph Co. 34
Brandt Mfg. Co. 89
Classified Advertising 80
Davey Tree Expert Co. 84
Fitz Chemical Co. (Spri-Foot) . . 65
W. Z. Long Co. 82
Paddington Sales & Mfg. Co. . . 84
United States Envelope Co. . . 86

Office Equipment
American Writing Paper Co. . . 97
Baker-Vawter Co. 8
Classified Advertising 80
Koh-i-noor Pencils 63
Moore Corporation, John C. . . 90
O. K. Mfg. Co. 64
Waterman Co., L. E. 49

Pianos, Musical Instruments and Talking Machines
Chickering & Sons 96
Liszt Co. 88
Melville Clark Piano Co. . . . 46
Steinway & Son 36
Victor Talking Machine Co. . . 30-31
Wilcox & White Co. 26

Publishers
Book Supply Co. 5
Encyclopaedia Britannica 17-18-19-20

Shoes, Rubbers, Etc.
Florsheim Shoe Co. 88
Foster Rubber Co. 56
Kelly Co., Geo. J. 64, 90
Regal Shoe Co. 66

Sporting Goods
Colt's Patent Firearms 62
Detroit Boat Co. 88

Sporting Goods—*Continued* PAGE
Du Pont Fabrikoid Co. 60
Johnson's, Iver, Arms & Cycle Works 94
King Folding Canvas Boat Co. . . 90
Mead Cycle Co. 86, 88, 90
Mullins Co., W. H. 90
Old Town Canoe Co. 56

Toilet Articles
Carmen Complexion Powder . . 85
Cuticura 58
Fairbank Co., N. K. 81
Florence Keep Clean Brushes . . 63
Ingram Co., F. F. 71
Ivory Soap 108
Lablache Face Powder 90
Mülhens & Kropff 91
Nyal's Face Cream 58
Packer Mfg. Co. 107
Resinol Chemical Co. 59

Travel, Hotels and Resorts
Delaware & Hudson Co. 92
N. Y., N. H. & Hartford R. R. . 25
Schumacher & Co., A. 25
Southern Pacific Co. 76
Southern Railway Co. 87
Where-To-Go Bureau 24-25
White Pass Yukon Route 8

Trunks
Likly & Co., Henry 64
National Veneer Products Co. . . 61

Typewriters
American Writing Machine Co. . 84
Classified Advertising 80
Remington Typewriter Co. . . 54-55
Royal Typewriter Co. 7
Standard Typewriter Co. . . . 90
Typewriters Distributing Syndicate 84

Wearing Apparel
B. V. D. Underwear Co. 42
Chalmers Knitting Co. 44
Cluett, Peabody & Co. 106
Kerr Co., Wm. B. 62
Kleinert Rubber Co., I. B. . . . 66
Lanigan Co., W. S. 72
Shirley President Suspenders . . 86

(Continued from page 4)

Improved Standards of Living

Advertising helps to build up a reputation for a manufacturer and then forces him to maintain it. He knows that the character his advertising gives his product must be backed up by the *quality* of the product itself. His name or trade-marked brand on his product is equal to his signed guarantee of its quality to us, the purchasers.

An advertised, trade-marked article gives us a feeling of absolute security. It is as if the maker had given us a promise signed with his own name. And, as in all other affairs in life, a good name means everything to him.

Suppose it were possible for a *man* to go through life without a name? If such a thing were possible you can readily see that his actions, good or bad, could not reflect credit on him or anybody else. Without a name he would have no identity.

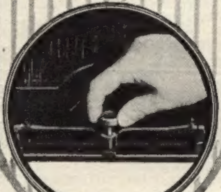
In the same way an unbranded, unnamed, unadvertised product carries no sense of responsibility with it. It carries no mark of identity.

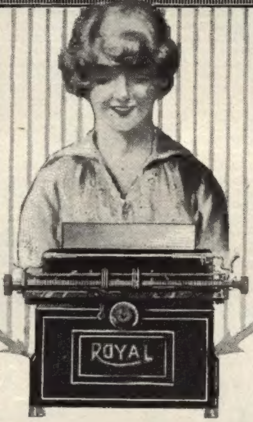
In addition to establishing a means of determining quality, what a democratic influence advertising is! It has converted the luxuries of the privileged few into the possessions of practically everybody. Most of us can remember when a porcelain bath-tub was a luxury. When a piano in a home was a reason for special pride. When a well-filled book-case was evidence of unusual leisure. And so on. To-day we see that the unusual luxury of yesterday is the common possession of all to-day. We see better homes, better dressed people, more leisure, more widespread culture, increased travel, and a more closely knit national sense of unity.

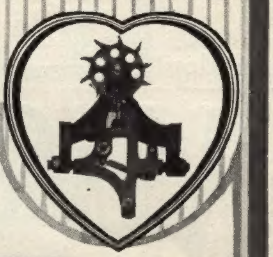
It is no exaggeration to state that in a large measure these improved conditions have been brought about by advertising. And as you look through the advertising announcements in this magazine you will see that EVERYBODY'S plays its part in conveying the messages of the leading manufacturers of the country to, perhaps, the most enlightened group of families in America.

Announcing the NEW MODEL ROYAL No. 10

FEATURE No 5
All-day Speed!







"Just turn the knob"—and get the "personal touch" that fits YOURSELF!

SPEED UP to 60 minutes an hour AND SMILE

By taking the "grind" out of typewriting!

FOR here at last is the master machine that makes it easy for *ANY* stenographer to turn out *MORE* letters with *LESS* effort.

"Write with the roller-trip!—the heart of the typewriter runs without effort!"

Built for "Big Business" and its Great Army of Expert Operators

This new Royal Master-Model 10 speeds up the day's work and sets the pace to the quickstep of efficiency.

Because the new Royal's rapid-fire action and adjustable *personal* touch takes the "grind" out of typewriting.

For it adds to the sensitive fingers of the typist the one vital thing that the old-style typewriter subtracts—*speed!*

The speed with brains behind it—the real-life speed of the expert typist, setting the pace that pays.

Errorless speed is the kind of speed that counts—commonsense has punctured the illusion of the other kind.

All-day speed, throbbing evenly with the big, steady pulse of modern business—that's the speed of the new Royal 10.

Price $100
(in Canada $125)

ROYAL
10 ROYAL TYPEWRITER CO NY USA 10

Get the Facts!

Send for the "Royal man" and ask for a DEMONSTRATION. Read our advertisements in *Saturday Evening Post, Collier's, Everybody's, McClure's, Cosmopolitan, System,* and many more.

Write Direct

for our new Brochure, ***"Better Service,"*** and book of Lessons in Touch Typewriting—sent free to typewriter users. "Write now—right *now!*"

ROYAL TYPEWRITER CO., Inc.
Royal Typewriter Bldg., 364 Broadway, New York
Branches and Agencies the World Over

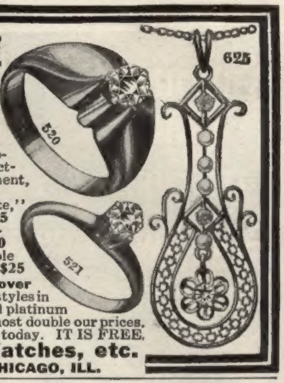
Special BARGAIN SALE

Diamonds Watches on Credit

Send for FREE Jewelry Catalog

"EVERYBODY'S DOING IT"—BUYING
DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, on CREDIT

YOU SAVE ONE-THIRD



These are our Big Leaders — always fashionable, always worn by lovers of artistic jewelry. Let us send you any of these handsome pieces, or any article shown in our Catalog, for your examination and approval, all delivery charges prepaid by us. If satisfactory, send us one-fifth of purchase price as first payment, balance in eight equal amounts, payable monthly.

No. 520-Diamond Ring, "The Young Man's Favorite," 6-prong "Tooth" mounting, 14k solid gold . . $65
No. 521-Diamond Ring, the famous Loftis "Perfection" mounting, 14k solid gold $50
No. 625-LaValliere, solid gold, 1 Diamond, 4 whole Pearls, 2 Sapphires; with 15 in. chain. Our best seller, $25

Our handsome 116-page Catalog, illustrating over 2,000 bargains, is sent free on request. All the new, popular styles in Jewelry—gorgeously beautiful Diamonds, Artistic solid gold and platinum mountings —exquisite things—that sell in some cash stores at almost double our prices. Our Easy Credit Plan is fully explained in Catalog. Send for it today. IT IS FREE.

(Established 1858)
STORES ALSO IN:
PITTSBURGH
ST. LOUIS
OMAHA

LOFTIS BROS. & CO., Diamonds, Watches, etc.
Dept. N 864 100 to 108 N. State Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

ALASKA—the great scenic region of the world—is now open to tourists. A delightful ocean voyage through the "Inside Passage" to Sitka and Skaguay—and then *beyond the shores* by rail and steamer into the very heart of the Yukon country.

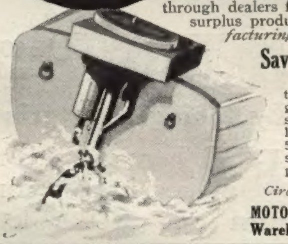
Unequaled mountain scenery. Excellent fishing. Modern conveniences. Special round trip rates. *Beautiful descriptive literature sent free on request.* Write today. Address

Passenger Department,
WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE
137 W. Washington Street Chicago
J. E. Dempsey
Traffic Manager, W. P. & Y. Route
109 Alaska Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE

$48 Will Now Motorize Your Row Boat

Lowest price ever made on a high-grade, standardized-detachable row-boat motor. Built by one of the largest and oldest detachable motor makers. Sold regularly through dealers for $70. We bought entire surplus production at *less than manufacturing cost.*



Save $22—Dealer's Profit

Manufacturer's guarantee attached to every motor. Highesgrade material; finest workmans ship. Speed, 6 to 9 miles per hour; steers by a rudder; weight 50 pounds. Shipped anywhere, securely boxed, on receipt of price. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Circular 71-A FREE on request

MOTOR DISTRIBUTING SYNDICATE
Warehouse 21, Milwaukee, Wis.

"For La Soledad"

A powerful Central American story by Harold Kellock and George Shepherd. Full of action and romance drawn from personal experience. It's in the May

Adventure

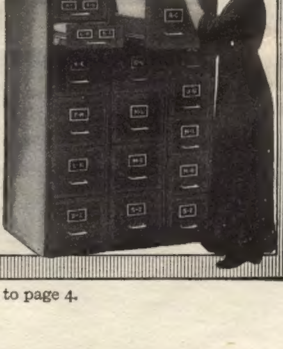
Only a Woman could have written this Story

And a woman did write it.

"Home in the Sun," by Beatrice Grimshaw, will appeal to every man or woman who has ever cherished an ideal of Love. Read it in

EVERYBODY'S for JUNE

THE MOST FILING INCHES—THE LEAST FLOOR SPACE



OF all the metal filing cabinets now on the market, there is just one make that stands out as the acknowledged *Best*, and that is the Baker-Vawter Steel Filing Sections. They are the only files having a rigid frame—independent of end panels, or drawer slides.

They are built on the same principle as the modern steel building, from angles, T's and plates, electrically welded into one solid unit. They will not warp, bind or twist—are made for service, not to fit a price.

Baker-Vawter Steel Filing Sections

comprise thirty standard styles of vertical sections, in stock, ready to ship—besides numerous combinations made possible by transposing of compartments.

Sections are interchangeable, side panels removable, and each section has an individual lock; the turning of one key locks every drawer.

Baker-Vawter Steel Filing Sections have the *Greatest* filing capacity — correspondence section, five drawers; invoice and credit section, six drawers; others equally efficient. Twenty-four net filing inches in every drawer.

Let our engineers plan your filing—tell us your requirements, we'll send specifications for complete equipment, large or small, or have one of our 125 salesmen call.

Baker-Vawter products are shipped direct from factory to you—not sold by stores.

Ask for Catalog

Benton Harbor, Mich. **BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY** Holyoke, Mass.
World's largest manufacturers of Loose Leaf Ledgers, Accounting Systems, and Steel Filing Equipment selling direct to user

EVERYBODY'S EDUCATIONAL DIRECTORY

Summer Schools and Camps—New York Schools

MAINE, Vassalboro, Webber Pond.

Camp Minne-wawa Vacation camp for girls and young women. Good food. Pure water. Bungalows new and attractive. Land and water sports under expert supervision. Nature study. Folk dancing, Music. Careful attention to every detail of girls' welfare. Send for booklet.

MRS. ALICE N. RANDALL.

Quanset The Cape Cod Camp for girls. Tenth season. Swimming, canoeing, sailing, taught under safest conditions. Exceptional training in Land Sports. Original musical comedy under able leadership. Riding, Weaving, Crafts Jewelry. Send for illustrated booklet. MRS. E. A. W. HAMMATT, 17 Water St., Newton Center, Massachusetts.

Repton Camp for Boys On Lake Champlain. Port Henry, Essex Co., N. Y. June 30—Sept. 1st. Boating, swimming, all outdoor sports. Cruising on motorboat, organized hikes through Adirondacks, etc. In personal charge of headmaster of Repton School. For illustrated catalogue address O. C. ROACH.
Box C-6, Tarrytown, New York.

LONG ISLAND, Flushing, Box 505.

Kyle Camp in the Catskills, near Rip Van Winkle's Rock. Model Bungalows. No damp tents. All land and water sports. Free courses in English and German, if desired. Tutoring to make up conditions. Large amusement hall with piano and billiard. Rifle range. A real Rip Van Winkle bowling alley. Supplies from own farm. DR. PAUL KYLE, Kyle School for Boys.

NEW HAMPSHIRE, Lake Winnipesaukee.
MAINE, Harrison, Long Lake.

Camp Idlewild for Boys 23rd year. 2 complete camps—Senior and Junior. Seniors spend July in Maine, August in N. H. Juniors, reverse. Above are unique features no other camp provides. Illustrated booklet. Address
JOHN M. DICK, B. D., State and Congress Sts., Boston, Mass.

VT., Lake Morey; and N. H., Lake Katherine. Tenth Season.

Aloha Camps For Girls. Healthful location. Pure water. Safe sanitation. Water sports. Tennis, golf and handcrafts. Nature study, horseback riding, mountaineering. Substantial house. New assembly hall. Board-floor tents. Girls' welfare our first care. Booklet. Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Gulick, Hanover, N. H.

CONNECTICUT, Litchfield Hills, Bantam Lake.

Summer Camp

Ninth Season. 1100 feet altitude. Splendid facilities for all aquatic and athletic sports. Coaching under supervision of Head Master of Irving School. Address
J. M. FURMAN, A.M., Box 921, Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Mrs. Dow's School For Girls

For circular address

Mrs. Mary E. Dow, Principal,
Briarcliff Manor, N.Y.

PENNSYLVANIA, Concordville, Box 34.

Maplewood Ideal Summer Outing for Boys. Near Phila. 52nd year. Opens June 25th, closes Sept. 1st. High moral influence. Special care to small boys. Our own milk and vegetables. Boating, sports, tent life, hikes. Harmful extremes in sports discouraged. Terms $98.00. Instruction, if desired. School year opens Sept. 17th. J. C. SHORTLIDGE, Prin.

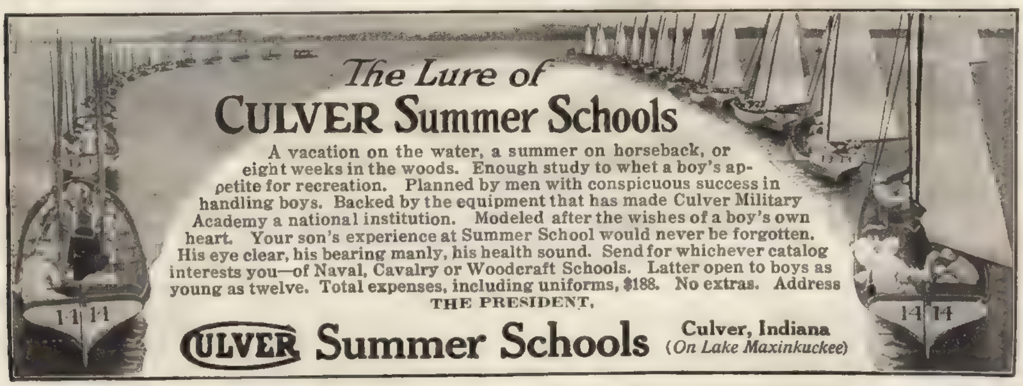
MAINE, Unity, on Lake Winnecook.

Camp Winnecook for Boys Twelfth Season. Best location in N. E. Tents in the pines. Land and water sports. Archery. Woodcraft. Camping Trips. Tutoring, Photography, Indian lore and Manual Arts under experts. Camp Booklet.
HERBERT L. RAND, Director, 39 Shore Road, Salem, Mass.

SWEETWATER, Tennessee.

Tennessee Military Institute Summer Camp

Location in the heart of Appalachian Mountains. Ideal place for boys to spend a delightful summer Supervision of T. M. I. faculty. Special tutoring. All forms of summer sports. Terms reasonable. For particulars, write MAJOR CHAS. N. HULVEY, Commandant.



The Lure of

CULVER Summer Schools

A vacation on the water, a summer on horseback, or eight weeks in the woods. Enough study to whet a boy's appetite for recreation. Planned by men with conspicuous success in handling boys. Backed by the equipment that has made Culver Military Academy a national institution. Modeled after the wishes of a boy's own heart. Your son's experience at Summer School would never be forgotten. His eye clear, his bearing manly, his health sound. Send for whichever catalog interests you—of Naval, Cavalry or Woodcraft Schools. Latter open to boys as young as twelve. Total expenses, including uniforms, $188. No extras. Address
THE PRESIDENT.

CULVER Summer Schools Culver, Indiana
(On Lake Maxinkuckee)

New York—Continued

Established 1824

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute

Troy, N.Y.

Engineering and Science

Courses in Civil Engineering (C. E.), Mechanical Engineering (M. E.), Electrical Engineering (E. E.), Chemical Engineering (Ch. E.), and General Science (B. S.). Graduate and Special Courses. Unsurpassed new Chemical, Physical, Electrical, Mechanical and Materials Testing Laboratories. For catalogue and illustrated pamphlets showing work of graduates and students and views of buildings and campus, apply to

JOHN E. NUGENT, Registrar.

Glen Eden

On-the-Hudson

A BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

In the Highlands *Poughkeepsie, N. Y.*

Three modern buildings, 12 acres, in view of river and mountains. Elective studies. Preparatory, finishing and two-year collegiate courses. Music, Art, Elocution, Domestic Science. No entrance examinations. *Outdoor sports and recreation.* Riding, physical culture, dancing, social training. Two hours from New York. Address for booklet, mentioning this magazine.

FREDERIC MARTIN TOWNSEND, Ph. D., Director

Skidmore School of Arts

A College for the Vocational and Professional Training of young women, located in America's leading health resort. Six Departments:

Domestic Science and Art, Music, Art, Physical Culture, Commerce and Trades

Trains Organists, Pianists, Violinists, Vocalists in its Conservatory. Prepares Illustrators, Designers, Dietitians, Accountants, Secretaries and Costumers. Full courses for teachers of music, art, gymnastics, cooking, sewing, millinery, dressmaking. For information and catalog address **Charles Henry Keyes, Ph.D., President, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.**

NEW YORK, Ossining-on-Hudson.

St. John's School For Manly Boys. Special opportunities for quick college preparation. Military drill. Parental discipline. Gymnasium, swimming pool. Athletic field. Manly sports encouraged. Junior Hall, a separate school for boys under 13. Summer Session. Catalogue.

REV. W. A. RANNEY, A. M., Pd. B., Principal.

IRVING SCHOOL

FOR BOYS **Tarrytown-on-Hudson, N. Y.**

Twenty-five miles from New York, in the beautiful, historic "Irving" country. 77th year. 23 years under present Head Master. New site and buildings, 1904. Prepares for all colleges and technical schools. Individual as well as class instruction. Athletic Field. Swimming Pool. New Gymnasium ready this fall.

Summer Camp, Bantam Lake, Litchfield Hills, Conn. 1100 feet altitude. Address

J. M. FURMAN, A. M., Head Master, Box 921

Miss C. E. Mason's Suburban School for Girls. "The Castle."

TARRYTOWN-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

Only 40 minutes from N. Y. City. Upper School for girls 13 to 25; Lower School for girls 8 to 13. All departments. Special courses in Art, Music, Literature, Languages. Certificate admits to leading colleges. European travel class. Illustrated catalogue.

MISS C. E. MASON, LL. M.,
Lock Box 725

OAKSMERE

Mrs. Merrill's Boarding and Day School for Girls

Now located on Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, New York
Formerly on Davenport Neck, New Rochelle, New York

CATALOGUE ON REQUEST

NEW YORK, Scarsdale.

Heathcote Hall

The Misses Lockwood's Collegiate School for Girls. A country school with all the advantages of the metropolis. Faculty of sixteen instructors. Superior opportunities for Music and Drawing. Healthful outdoor life. 40 minutes from Grand Central Station.

NEW YORK, Cazenovia, Box D.

Cazenovia Seminary The school of Philip D. Armour, Rev. Wm. Newton Clark, Martin A. Knapp, Leland Stanford, Charles Dudley Warner; Bishops: Andrews, Bowman, Newman and Peck. College Preparatory, Music, Art, Oratory, Household Arts. Also Junior School. New Dormitory. Co-educational.

NEW YORK, Ossining-on-Hudson, Box 511.

Mount Pleasant Academy 100 years old in June. Prepares for college. Scientific school or business. Rationalized military system. Manual training. Mount Pleasant Hall is for boys under 13. Summer Camp in the Berkshires, under Mr. Brusie's personal charge, for young boys under 15. Send for catalogue. CHARLES FREDERICK BRUSIE.

NEW YORK, Potsdam, 61 Main Street.

Crane Normal Institute of Music

Training school for Supervisors of Music in public schools. Both sexes. Graduates rank as teachers of experience, taking positions in colleges, normal and city schools. Voice, Harmony, Form, Ear Training, Sight Singing, etc. Personal attention. Limited to 65. Catalogue.

NEW YORK, Ossining-on-Hudson.

The Holbrook School for Boys

"A school that is better than the catalogue." 500 ft. elevation, commanding a 40-mile view of the Hudson. 30 miles from New York. Complete equipment. All sports. College preparatory. Character references required. Catalogue on request.

NEW YORK, Troy.

Emma Willard School For Girls. 101st year. On the hills, 400 feet above the city. Four new fireproof buildings, the gift of Mrs. Russell Sage. Preparatory, General and Special Courses. Certificate privileges. Music, Art, Elocution, Domestic Science. Gymnasium with swimming pool. Catalogue on request. MISS ELIZA KELLAS, Ph.B., Principal.

NEW YORK, New York City, 61 East 77th Street.

The Finch School

Boarding and Day School for Girls. Intermediate, Upper School and Post Graduate Departments. Technical School includes domestic training, secretarial course, book-binding, etc.

MRS. JESSICA FINCH COSGRAVE, Principal.

NEW YORK, Poughkeepsie, Box 808.

Putnam Hall Vassar Preparatory School for girls. Refers to Dr. James M. Taylor, Ex-Pres. Vassar College; Dr. Wm. Arnold Shanklin, Pres. Wesleyan University; Dr. Talcott Williams, Director Pulitzer School of Journalism, Columbia University. Certificate admits to Vassar and other leading colleges.

Address ELLEN CLIZBE BARTLETT, A. B., Prin.

NEW YORK, Yates Co., Lakemont, Box 403.

Starkey Seminary Beautiful site on Seneca Lake. An endowed home school for both sexes of 11 years and upward. Careful training in health and character. Prepares for best colleges and business. Advanced courses in Art and Music. N. Y. State Regents Standards. Secure rooms early. Rates, $250 to $300. MARTYN SUMMERBELL, LL. D., President.

NEW YORK, Ossining-on-Hudson.

Ossining School for Girls Suburban to New York. Preparatory and vocational courses. Music, Art, Post-Graduate and special work. Certificate privilege. 47th year. Separate house for younger girls. Year Book on request.

Principals: CLARA C. FULLER, MARTHA J. NARAMORE.

New York (Continued), Massachusetts

NEW YORK, 607 Fifth Avenue.

The Gardner School (57th year).

An exclusive School for Girls, combining all the advantages of the city with delightful home life. Regular and special courses. Music, Art, Elocution, Dancing. Much outdoor life, riding, skating, swimming, etc. Address, THE GARDNER SCHOOL.

NEW YORK, New York City, Avenue A, 63d and 64th Sts.

Have You Chosen a Profession?

There are Opportunities in Medicine, especially Homœopathic Medicine. Send for catalogue E. NEW YORK HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICINE COLLEGE AND FLOWER HOSPITAL.
ROYAL S. COPELAND, A. M., M. D., Dean.

NEW YORK, Aurora, Lake Cayuga.

Wallcourt

Miss Goldsmith's School for Girls. (Formerly the Wells School.) Thorough preparation for any woman's college. General and special courses. Home Economics required. Folk dancing, hockey, tennis, etc. Accommodations limited, early application is desirable.
MRS. ANNA GOLDSMITH TAYLOR, A. B., Principal.

NEW YORK, Binghamton.

The Lady Jane Grey School for Girls

32nd year. Certificate admits to Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, Mount Holyoke. General Courses. Special Courses for High School graduates. Music, Domestic Science. Exceptional home life.
Principals: The MISSES HYDE and ELLA VIRGINIA JONES, A. B.

MASSACHUSETTS, Andover.

Abbot Academy

A School for Girls. Founded 1828. 23 miles from Boston. General course with Household Science. College Preparation.
Address MISS BERTHA BAILEY, Principal.

MASSACHUSETTS, Cambridge, 15 Craigie St,

Mass. College of Osteopathy

Chartered 1897. Right to confer Doctor's degree given by the legislature. Faculty of 30 Osteopathic physicians in active practice. Instruction in science and practice largely individual. Term begins Sept. 15th. Write for catalogue.

MASSACHUSETTS, Boston, 779 Beacon Street.

Posse Normal School of Gymnastics

New building. Courses of one, two and three years. Positions for graduates. Similar courses in Medical Gymnastics.
Apply to THE SECRETARY.

Mount Ida School

Send for new year book
Apply early for 1914

FOR GIRLS
6 miles from Boston

All studies elective.
Pupil may enter directly from **grammar** school.
Preparatory; finishing school.
Advanced Elective Courses for high school graduates. College Certificate.
Piano, organ, violin, harp, voice with NOTED men.
Art, Domestic Science, gymnasium, swimming pool.
Exceptional opportunities, with a delightful home life.
81 Summit Street
NEWTON, Mass.

Lasell Seminary

Auburndale, Massachusetts. Ten Miles from Boston

Courses in Language, Literature, Science, Music and Art, with thoro instruction in the theory and practice of Household Economics. Training is given in the Art of Entertaining, House Furnishing and Management, Marketing, Cooking, Dressmaking and Millinery. Twenty acres, twelve buildings. Tennis, Boating, Swimming, Riding and other sports are encouraged. Address

G. M. WINSLOW, Ph. D., Principal,
114 Woodland Road

BRADFORD ACADEMY

FOR YOUNG WOMEN
BRADFORD, MASS.
111th year

Thirty miles from Boston, in the beautiful Merrimac Valley. Extensive grounds and modern equipment. Certificate admits to leading colleges. General course of five years and two years' course for High School graduates
Address Miss LAURA A. KNOTT, A.M., Principal.

Powder Point School for Boys

Duxbury, Mass. **By the Sea**

Four buildings, concrete hall just opened, new gymnasium. Extensive grounds. Large athletic field. Cinder track. Safe boating and swimming in landlocked Plymouth Harbor, on which school grounds border. Summer camp. Thorough preparation for college or business. The spirit of the school develops individual responsibility. Non-military. Upper and Lower Schools. For illustrated catalog apply to

HENRY P. MOULTON, Jr., Director, or RALPH K. BEARCE, A. M., Headmaster, 55 King Caesar Road.

SEA PINES

HOME SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Distinctively Devoted to Developing Personalities

Genuine happy home life; personal attention and care. Growing girls inspired by wholesome and beautiful ideals of useful womanhood. The Cape climate is **exceptionally favorable for an outdoor life,** which we make attractive and refining. One hundred acres; pine groves, 1000 feet of seashore, ponies. Hygiene and morals are observed especially for results in health, character and education. Gymnastics, Music, Handiwork, Domestic Arts. French, German, Spanish—native teachers. All branches of study under patient and enthusiastic instructors. Address

Rev. Thomas Bickford, Miss Faith Bickford, Principals, P.O. Box R, Brewster, Cape Cod, Mass.

Mass.—Cont., Pennsylvania, Conn., Ga., New Mexico, Foreign

WORCESTER

For Boys **ACADEMY** **81st Year**

160 boys prepared in last 4 years for 31 different colleges and professional schools. Alumni in 43 states and 15 foreign countries. Enrollment represents 25 states and 10 foreign countries. Classical and scientific courses for general education. Faculty of 21 experienced men. Standards of scholarship the highest. School spirit broad and democratic. Scholarship aid for worthy boys. Organized play gives boys graded physical training. Equipment unusually complete. Catalogue.

D. W. Abercrombie, LL. D., **101 Providence St., Worcester, Mass.**

PENNSYLVANIA, Hollidaysburg.

Miss Cowles' School (Highland Hall) For Girls. EMMA MILTON COWLES, A. B., Head of School. Prepares for all colleges. Certificate privileges. Strong general course. Music, Art and Domestic Science. Healthful location. Gymnasium, Swimming Pool and Sleeping Porch. Resident Physical Director. For catalogue address THE SECRETARY.

Walnut Lane School for Girls **57th year**
Box F, Germantown, Phila.
In beautiful historic Germantown; city and country advantages. High School Graduates, General and College Preparatory Courses; Music, Art, Elocution, Domestic Science, Sewing. Gymnasium, Tennis, Basketball, Riding, Swimming. **Miss S. Edna Johnston, A.B.**

St. Luke's School **FOR BOYS**

is "*a thorough and honest school, the kind of school to which sensible parents desire to send their sons.*"—BISHOP WHITAKER

The uniform success of our graduates in life, both at college and in business, is proof of our sound methods in training boys from 10 to 18 years of age.

The refinement of our home-life and the careful individual instruction by experienced teachers produce in our students contentment, culture, and scholarship.

Our situation is healthful, naturally beautiful, and free from undesirable influences. Our grounds are large, 30 acres in all. Our buildings are new.

Athletics are encouraged both on the large athletic field and in the gymnasium, but are closely supervised as an essential part of a boy's education.

Our limited number of students permits special attention to each boy's health, morals, scholarship, and comfort.

You can wisely trust your boy to our care. For illustrated catalogue, with further details, address

CHARLES HENRY STROUT, A.M., Headmaster
Wayne, Pa. (14 miles from Philadelphia)

DEVELOPS women of culture and personality. But does far more: discovers each student's ambitions and abilities along practical lines, and fits her for any employment which she may need or desire to pursue later in life. And does each thoroughly. Early training for possible emergencies is most wise and prudent. No daughter should be left unprepared.

College Preparatory; College Departments; Conservatory of Music; Art, Arts and Crafts, Oratory. Courses in Domestic Arts and Sciences, Secretaryship, Normal Gymnastics, Normal Kindergarten as electives. Swimming Pool, Athletic Field and new Gymnasium. Rooms with private bath. Moderate terms.

Apply for catalogue to

Beechwood

A Cultural and Practical School

M. H. REASER, Ph. D., Pres., Box 402
Rev. D. R. KERR, D. D., LL. D., Associate
Jenkintown, Pa. (23 minutes from Philadelphia)
For Young Women

MASSACHUSETTS, Boston, 4 Arlington Street, Box E.

Miss McClintock's School for Girls

A combination of city and country life. Arts and Crafts. Native teachers in languages. Resident and day pupils. All athletics.
MISS MARY LAW MCCLINTOCK, Principal.

MASSACHUSETTS, Boston, 555 Boylston St. (Copley Sq.).

Chauncy Hall School Established 1828. Prepares boys exclusively for MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY and other scientific schools. Every teacher a specialist.
FRANKLIN T. KURT, Principal.

MASSACHUSETTS, Concord, Box L.

St. Andrew's School

Preparation for all colleges and scientific schools. Fine equipment. Extensive grounds and woodlands. Tennis courts, athletic fields, board tracks, canoeing. Offers exceptional opportunities. Illustrated booklet. ROGER E. E. CLAPP, Headmaster.

CONNECTICUT, Ridgefield.

Ridgefield School For Boys. 50 miles from New York, in the highlands of the Berkshires. All water sports, athletic fields, gymnasium. Certificate privileges. Limited number of boys allows each student individual attention. ROLAND J. MULFORD, Ph. D., Headmaster.

GEORGIA, Gainesville.

Brenau College Conservatory

Among the foot hills of the Blue Ridge. College of highest grade; conservatory in affiliation. The South's representative among National Colleges for women. Students from thirty states. Catalogue and booklet, "The Brenau Girl," on request.

PENNSYLVANIA, Mercersburg, Box 107.

Mercersburg Academy Offers a thorough physical, mental and moral training for college or business. Under Christian masters from the great universities. Located in the Cumberland Valley, one of the most picturesque spots of America. New gymnasium. Equipment modern. Write for catalog. Address WILLIAM MANN IRVINE, LL. D., Headmaster.

PENNSYLVANIA, Bryn Mawr, Box R.

The Baldwin School

A Country School for Girls.
JANE L. BROWNELL, A.M., Head of the School.
ELIZABETH FORREST JOHNSON, A.B., Associate Head of School.

PENNSYLVANIA, Chester.

Pennsylvania Military College 4-year course leading to degrees in Civil Engineering, Chemistry, and Arts. Thorough military training that produces physical fitness, mental equipoise and moral balance. For catalogue address
COL. CHARLES E. HYATT, President.

PENNSYLVANIA, Birmingham, Box 102. For Girls. "The Mountain School," on Main Line P.R.R.

The Birmingham School, Inc. 100 acres of land, 6 modern buildings, 75 girls, 12 teachers in residence. College preparation, also courses for girls not going to college. Music, Domestic Science. Dancing. Physical work in gymnasium and athletic field under trained director. Catalogue. A. R. GRIER, Pres.

PENNSYLVANIA, South Bethlehem, Box 236.

Bishopthorpe Manor A select school for a limited number of girls. College Preparatory and Finishing Courses. Two years' Advanced Course for High School graduates. Athletics and outdoor life. Special advantages in Music, Art, Domestic Science, Domestic Art, Arts and Crafts and Elocution. For booklet address C. N. WYANT, Principal.

PENNSYLVANIA, Chambersburg, Box C.

Penn Hall School for Girls. College Preparatory, Modern Language, Music, Art and Domestic Science Courses. Certificate privileges. All outdoor sports. Rooms with private bath. Hotel Gladstone, Chelsea, Atlantic City, N. J., occupied by school during May each year. Rates, $425. Catalogue and views. Address FRANK S. MAGILL, A. M., Principal.

PENNSYLVANIA, Kennett Square, Box 700.

Cedarcroft School For 40 Boys, 9 to 18 years. Prepares for all colleges and technical schools. Manual training. One teacher to six boys. Gymnasium. Swimming pool. Expert athletic supervision. Electric light, steam heat, spring water. 125 acres. Catalogue.
JESSE EVANS PHILIPS, A. M., Principal.

NEW MEXICO, Roswell.

New Mexico Military Institute A wonderful training school for boys. Prepares for best colleges. Business course. 270 days of work in open air. Sun shines every day. Healthiest location in the world. Modern buildings. Distinguished by War Dept. School owned and supported by New Mexico. Moderate cost. For catalogue, address Box D.

EUROPE.

Europe for Girls

The Thompson-Baldasseroni School, 14th year. Foreign residence, three periods of travel through eight countries, usual course of study. Piano and Singing, all is included. American home comforts. October sailing.
MRS. HELEN SCOTT, Sec'y, Dover, N. H.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 4.

Washington, D. C.

National Park Seminary for Girls

Washington, D. C. (Suburbs)
Junior College. All High School courses and 2 years of College work. Wide range of Vocational, Academic and Cultural studies. Attention to special talents and individual tastes. Music, Art, Homemaking. Open-air life near National Capital. Illustrated book on request. Address Box 153, Forest Glen, Md.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington.

Washington College For girls and young women. Located within National Capital; park of 10 acres; choicest educational and social advantages; refined associations, most beautiful home life. Preparatory, Certificate and College Courses. Music, Art, Elocution, Domestic Science. Literature on request. Address F. MENEFEE, President.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington, 1906 Florida Ave.

Gunston Hall A School for Girls. Established 1892. Preparatory and Academic Courses. Two years' Post-graduate and College work. Music, Art and Expression. Building specially planned for the school. Athletics.

MRS. BEVERLEY R. MASON, Principal.
MISS E. M. CLARK, LL. A., Associate.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington.

Chevy Chase Seminary A home school, preparatory and finishing, for young ladies. Literature, Music, Art, Elocution and Domestic Science. Campus of eleven acres for outdoor sports. Healthful location in Washington's "Suburb Beautiful." Artesian water.

MR. and MRS. S. N. BARKER, Principals.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington.

Fairmont A Home School for Girls.

Regular and Elective Courses.

Advanced Courses for High School Graduates.

Music, Art, Expression. Outdoor sports.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington, 2103-09 S Street, N. W.

Washington Seminary The Smallwood-Wilbur School for Girls. A beautiful home, refined associates. Academic, College Preparatory and Special Courses. Post-Graduate Courses offering advanced English, Civics, Ethics, Music, Art, Languages. Travel Class. Gymnasium. Tennis.

MRS. G. T. SMALLWOOD, MRS. WM. A. WILBUR, Principals.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington, 2647 Connecticut Ave.

The Wilson-Greene School of Music Students in a distinctly musical environment. The only resident music school for young ladies here. Voice, piano, violin, harmony, Grand Opera, dramatic art, languages, classic dancing, Expression. Catalog. Summer course.

THOS. EVANS GREENE, MRS. WILSON-GREENE, Principals.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington, 1715 Conn. Ave.

The Colonial School for Girls. College preparation. High school courses. Advanced courses of college grade for Seminary and High School graduates, including English, History, Science and Languages. Music, Art, Expression. Home Economics. Open-Air Sport and Athletics.

MISS CHARLOTTE CRITTENDEN EVERETT, Principal.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington.

Belcourt Seminary Home and day school for girls. Unexcelled location. Course leading to diploma, college preparatory, and special courses. Certificate admits to college. Exceptional opportunities in Music, Art, Expression, and Languages. Social and educational advantages of the Capital. Outdoor sports. Address MRS. M. B. SOMERVELL, Principal.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington, D. C., 1332 19th St.

Miss Madeira's School for Girls College preparatory with certificate privilege to Vassar, Smith and Wellesley. Complete academic course for pupils not going to college. Two years' advanced course for High School graduates. Music and art. Gymnasium and athletics.

MISS LUCY MADEIRA, A. B. (Vassar).

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington, 3100 R St., N. W.

Madison Hall School for Girls and Young Women. College and Elective Courses. Music, Art, Expression, Modern Languages, Domestic Science, Riding, Swimming. Educational advantages of Washington. Illustrated yearbook. Address

PROF. and MRS. GEO. F. WINSTON, Principals.

National School of Domestic Arts & Science

Laboratory For
Culinary Science

Conn. Ave. and M St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

A popular young ladies Finishing School, offering a most thorough and practical education in household management and all branches of Domestic Art and Science. Superb equipment—Junior Hall for Junior Students; Administration Building for Senior Students; Annex for special students and teachers; Science Hall for Classrooms and Laboratories; Model House for practical application of principles taught. Homelike atmosphere—attractive Dormitories, each supervised by an assistant to the Principal. Unique social training. Early enrollment necessary.

Four two-cent stamps for catalogue G.

Electrical men are always in demand. **The Bliss Electrical School**, with its well equipped shops and laboratories, is peculiarly qualified to give a **condensed course** in Electrical

Engineering

Every detail taught. Actual construction, installation, testing. Course, with diploma, complete

In One Year

21 years' reputation, with over 2000 young men trained. 22nd year opens Sept. 23rd. Send for new catalogue.

120 TAKOMA AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Martha Washington Seminary

For Young Women. Washington, D. C.

Located in the finest residential section of the National Capital, overlooking Dupont Circle. Delightful school life combined with Washington advantages. **Two years' course for high school graduates.** General and special courses. Department of **Domestic Science** and Household Arts, Music, Elocution, Art and Modern Languages. **Outdoor Sports.** Sight-seeing each week. $600 a year upward.

Edward W. Thompson, Prin., 1601 Connecticut Avenue

DIST. OF COLUMBIA, Washington, Mintwood Pl. and 19th St.

Bristol School For Girls. French Residence. Elective, Preparatory, Academic and two years' Collegiate Courses. New $50,000 additional fire-proof building. Gymnasium, swimming pool. Basketball, tennis. Literature, Psychology, Civics, by Merrill E. Gates, Ph. D., LL.D., L.H.D., ex-President Amherst College. MISS ALICE A. BRISTOL, Prin.

Prepares for Any College

Situated in the strategic center of broadest education. With a faculty, equipment and methods which cannot fail to make capable boys eligible to enter any college or scientific school. Special preparation for West Point and Annapolis. Number of students limited.

THE ARMY AND NAVY PREPARATORY SCHOOL

4105 Connecticut Ave. (Suburbs)
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Six new, substantial, impressive buildings, especially designed, heated and ventilated. Cottage plan—boys and masters live together. Splendid gymnasium and athletic field. Baseball, football, basketball and track teams directed by competent coach. Many other inducements. Write for complete, illustrated catalog of either College Preparatory or U. S. Academy Preparatory Course.

New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia

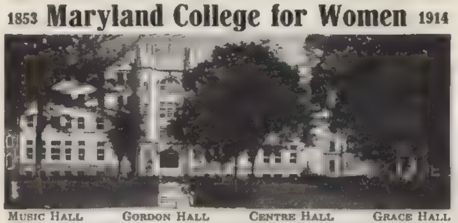
Peddie A School for Boys

¶ Meets the parents' requirement of modern equipment, high scholastic and moral standards and a rational, healthful school life. It secures the enthusiastic co-operation of the boy because of its body of 250 picked students, its fine equipment for athletics, high standing in all outdoor sports, strong literary and musical clubs and general policy of keeping its students busy in worth-while ways.

¶ Peddie Institute is located nine miles from Princeton, midway between New York and Philadelphia. Modern school buildings and dormitories. Gymnasium, Swimming Pool, Athletic Field and 60-acre Campus. Its certificate is honored by all colleges accepting certificates. Endowment permits moderate rates. Send for catalog.

R. W. SWETLAND, A. M., Headmaster
Box 5 H, Hightstown, N. J.

1853 Maryland College for Women 1914



MUSIC HALL GORDON HALL CENTRE HALL GRACE HALL

The most ideal College in the country in **Size**, avoiding the strain of great numbers; **History**, of 61 successful years; **Location**, suburbs of Baltimore, near Washington, 500 ft. elevation; **Strength** of its various courses of study leading to degrees; new fireproof buildings; private baths; swimming pool. Gymnasium, Field Sports. **Two and three-year courses for High School graduates; Superior Music Conservatory; Graduate Schools of Domestic Science and Elocution**; Non-sectarian; elevating home life. For catalogue and view book address

CHARLES W. GALLAGHER, D.D., Box O, Lutherville, Md.

MARYLAND, Frederick.

Hood College Formerly The Woman's College. Offers a standard A. B. course. Preparatory department for applicants who have not completed fourteen units. Also courses in Music, Art, Expression and Home Economics. Accredited course in Pedagogy. Terms $300. Catalogue on request.

JOSEPH H. APPLE, Pd.D., President.

VIRGINIA, Hollins, Box 312.

Hollins College For Young Women. Founded 1842. College Course (four years); College Preparatory (two years); Music, Art, etc. On an estate of 700 acres in Valley of Virginia, 7 miles north of Roanoke. Brick buildings equipped for 35 officers and teachers and 250 students. For catalogue address

MISS MATTY L. COCKE, President.

VIRGINIA, Bedford City.

Randolph-Macon Academy For Boys and Young Men. Fits for college, scientific schools or business. Work endorsed by over 30 colleges and universities. Beautiful and healthful location. Athletic grounds; gymnasium. Terms $250. No extras. For catalogue address

E. SUMTER SMITH, Principal.

Virginia College

FOR WOMEN (JUNIOR) ROANOKE, VA.

One of the leading Schools in the South. Modern buildings. Extensive campus. Located in the Valley of Virginia, famed for health and beauty of scenery. **Elective, Preparatory and College Courses. Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science.** Supervised athletics. Students from 32 States. For catalogue address

MATTIE P. HARRIS, President, Roanoke, Va.
Mrs. Gertrude Harris Boatwright, Vice-Pres.

Southern Seminary

For Girls and Young Women

48th YEAR. Location: In Blue Ridge Mountains, in Virginia, near Natural Bridge. Rare health record. **Courses:** College Preparatory, with certificate privilege to leading colleges. Finishing, Music, Pipe Organ, Domestic Science, etc. **Home Life:** Personal attention to life, manners, character, etc. **Outdoor Sports:** Large grounds. **Building:** Beautiful and commodious. Students from every section. Recommended by Bishop J. H. Vincent. Rate $295. Address

SOUTHERN SEMINARY, Box 901, Buena Vista, Va.

NEW JERSEY, Englewood, Box 610.

Dwight School for Girls College preparatory and special courses. Certificates accepted by leading colleges. Limited number of pupils insures individual attention. Spacious grounds. Suburban to New York. Gymnasium. Tennis, riding. Address

MISS CREIGHTON and MISS FARRAR, Principals.

NEW JERSEY, Wenonah, Box 404.

Wenonah Military Academy

12 miles from Philadelphia. Prepares for college or business, in town without factories or saloons. U. S. Army Officer detailed. Special School for Juniors. Catalog.

DR. C. H. LORENCE, President, CLAYTON A. SNYDER, Ph.B., Supt.

NEW JERSEY, Summit. 20 miles from New York.

Kent Place: A School for Girls. Hamilton Wright Mabie, LL. D., President Board of Directors. Preparatory and General Courses, Domestic Science. Residence, New School House, Gymnasium. Year Book on request.

MRS. SARAH WOODMAN PAUL, } Principals.
MISS WOODMAN,

NEW JERSEY, Montclair, Box 50.

Montclair Academy For Boys.

Orange Mountains. Correspondence or, better, a personal visit invited from those desiring the best. Booklet, "Your Boy and Our School" will interest you, no matter where your boy is educated. Address

JOHN G. MACVICAR, Headmaster.

NEW JERSEY, Orange.

Miss Beard's School for Girls A country school, 13 miles from New York City. College preparatory and special courses. Music, Art, Domestic Arts and Science. Supervised physical work in gymnasium and field. Illustrated catalogue on request. Address

MISS LUCIE C. BEARD.

NEW JERSEY, Hackettstown, Box E.

Centenary Collegiate Institute For Girls. Possesses every advantage offered by any similar school, regardless of price. Certificate privileges. Music, Home Economics, Art, Expression, College Preparatory and general finishing courses. Two years' college courses for high school graduates. Catalogue. JONATHAN M. MEEKER, Ph.D., Principal.

NEW JERSEY, Blairstown, P. O. Box Q.

Blair Academy Very liberally endowed. 66th year. 60 miles from New York. Prepares for any college or technical school. Beautiful, healthful location. Fine buildings, 100-acre campus. Two gymnasiums. Illustrated catalogue on request.

JOHN C. SHARPE, A.M., D.D., Principal.

VIRGINIA, Dayton, Box 102.

Shenandoah Collegiate Institute And School of Music

College preparatory. Certificate admits to University of Va. and all leading colleges. Music, business, elocution, art, piano tuning, orchestra, band and pipe organ. Terms, $175 to $250. No extras.

Address, S. C. I.

VIRGINIA, Danville, Box 555.

The Danville School

An accredited school for boys, in the Virginia hill-country. Upper and Lower School. Students enter whenever vacancies permit. New building completed 1913. $400 a year. Write for illustrated catalogue.

WM. HOLMES DAVIS, Headmaster.

VIRGINIA, Staunton.

Stuart Hall (Formerly the Virginia Female Institute.) Founded 1843. A Church School for Girls in the Blue Ridge Mountains. College preparation or general courses with diploma. Special advantages in music and art. Gymnasium and field sports. Catalogue and views on request.

MARIA PENDLETON DUVAL, Principal.

Va., Continued—Neb., Mich., N.C., S.C., Ark., Ill., Tenn., Ohio, Mo.

Ward-Belmont

Union of BELMONT COLLEGE (25th year)
and WARD SEMINARY (50th year).

IRA LANDRITH, President. J. D. BLANTON, Vice President.

Opens Sept. 17th in half-million-dollar plant. New buildings, modern school hall, gymnasium, swimming pool, etc. Twelve schools—including Academic, College Preparatory, Music, Art, Domestic Science, Expression and Physical Education. Students from over 30 states. Separate hall for girls under 14. Certificate privileges. Attendance limited. Send for catalog and view book.

MISS JENNIE E. MASSON, Registrar, Nashville, Tennessee

Music and Drawing

Special One-Year Course

Thoroughly equipping young men and women to teach these subjects in the Public Schools. **The demand for these teachers greatly exceeds the supply.** It is a field that offers greater opportunities and much larger salaries than the usual business opening. We have been graduating teachers and placing them in well-paying positions for 25 years. Strong faculty. Catalogue.

The Secretary, Thomas Normal Training School,
3013 Grand Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.

University School

CLEVELAND, OHIO

To Give Your Boy the Right Preparation for College

Our first aim is to prepare boys for universities. 95 per cent of our graduates enter college. Faculty of 25; modern buildings; 3 manual training shops; ten-acre campus with gymnasium, swimming pool, bowling alleys and athletic field. *Ask for illustrated catalog.*

Harry A. Peters, Principal
7103 Hough Avenue Cleveland, Ohio

OHIO, Austinburg.

Grand River Institute

A strictly high-grade school with Board, Room and Tuition only $200 per year. Large endowment makes this possible. Academic, Music, Shorthand, Art. Oratory, Manual Training Courses.

E. W. HAMBLIN, Prin.

OHIO, Oberlin, Drawer 7.

Oberlin Kindergarten Training School

Two-year course. Teachers principally from Oberlin College and Conservatory of Music. Montessori method by Miss May, trained with Dr. Montessori. Address

SECRETARY, Oberlin Kindergarten Ass'n.

TENNESSEE, Nashville, Box D.

Buford College Limited, select home college for the higher culture of women. Beautiful highland campus of 25 acres. Athletics and physical culture emphasized. Four years' college course. Conservatory advantages in Music, Art and Expression. Write for Year Book.

MR. E. G. BUFORD, Regent. MRS. E. G. BUFORD, President.

TENNESSEE, Sewanee.

Sewanee Military Academy Connected with University of the South. 10,000 acres in Cumberland mountains, almost 2000 feet high. Remarkable scenery and climate. Special attention to outdoor exercise. Thorough preparation for college or business away from city influences. For catalog address COLONEL DU VAL G. CRAVENS, Headmaster.

NORTH CAROLINA, Charlotte.

Elizabeth College and Conservatory of Music for Women. $300,000 college plant. 17 experienced teachers from the best universities and conservatories. Healthful suburban location in Piedmont district. Departments—Literary, Music, Art, Expression, etc. Catalogue on request. CHAS. B. KING, President.

NORTH CAROLINA, Asheville, Box B.

The Bingham School for Boys Established 1793. Continuous management in one family for 120 years. Prepares for college and Christian citizenship. Patrons from the U. S. Army, 39 States, 17 countries outside of the U. S., in North and South America, Europe and Asia.

Address COL. R. BINGHAM.

SOUTH CAROLINA, Charleston,

Ashley Hall A school for girls, offering a broad variety of courses, including college preparation with certificate privileges to best women's colleges. Beautiful old estate, 4 acres, with modern equipment. Northern advantages in southern climate. Catalogue on request.

MARY VARDRINE MCBEE, M. A., Principal.

Hardin College and Conservatory

A Regular Junior College for Young Women

Standardized by the University of Missouri. Well endowed. Modern equipment. Strong faculty. Preparatory courses for college or business. Domestic Science. **Conservatory.** Music—German standards. Art and Expression. For catalogue address

JOHN W. MILLION, A. M., President
1213 College Place Mexico, Missouri

Sweet Briar College A college for women. A four years' collegiate course leads to the A.B. degree. A sub-freshman course prepares for college. Located in the Piedmont section of Virginia. Catalogue and views sent on application. **Dr. MARY K. BENEDICT, Pres., Box 112, Sweet Briar, Va.**

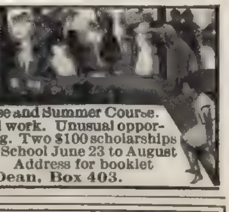
NEBRASKA, Omaha.

Brownell Hall

Fifty-first year. College preparatory. Certificate right to Smith, Vassar and Wellesley. Advanced courses for High School graduates. Household arts. Music.

MISS EUPHEMIA JOHNSON, Principal.

Normal School of Physical Education



Battle Creek, Mich. Two Year Course and Summer Course. Physical Education and Playground work. Unusual opportunity for self support while studying. Two $100 scholarships for high school graduates. Summer School June 23 to August 19. Summer faculty of specialists. Address for booklet

WM. W. HASTINGS, Dean, Box 403.

Porter Military Academy

Charleston
S. C.

ESTABLISHED 1867. An unusual junction of highest scholastic preparation with strongest incentives to Christian manhood. College or business training—Languages, Science, History, Music, Mechanical Drawing, Commercial Courses. Eleven large, well-kept buildings. Gymnasium, swimming pool and athletic field. Outdoor sports all the year. Board, tuition, etc., $300. Two from one family, $540. Lower School, separate dormitory, for boys 10 to 14. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

Rev. Walter Mitchell, B.D., Rector, Box B.

Crescent College

and Conservatory for Young Women

On top of the Ozarks. Accredited Junior College. Preparatory and College Courses. Certificate privileges. Music, Art, Expression, Domestic Science. $300,000 fireproof building. Rooms with private bath. Elevator. Unexcelled for healthfulness. Outdoor life. Horseback riding. Limited to 80 pupils.

Address **Crescent College, Dept. E, Eureka Springs, Ark.**

Lake Forest Academy FOR BOYS

Aim distinctively educational. High Standard of Scholarship. Sane Social and Athletic Life.

Prepares for College. Studies adapted to particular requirements of any College.

Graduates admitted without examination to all institutions accepting certificates.

Modern Buildings. Gymnasium. Swimming Pool. *Non-military.* Address

Headmaster, Box 114, Lake Forest, Illinois

Sixty-fifth Year

ROCKFORD COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS

A Standardized college accredited by the North Central Association. Gives degrees of B. A. and B. S. Vocational work in Home Economics and Secretarial work.

Number of Faculty . .	*33*
Number of Students . .	*200-250*
Endowment Fund . .	*$200,000.00*

Catalogue. Box 105.

JULIA H. GULLIVER, PH. D., LL.D., PRES.

Miscellaneous

Learn a Paying Profession

that assures you a good income and position for life.
For twenty years we have successfully taught

PHOTOGRAPHY

Photo-Engraving and Three-Color Work

Our graduates earn $20 to $50 a week. We assist them to secure these positions. Learn how you can become successful. Terms easy—living inexpensive. Write for catalogue—NOW!

ILLINOIS COLLEGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
946 Wabash Avenue, Effingham, Illinois

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

FOUNDED IN 1884

Connected with Mr. Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre and Companies

FRANKLIN H. SARGENT
President

For Catalogue and Information, apply to
THE SECRETARY, ROOM 151, CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK

The University of Chicago

Mitchell Tower

HOME STUDY

in addition to resident work, offers also instruction by correspondence.

For detailed information address
U. of C. (Div. S) Chicago, Ill.

22nd Year

IF YOU STAMMER

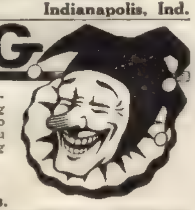
Bogue Institute for Stammerers

Write at once for my book which tells how I quickly and permanently corrected myself after stammering nearly 20 years.

Book and advice sent FREE.

BENJ. N. BOGUE, Speech Specialist
1123 N. Illinois St. Indianapolis, Ind.

DRAWING



Caricature, Cartoon, Comic, Commercial, Fashion, Newspaper and Magazine Illustrating taught by mail. Copy this sketch and send it to us with six cents in stamps and we will send you test drawings and illustrated book explaining the courses.

THE BOSTON SCHOOL OF DRAWING
755E Boylston Street Boston, Mass.

CHOOSING THE SCHOOL

It's a hard problem to decide, isn't it? So many schools and you know so little about them—but we do. Write to us first. Get just the help you need and save trouble. No charge. Simply tell us:

(1) Desired part of U. S. (2) Protestant or Catholic. (3) Your yearly expense limit. (4) Kind of school. (5) For Boy or Girl. (6) Age. Tell us those 6 things, and

we will help you select the school that best meets your requirements—based on personal visits and careful investigation of more than 1,000 schools. It's like investigating the schools yourself. Our service costs you nothing. It is entirely disinterested. Write us now.

The Chicago Tribune
Bureau of School Information

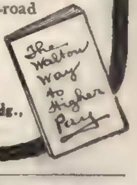
522 Tribune Bldg.
Chicago, Ill.

ACCOUNTANCY $$$$$$ PAYS

Get out of the common rut. Don't drudge as a bookkeeper all your life. Plan for the future. Prepare yourself for a larger salary. It is simply a matter of training. Accountants are in demand. We prepare you to become an auditor, comptroller or certified public accountant. Correspondence and resident courses. It won't interfere with your present work. Why not "Learn While You Earn"? Send for our new booklet

"The Walton Way to Higher Pay"

It explains clearly your opportunity, your short-road to SUCCESS. It explains our Instruction—Instructors—Service. Get this book into your hands NOW. Write for it. Let it help you decide your future.



The Walton Way to Higher Pay

WALTON SCHOOL of ACCOUNTANCY

701-711 Peoples Gas Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

IF YOU STAMMER

attend no stammering school till you hear from me. Largest stammering school in the world, employing the advanced natural method. My method has successfully treated me and thousands of others during the past nine years. No sing-songing or time-beating. If let run, stammering will wreck your life's happiness and handicap your endeavors. Beautiful 112 page book and Special Rate sent FREE. WRITE TODAY.

Lee Wells Millard, Pres., North-Western School for Stammerers, Inc., 912 First St., Milwaukee, Wis

---

STAMMER NO MORE

George A. Lewis
Speech Expert

Thousands have been successfully treated under my instruction. Established twenty years. Largest, best equipped and most successful school for stammerers in the world. Endorsed everywhere. Trial lesson explaining Home Instruction, also 200-page book, "The Origin and Treatment of Stammering," with good advice, FREE.

George Andrew Lewis, 139 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

DO NOT STAMMER

New edition of my book, "How to Stop Stammering"—a treatise on "scientific talking and psychic training." Contains more *real information* than entire courses of most stammering schools. *With the aid of this book you can overcome your stammering.* Every stammerer should have a copy. Sent postpaid on receipt of one dollar.

School and circular literature FREE. Write at once.

M. L. HATFIELD, Prin. of The Pacific School for Stammerers,
1918 Grove St., Oakland, California.

LEARN TO PAINT SIGNS AND SHOW CARDS

I'll teach you personally by mail. 14 years successful teaching. Big field for men and women. You can

Earn $18.00 to $45.00 a Week.

Crawford, B. C., writes: "Earned $200.00 while taking course." Write today for catalog, samples, etc.

Detroit School of Lettering,
CHAS J. STRONG, Founder Dept. 2706 Detroit, Mich.

CYLINDER LANGUAGE RECORD

LANGUAGES

THE ORIGINAL PHONOGRAPHIC METHOD

CORTINA PHONE

German—French—English—Italian—Spanish

or any other language learned quickly and easily by either the Cylinder or Disk Cortinaphone Method at home. Write for **free** booklet today; **easy** payment plan.

DISK LANGUAGE RECORD

Cortina Academy of Languages
1018 Mecca Bldg., 1600 Broadway, cor. 48th St., N.Y.

The Last Chance

to get the new Encyclopaedia Britannica, at the present low price, ends May 28th. After that it will cost $29 more.

Any order mailed in an envelope postmarked with a date later than that will be regretfully, but firmly, declined.

In England the price was raised on the 20th of last December, and the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press, the publishers, at first intended to increase the prices in America on the same day. But they recognized that it would be absolutely impossible to give Americans a fair chance to buy the book without allowing more time for inquiries and correspondence than was needed in so small a country as England. So Cambridge University has given you until May 28th, *but no later.*

Our Guarantees in regard to this offer

of The Encyclopaedia Britannica (11th Edition) are:

(*1*)—*that the present low prices will be advanced by $29 to $50 a set (according to the bindings) on May 28th next.*

(*2*)—*that no "pirated" or counterfeit version of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, 11th Edition, can be sold. The new edition has been set up, electrotyped, printed and bound in this country; and is fully copyrighted under the laws of the United States, as well as under the terms of the Bern Convention.*

(*3*)—*that the India paper used in printing the 11th Edition is genuine India paper.*

(*4*)—*that the leathers used for the bindings are the best quality of sheep and goat skins—unsplit: that is, preserving the full natural thickness.*

(*5*)—*that if an order is sent at once, the complete set will be promptly delivered, provided that a first payment of only $5.00 (or a remittance for the cash price) is sent with the order. The only limitation of this guarantee is that the order must be sent to us immediately.*

If you want information, write the New York Office. If you want to see sets in each style of binding, call at any of the offices below.

NEW YORK	PHILADELPHIA	CHICAGO	SAN FRANCISCO	TORONTO
120 W. 32d St.	945 Drexel Building	People's Gas Building	Monadnock Building	Kent Building

THE LAST MINUTE

will come when the post-office people at your place handle the last outgoing letter postmarked "May 28th." If you don't see this notice (or don't attend to it) until you have no time to write a letter enclosing the remittance, you can TELEGRAPH or telephone to our nearest office. A set will then be reserved for you.

(The addresses of the offices are on the first page of this notice)

The 29 magnificent volumes will be delivered to you at the earliest possible moment after the receipt of your first payment of **ONLY $5.00.** It will be quite easy for you to complete the purchase by making a few small monthly payments while you are using the Britannica. And every day you will be getting out of it direct, practical information that will greatly add to your **earning capacity** or to the **economies that wide knowledge enables a man to make.**

No Time Left to Ask Questions

We cannot describe the contents of the Britannica properly in this small space, but you must already have heard it praised by people who are using it. The facts about the offer are all here.

You will find at the end of this brief notice an order form that shows you that you can pay for your Britannica in almost any way you wish—choosing, for example, the **system of 12 or 17 or 20 monthly payments**—*or paying as little as $5.00 a month.*

"Make hay while the sun shines!" is a good saying. If you do not order your set of the Britannica now, at the low price, it is **absolutely certain** that you will have to pay more or go without it; for May 28th ends the sale at the temporary prices.

WHY YOU MUST HURRY

This first sale of the Britannica, which is just ending, is at very low prices, in order to popularize the book as rapidly as possible.

You will realize very quickly how low these prices are, when we tell you that **$1,500,000** was paid for contributions and for the eight years of editorial work, before a single sheet of paper was printed. And **$2,500,000** was spent in manufacturing the first batch of sets. So that there was actually **$4,000,000 locked up in the Britannica before the publishers began to get any of their money back.**

Such a large sum of money cannot be left outstanding indefinitely. And the price is now being raised so that **people who buy the book after May 28th will make a larger contribution toward the preliminary expenses** by paying $29 more than you need pay now.

In one way, too, this "hurry-up" is just as much for your good as for the publishers'. You must have heard enough about the new Britannica to know it is a book you ought to use, and to give your children a chance to use. And very likely you have for some time had it in your mind that you would buy the book some day. But what a man can do any time, he is pretty likely to put off doing all his life. **The plain fact is that anybody who wants to buy the Encyclopaedia Britannica at the cheapest price, and on the easiest terms of payment, must act at once—signing and sending in *now* the order form (on the last page of this advertisement), with only $5. Otherwise he will let the chance slip by him.**

A FEW FACTS ABOUT THE WORK

29 VOLUMES.

44,000,000 WORDS OF TEXT.

41,000 ARTICLES.

30,024 PAGES.

14,689 ILLUSTRATIONS.

450 FULL-PAGE PLATES IN BLACK AND WHITE AND IN COLOR.

300 MAPS, SHOWING 125,000 PLACES.

500,000 SEPARATE REFERENCES IN THE INDEX.

There are 1,500 contributors, of 21 different countries, including the chancellors, presidents and principals of 54 universities and colleges, besides 650 other members of the faculties of these and 92 other such institutions; 101 members of the staffs of observatories, laboratories and surveys; 126 ambassadors, diplomatists, and officials of various governments; 327 historians; 107 agriculturalists and biologists; 62 business men and manufacturers; 75 physicians and surgeons; 72 engineers and architects; 75 lawyers; 161 theologians; 79 naval and military officers; 93 chemists, physicists, and mathematicians; 65 meteorologists, geologists and astronomers; 64 geographers and explorers; 72 economists and sociologists; as well as other specialists of other kinds, representing, in all, 64 distinct professions and occupations.

$29. TO $50. MORE

according to the bindings—that will be the difference after the end of the sale.

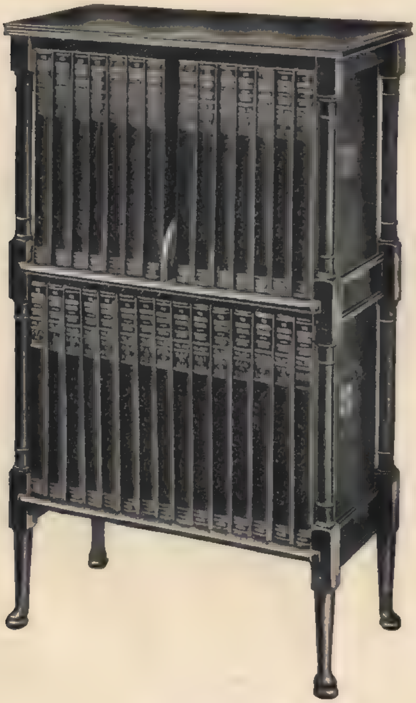
An Effort Worth Making

Even if you have to make some sacrifice to buy the Britannica, **as a good many subscribers tell us they are doing**, it is worth making sacrifices for. The small first payment—all we ask for now—is **nothing** in comparison with what the Britannica can do for you and **for your whole family**, within a few weeks after you have put it into your home.

For the Young People

Nothing does children more good than the use of a set of the Britannica. Even before they are old enough to read the volumes themselves, they will be instructed, as well as entertained, whenever you show them some of the 14,689 pictures in the book, and tell them what it says about the marvels of art and nature.

Sending your order today is making sure that **your children will have their fair chance.**



No. 2. BOOKCASE

"Strike While the Iron Is Hot!"

is sound advice. If you let May 28th slip by before ordering the Britannica, you will lose $29 or more. **And it would be a much more serious loss than that if you never ordered it at all, which might easily happen if you don't do it now.** Next month you certainly would not enjoy paying the increased price, for you will remember that you could have got the book cheaper before May 28th. Perhaps you could perfectly well afford to pay $29 more in June; **but a man hates to admit to himself that he has let a good chance slip,** and that he is injuring himself for being behind-time.

The Bookcases

We supply, to subscribers who want them, special bookcases, in three styles, for the Britannica.

No. 1 has the advantage of **holding the volumes at a slope,** which is a great comfort to any studious person using the Britannica for hours every day.

No. 2 takes the volumes in two tiers, and is very convenient in a small room, as it is only 19 inches wide.

No. 3, costing only $3, is a thoroughly sound case, holds the volumes at a slope, and will suit anyone who would like to stand his set, in this case, **on a table or desk top.** But of course it is not so handsome as No. 2.

The prices of these bookcases are shown in the order blank on the other side of this page.

The special bookcase for the Full Suede set is included in the price of that binding.

Dates for Deliveries

If you order **within 48 hours** after this magazine reaches you, you ought to be in time to get one of the sets that are now printed and bound and packed **all ready for immediate delivery.** Of course we cannot absolutely guarantee that you will not have to wait a little while, even if you order in the beginning of May; for this notice had to be prepared at the end of March, and when it was written we couldn't tell how large a demand there might be during April.

One thing, however, is quite sure. If you wait until the very last moment, and order only a few days before May 28th, you will have to wait until the end of July, or even until August, for your set.

First Payment Now and Delivery at Your Convenience

If you are going to be away from home this summer, or for any other reason you would rather not have your set delivered until September or October, you can pay $5 now, and have the volumes held for you until Fall.

We suggest this because we know that at the beginning of summer many readers will be taking a vacation, and if it will suit you just as well to have your set delivered later, it will **suit us a great deal better; for we shall have all we can do** to ship sets fast enough to those people who are in a hurry to use them.

No. 3. THE PORTABLE STAND

THE END OF THE SALE

is so near that you have no time to waste, and if you live anywhere near one of our offices, perhaps you can go in and see the various styles of binding at any of the addresses on the bottom of the first page.

During the last week our offices will all be open until 8 p. m. on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 25th, 26th and 27th, and until 12 o'clock, midnight, on the evening of Thursday, May 28th.

If by any chance you should not see this magazine until the last moment, you can secure a set on Thursday evening by **telegraphing or telephoning** to any of these offices.

The India Paper and the Bindings

The India paper used in the new Britannica makes the book three times as light, and one-third as bulky as the cheaper paper used in ordinary books.

THE ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA CO.,
120 West 32d Street, New York.

ORDER FORM
for India Paper

Please send me the new Encyclopaedia Britannica, 11th edition, 29 volumes, published by The Cambridge University Press, of England. I enclose $________ being (first payment / payment in full) and I agree to send the second and all subsequent payments on the corresponding day of each following month until payment is complete, in accordance with the style of binding and the terms of payment indicated by the X I have placed in one of the squares below, showing my selection. It is agreed that I shall keep the books, but the title does not pass to me until the total amount has been paid. Terms, F. O. B. N. Y. Please indicate binding desired by marking X in one of the squares.

☐ **CLOTH** (ordinary covers).

31 monthly payments of	$5.00	
20 " "	7.50	
14 " "	10.00	and 1 of $5.00
12 " "	11.87	
8 " "	17.59	
4 " "	34.81	
Cash Price	137.75	

After May 28th this price will be $29.00 more.

☐ **FULL SHEEPSKIN** (flexible).

37 monthly payments of	$5.00	
24 " "	7.50	
17 " "	10.00	and 1 of $5.00
12 " "	14.29	
8 " "	21.22	
4 " "	42.06	
Cash Price	166.75	

This price will be $36.50 more after May 28th.

☐ **FULL LIMP SUEDE** (Prayer-Book Style).

46 monthly payments of	$5.00
30 " "	7.50
22 " "	10.00
12 " "	17.89
8 " "	26.65
4 " "	52.94
Cash Price	210.25

This binding will cost $45.00 more after May 28th.

☐ **FULL MOROCCO** (flexible).

47 monthly payments of	$5.00	
30 " "	7.50	and 1 of $5.00
22 " "	10.00	" 1 " 5.00
12 " "	18.52	
8 " "	27.56	
4 " "	54.75	
Cash Price	217.50	

After May 28th this binding will cost $50.00 more.

________________*1914.*

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*Occupation*____________________

If in business add business address. ____________________

If you want a bookcase, please mark X in one of the squares below.

☐ (1) Single tier, solid mahogany: $14.50 cash (or 3 monthly payments of $5.00 after payments for the book are completed).

☐ (2) Two tier, solid mahogany: $8.75 cash (or 2 monthly payments of $5.00 each).

☐ (3) Portable oak stand; $3.00 cash.

EVE—J

India paper has never before been used in making volumes of such size. The public quickly discovered that it made the new Britannica a **delightful book to read while one sits in an armchair,** instead of having to lean over the table on which a heavy volume would have to rest. Our introduction of this delightful paper is universally recognized as a **great revolution in the publishing business.**

Another revolutionary improvement we have made is that the Full Sheepskin, the Full Limp Suede, and the Full Morocco bindings all have flexible backs, so that the volume opens out as flat as a sheet of note paper, and **lies open** without having to be clutched. In addition to this, the sides of the Suede volumes (which are as soft and as friendly to the hands as a high-grade glove) are so yielding that the volumes can be rolled up in the hand, or slipped into a grip or a coat pocket to supply the best of reading on a journey.

The **FULL MOROCCO** binding is necessarily expensive, and we recommend it only to people who are buying for presentation to others.

The **SUEDE,** with its exquisite surface, its corners rounded in prayer-book style, and its tasteful mole-color, is so unusual and fascinating, **that it is really quite as attractive as the higher-priced Full Morocco.**

The **FULL SHEEPSKIN** binding is a rich dark green color, burnished, and will wear as long and as well as the Morocco. Only the people who have seen the Suede or the Full Morocco can believe it to be possible that any book could be handsomer than this.

The **CLOTH** binding is of thoroughly sound workmanship.

If any one of our staff were asked by a personal friend which binding he had better buy, the answer would probably be: ***"If you haven't got to consider a "little' more expense, buy the Suede. "If you feel just now like economizing, "buy the Sheepskin. If you think that "the Cloth is the best you can afford, buy "it, and put the other bindings out of "your mind—and you will be delighted "with it."***

If you buy a Cloth set now, we will at any time exchange it for one of the leather bindings, asking you to pay only the **present** difference between the two, **notwithstanding that the difference will have become very much larger.**

As 97 per cent of our subscribers have chosen the India paper, we have not wasted space by lengthening this order form to cover the case of the exceptional people who want sets printed on the thick paper. But anyone can write to one of our offices for a special order form—sending $5 to reserve a set. The thick paper set in Cloth now costs $130.50 (only 25 cents a volume less than the Cloth bound India paper sets) or 29 monthly payments of $5; but will cost $29 more after May 28th.

"The Roll of Honor"

THE reputation of the H. W. Johns-Manville Company has been earned by an unwavering purpose to make only the best materials. Its record of over half a century of roofing achievements is unparalleled, and the full force of this record is behind each roll of

Write Nearest Branch for Book No. 3529

J-M ASBESTOS ROOFING
"The Roll of Honor"

To ask for "J-M" is synonymous with asking for "The best money can buy." There is not a single doubtful inch in any roll of J-M Asbestos Roofing. Made from Pure Asbestos Rock and Trinidad Lake Asphalt, it is a sheet of pliable stone. Being rock, it endures on its own inherent qualities and requires no protection, such as paint, gravel or sand. Resists fire, climate, acids, gases, chemical fumes for all time.

Every roll made by a $5,000,000 company whose only known standard has always been "Honest Quality."

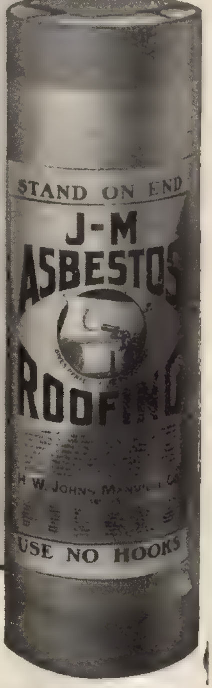
Users of rubber type roofings can get J-M quality in J-M REGAL ROOFING.

These roofings are furnished ready to lay with J-M CLEATS, the most efficient roof fastener.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.

Manufacturers of Asbestos Shingles; Roofing; Stucco; Pipe Coverings; Cold Storage Insulation; Waterproofing; Sanitary Specialties; Acoustical Correction; Cork Tiling; Fireproof Doors, etc.

The J-M CLEAT
The most Efficient roof Fastener



Albany
Baltimore
Boston
Buffalo
Chicago
Cincinnati
Cleveland
Dallas
Detroit
Indianapolis
ASBESTOS
Kansas City
Los Angeles
Louisville
Milwaukee
Minneapolis
New Orleans
New York
Omaha
Philadelphia
Pittsburgh
San Francisco
Seattle
St. Louis
Syracuse

BECOME A NURSE

WE have trained thousands of women in their own homes to earn **$10** to **$25** a week as nurses. Our graduates number 7000—a record unequaled by any institution. Send for **"How I Became a Nurse"**—248 pages with actual experiences of Chautauqua Nurses. *Forty-eight illustrated lesson pages sent free to all inquirers.*

The Chautauqua School of Nursing
281 Main Street Thirteenth Year Jamestown, N. Y.

FRENCH—GERMAN SPANISH—ITALIAN
Is Easily and Quickly Mastered by the
LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD
Combined with the
Rosenthal Method of Practical Linguistry

This is the natural way to learn a foreign language. You hear the living voice of a native professor pronounce each word and phrase. He speaks as you desire—slowly or quickly, night or day, for minutes or hours at a time. It is a pleasant, fascinating study; no tedious rules or memorizing. It is not expensive—all members of the family can use it. You simply practise during spare moments or at convenient times, and in a surprisingly short time you speak, read and understand a new language. *You can now use your own Cylinder or Disc talking machine to acquire a foreign language. Send for particulars and booklet.*

THE LANGUAGE PHONE METHOD
914 Putnam Building 2 West 45th Street New York

Double Your Earning Power

The great secret of business and social success is the ability to recall experiences and facts and apply them when needed. The demands of commercial and professional life are becoming so exacting in their details of facts and figures to be remembered, that to be able to succeed or even hold your own, you must have an infallible memory.

I want to *prove* all this to *you*—I have been proving it *for over 20 years* to over 50,000 ambitious men and women whom I have trained to

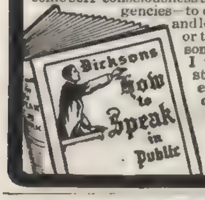
Stop Forgetting!

Prof. Henry Dickson, Principal Dickson School of Memory.

I Show You How

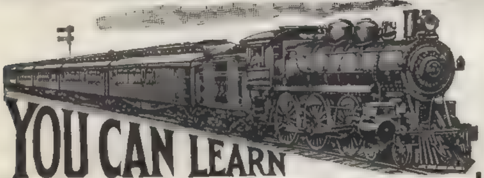
Give me *10 minutes of your spare time daily* and I will make your mind an infallible classified index from which you can instantly select thoughts, facts, figures, arguments, ideas, names, incidents—I will enable you to concentrate, overcome self-consciousness, *think on your feet* and intelligently address an audience without hesitancy—without notes. Think of the business and social success you can achieve!

This Valuable Book FREE


Dicksons
How to Speak in Public

My book shows you how to *think on your feet*—how to overcome self-consciousness and groping for words—to meet emergencies—to express yourself convincingly, clearly and logically whether talking to one person or ten thousand. De Luxe edition handsomely illustrated. The price is $2 but I will present a copy FREE to every student. Don't be hampered any longer—*write today* and get a FREE copy of my other valuable book, *"How To Remember."*

**Prof. Henry Dickson, Prin.,
Dickson School of Memory,
758 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago, Ill.**



YOU CAN LEARN To Be a Traveling Salesman

by mail in eight weeks and our Free Employment Bureau will assist you to secure a position where you will have an opportunity to earn **big pay** while you are learning. No former experience required. **Salesmen earn $1000 to $5000 a year and expenses.** Write today for large list of good openings and testimonials from many of our students who are now earning $100 to $500 a month. Address nearest office.

Dept. A-12 National Salesmen's Training Ass'n.
Chicago New York Kansas City San Francisco

TANGO Hesitation, Argentine, & All New Dances

You can now quickly, easily learn, **in your own home,** to dance the **Tango, Argentine, Castle Walk, Hesitation Waltz, Dream Waltz,** and other popular new dances. The new book, **"The Modern Dances,"** by Caroline Walker, gives authentic, plain instructions, correct diagrams and beautiful illustrations, especially posed by experts. **Anyone can learn.**

The Only Successful Method of Home-Instruction

recognized by Society and Professionals superior to ordinary class or private instruction. Chicago Tribune says: "In 'The Modern Dances,' the movements are clearly set forth and are aided with photographs so that **anyone** can easily master the steps." First two editions exhausted in one month. Third edition now ready. Better than ten dollars worth of private lessons, and costs **Only One Dollar** On Sale at best book and music stores everywhere; or send dollar direct to publishers for beautifully bound copy, postpaid. **Money-back guarantee. Order today.**

**SAUL BROS., Pubrs., Dept. 16,
626 Federal St. Chicago, Ill.**

Dr. Esenwein

Short-Story Writing

A course of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the **Short-Story,** taught by **Dr. J. Berg Esenwein,** Editor Lippincott's Magazine. *Over one hundred Home Study Courses under Professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell and leading colleges.*

250-Page Catalog Free. Write Today

The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 348, Springfield, Mass.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

Earn $25 to $100 a Week

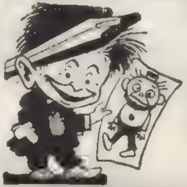
We will teach you by correspondence the most fascinating and profitable profession in the world. Send for our beautiful prospectus. It's FREE.

PAGE-DAVIS SCHOOL
Address either office { Dept. 530 Page Bldg., Chicago
Dept. 530 150 Nassau St., N. Y.

STORY-WRITERS WANTED

NOTHING PAYS LIKE SUCCESS IN WRITING FICTION—2 cents to 10 cents A WORD. We sell stories, scenarios, and book MSS. on commission: we revise them and tell you where to sell them. **STORY-WRITING** taught by mail. Send for our free booklet, **"WRITING FOR PROFIT,"** tells how; gives proof. **THORNTON WEST,** Editor-in-Chief.

THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION
Dept. 87, Indianapolis, Ind.



DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?

THAT'S ALL WE WANT TO KNOW

Now, we **will not** give you any **grand prize**—or a lot of **free stuff** if you answer this ad. Nor do we claim to make you **rich in a week.** But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can **make money,** send a copy of this picture with **6 cents** in stamps for **portfolio of cartoons** and **sample lesson** plate, and let us explain.

THE W. L. EVANS SCHOOL OF CARTOONING
833 Leader Bldg., Cleveland, O.

WHY NOT BE AN ARTIST?

Our Handsome
ART
YearBook
is FREE TO YOU

STUDY drawing at home under Expert Faculty. We have successful students in every part of the world. **Turn your Talent into money.** *Our Students are filling high salaried positions.* 14 years successful teaching. Endorsed by high authorities. 18 Courses in Commercial and Illustrative Drawing, Teachers' Normal and Applied Art, Profit or Culture.

Thoroughly Equipped Residence School
Artist's Outfit FREE to Enroled Students

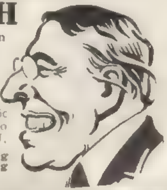
SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART, 752 Applied Art Bldg., Battle Creek, Mich.

CIVIL SERVICE

positions are in all parts of the country. Good pay, steady work, life positions, congenial surroundings, promotions on merit, short hours, annual vacation and sick leave with pay. Many thousands appointed yearly. Both sexes. No political pull. Nearly 300,000 classified positions. Common school education sufficient. Full information and questions used by the Civil Service Commission free.

COLUMBIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

COPY THIS SKETCH



and let me see what you can do with it. You can earn $20.00 to $125.00 or more per week, as illustrator or cartoonist. My practical system of personal individual lessons by mail will develop your talent. Fifteen years' successful work for newspapers and magazines qualifies me to teach you.

Send me your sketch of President Wilson with 6c in stamps and I will send you a test lesson plate, also collection of drawings showing possibilities for YOU.

THE LANDON SCHOOL of Illustrating and Cartooning
1430 Schofield Building, Cleveland, O.

ARE YOU AMBITIOUS?

TO OWN A GOOD BUSINESS OR GET INTO A WELL PAID POSITION! LONG BEFORE YOU FINISH YOUR COURSE YOU CAN BE EARNING $25 A WEEK UP, MAKING SHOW CARDS, SIGNS, DESIGNING COMMERCIAL ART, POSTERS ETC. NO INBORN TALENT NEEDED

Practical, thorough complete course with personal guidance of George E. Rosing. Graduates are in demand. Write for booklet Nº 25 and full information today.

The ROSING SCHOOL of LETTERING & DESIGN
900 [illegible] Bldg., Cleveland.

The First Born

is a mighty important creature. It is vital that mother's health and strength be maintained so that baby can be properly nourished. The people of America have a true friend in

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine

To delicate women it has proven a blessing because of its food and tonic properties.

For sale by all druggists and grocers

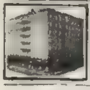
Malt Nutrine, when mixed with milk or sparkling water, makes a most palatable and healthful drink.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH · ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.

(?) WHERE-TO-GO Bureau
8 BEACON ST. BOSTON.

NEW YORK

If Coming To New York Why Pay Excessive Hotel Rates?



CLENDENING 188 W. 103 St. New York
Select, homelike, economical. Suite of parlor, bedroom, private bath for two persons, $2.00 daily. Write for Booklet H., with fine map of city.

"BUCKELL'S BUNGALOWS"
20 furnished Cottages with gardens. Boats, Canoes, Tennis, Garage. $100 season up. Hulett's Landing, Lake George, N. Y.

"the D&H" **"A SUMMER PARADISE"** covers Northern N.Y. Resorts: Saratoga Sp'gs, Lake George, Lake Champlain, Adirondacks, etc. Send 6c postage for ill. descriptive book 360 pp. with particulars of Hotels, etc. Address "Summer Paradise," Albany, N. Y.

CHICAGO ILL.

AN IDEAL SUMMER RESORT
The Chicago Beach Hotel only ten minutes from theatres and shopping centers Bathing, canoeing, yachting, tennis, golf, riding, motoring - all the sports of lake and country Large, airy rooms, single or en suite, with private baths·

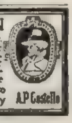
Service and cuisine unexcelled ··· American or European plan ··· Write for rates and booklet ··
CHICAGO BEACH HOTEL
HYDE PARK BL'V'D 51st ST.
ON THE LAKE SHORE
CHICAGO

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

HOTEL DRISCOLL
Faces U. S. Capitol. Near Union Station. Amidst Show Places. Running Water, Electric Fans in Rooms. Bath Gratis. Garage. Music. Am. $3, Eur. $1.50 up. Booklet. *

BOSTON MASS.

HOTEL PURITAN
Commonwealth Ave.
THE DISTINCTIVE BOSTON HOUSE
Write for attractive booklet with guide to Boston and vicinity



A.P. Costello

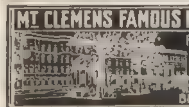
SEATTLE WASH.

Hotel Savoy. "12 stories of solid comfort," concrete, steel & marble. At center of things. English grill. Auto Bus. Rooms $1 up. With bath $2 up.

HEALTH RESORTS

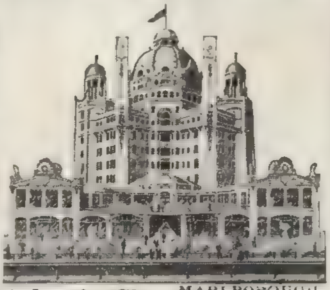
COME TO BATTLE CREEK
The Battle Creek Sanitarium affords the most abundant facilities for rest, recreation and health improvement The unique diet system physical culture classes interesting health lectures, swimming golf, tennis motoring, boating and a hundred other attractive features fill each day's program with useful entertainment. Guests have the combined advantages to be derived from favorable climatic conditions home like surroundings scientific methods, and daily medical supervision —WRITE FOR PROSPECTUS—
THE SANITARIUM · BATTLE CREEK. MICH. Box 109

MT. CLEMENS FAMOUS MINERAL BATHS



FOR RHEUMATISM AND NERVOUS BREAK DOWNS
WRITE FOR INFORMATION
THE COLONIAL
BOX-G MT. CLEMENS, MICH.

ATLANTIC CITY N. J.



Atlantic City. **MARLBOROUGH-BLENHEIM.** Above illustration shows but one section of this magnificent and sumptuously fitted house—the Open Air Plaza and Enclosed Solariums overlook the Board-walk and the Ocean. The environment, convenience and comforts of the Marlborough-Blenheim and the invigorating climate at Atlantic City make this the ideal place for Spring & Summer. Always open. Write for handsomely illustrated booklet. Josiah White & Sons Company, Proprietors and Directors.*

Galen Hall. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. Hotel and Sanatorium. New stone, brick & steel building. Always open, always ready, always busy. Table and attendance unsurpassed.*

HOTEL STRAND

HALF BLOCK OCEAN FRONT
ATLANTIC CITY N.J.
ALWAYS OPEN: CAPACITY 600: Sea water in all baths, Orchestra, Garage, American plan. Located between the two great ocean piers Booklet ·· FIREPROOF OWNERSHIP MANAGEMENT

TRAVEL

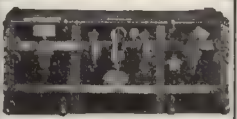
YELLOWSTONE PARK
IS AMERICA'S GREATEST SUMMER RESORT. MOST UNIQUE PHENOMENA IN THE WORLD. CANYONS, GEYSERS, CATARACTS – BEAUTIFUL HOT POOLS, LAKES, WILD ANIMALS, MOUNTAINS, SPLENDID HOTELS, SIX KINDS OF TROUT. GLORIOUS RECREATION.
USE
NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY
VIA GARDINER GATEWAY
ORIGINAL ENTRANCE.
NORTHERN PACIFIC YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE
SEND FOR LITERATURE TO A·M·CLELAND·G·P·A·
373 NORTHERN PACIFIC BLDG., ··· ST. PAUL, MINN.

A CRUISE AROUND SOUTH AMERICA
78 DAYS FROM NEW YORK JAN 23RD 1915
$400 AND UP

SOUTH AMERICA

BY SPECIALLY CHARTERED **S.S. LAPLAND**
28000 tons displacement
Largest steamer to South America thru Panama Canal
GATES TOURS – Toledo, Ohio
SEND FOR BOOKLET-P-2

TRAVEL



Insure Your Luggage!
Whether a brief vacation or an extended tour, our Baggage Policy enables you to travel with a care-free mind and thoroughly enjoy your trip.

Costs but a few cents a day
May save hundreds of dollars

Indemnifies you against loss from fire, theft, etc., in custody of railroad, express company, steamship, hotel or clubhouse.

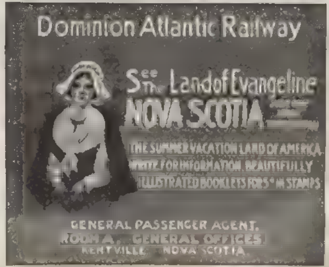
We are the oldest joint stock Insurance Company in America and guarantee prompt settlement. Write for full information.

INSURANCE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA
238 Walnut St., Philadelphia
Capital $4,000,000
Surplus $8,500,000

CANADA

BRAS D'OR LAKES
(Lakes of Gold)
"An imprisoned sea dividing an island in twain."
"CAPE BRETON"
A glorious Summer Country. Boating, Bathing, Yachting, Tennis, Golf, Sea trout, sword fish, tuna, deep sea fishing. Write for descriptive folder,
GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT,
Canadian Government Railways.
Moncton, New Brunswick.

NEW BRUNSWICK
LET US HELP YOU to decide where you will spend your Summer Vacation by sending to you our 48-page beautifully illustrated booklet, descriptive of the River St. John—the Rhine of America—and the hunting, fishing, canoeing and camping opportunities in the delightful climate of this country. Enclose 2 cents in stamps to
THE·FREDERICTON·TOURIST·ASSOCIATION
BOX 367 FREDERICTON, NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA.



Dominion Atlantic Railway
See The Land of Evangeline
NOVA SCOTIA
THE SUMMER VACATION LAND OF AMERICA
WRITE FOR INFORMATION. BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED BOOKLETS FOR 5¢ IN STAMPS
GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT,
ROOM A, GENERAL OFFICES
KENTVILLE NOVA SCOTIA

MUDLAVIA

RELAXATION, RECUPERATION,
A Scientific School Of Health where all ailments are treated and patients are taught how to live. Elimination of poisonous waste is the foundation of good health and the basis of our treatment.

Write R. B. Kramer, Box 80, Kramer, Indiana,
For 24-Page Book On Mudlavia Treatment. Endorsed By 40,000 Patients.

CIRCULATION, PREVENTION.
This is the only place you can get the Mudlavia Treatment. It is directed by Dr. George F. Butler, a diagnostician of national fame. A recognized apostle of good cheer. Ask Your Doctor.

(?) WHERE—TO—GO Bureau
8 BEACON ST. BOSTON

NEW ENGLAND
THE VACATION LAND

A VACATION
IN THE
OUT-OF-DOORS

Greatest of all outings. Live at delightful permanent camp or sleep in a tent on hemlock boughs, eat camp-fire cooking, among the

WILD MAINE LAKES

Fish, canoe, explore, study the moose and deer. Come out made over.

Costs no more than most vacations.

Send for FREE BOOKLET.

Address VACATION BUREAU
THE NEW ENGLAND LINES
Room 580, So. Station, Boston, Mass.

BIG FISHING

Finest game fishing in America. 5,000 lakes and streams full of fighting trout, salmon and bass.

IN MAINE WOODS

Live at hotel or permanent camp. Good for tired brains and nerves. Your family will enjoy it too.

Send for BOOKLETS
"I Go a-Fishing" and
"Maine Guides"

Address VACATION BUREAU
THE NEW ENGLAND LINES
Room 580, So. Station, Boston, Mass.

Three Wonderful VACATION BOOKS

They list over 4,000 hotels, boarding houses, farms and camps, *with rates*, in

NEW ENGLAND
The Vacation Land

—Mountains, sea-shore, lakes, woods, in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut.

Just the *practical* facts you need. Sent free. Write to-day, *stating region you prefer*. Address

Vacation Bureau
THE NEW ENGLAND LINES
Room 580, So. Station, Boston, Mass.

MAINE

Best Salmon Fishing in Maine at Ouananiche Lodge, Sunset, Norway Pines House & Camps. Finest of Hunting. W. G. Rose, Grand Lake Stream, Washington Co., Maine. Booklet.*

Come to World-Famous Kennebago!

Hotel & Log Cabins, with bath. Stone fireplaces. Maine's loveliest lake. Trout and salmon abound. Open May 15. Write W. E. Tibbetts, Rangeley, Me,

LAKE SUNAPEE N. H.

GRANLIDEN HOTEL
LAKE SUNAPEE, N. H.

At the Gateway of the White Mountains on the Ideal Tour. Golf, Tennis, Boating, Fishing, Saddle Horses, etc. Accommodates 300 guests. Write for circular. W. W. Brown.

SOO-NIPI-PARK LODGE

Lake Sunapee, N. H. GOLF, TENNIS, CANOEING, SAILING, MOTORING. BOOKLET. L. M. WAITE, Manager.

* *Write for further information.*

"Quaint Cape Cod"

Send for this Book

It describes a Summer Land absolutely different from any other place. You'll see phases of life and character far more interesting than anything in a novel. You'll enjoy the

Yachting, Bathing, Fishing

golf and automobiling. The social life will appeal to you. Write today for "Quaint Cape Cod." **It's Free.**

Address Advertising Department, Room 580, South Station, Boston.

New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R.

INTERVALE—WHITE MTS. N.H.

INTERVALE HOUSE. A SUMMER HOME OF REFINEMENT AND REST WITH AMUSEMENT ALL IMPROVEMENTS, GRAND SCENERY, CARRIAGE & GARAGE LIVERIES, FINE ROADS, ALL SPORTS, ORCHESTRA, EXCELLENT TABLE Booklet H S MUDGETT

MASSACHUSETTS

Hotel Aspinwall Lenox, Mass. In the heart of the famous Berkshires is one of the most fashionable and attractive resorts in this country. Golf, Tennis, Saddle Horses, Livery, Auto Livery, etc. Accommodates 500 guests. Write for circular. W. W. Brown.

Sconset Cottage Club "Sconset-by-the Sea" Nantucket, Mass. Open June 15th. Fine location. Excellent cuisine. Surf bathing. Golf. Tennis. $3 per day and up. Address Isaac Hills.

CAPE COD COTUIT
Special rates for June.

SANTUIT HOTEL and Cottages
Excellent boarding and bathing. J. Webb, Prop.

HACKMATACK INN AT CHESTER, N.S.

MORE LIKE A COUNTRY CLUB THAN A SUMMER HOTEL—OFFERS SERVICE AND ACCOMODATIONS SUCH AS ONE ENJOYS AMONG GENTLEFOLK

SITUATED BETWEEN THE FOREST AND THE SEA. COMBINES THE BEAUTIES AND PLEASURES OF NEW ENGLAND AND ADIRONDACK RESORTS—12TH SEASON

HOTEL LENOX, Buffalo, N. Y.

Buffalo's Leading Tourist Hotel. Modern, fireproof, beautifully located. Eu. P. Ideal summer climate. Write for "Complimentary Guide of Buffalo and Niagara Falls."

"The Laughing Cavalier"

a thrilling four-part serial
By BARONESS ORCZY
Begins in the MAY

Adventure

15 Cents a Copy

"Where Summer Is Five Septembers Long"

You'd enjoy a vacation at either

Marthas Vineyard or Nantucket

Islands in the Atlantic

We've two beautifully illustrated books that describe these islands. They're free. Write today. Advertising Department, Room 580, South Station, Boston.

New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R.

EUROPE

All prospective travelers should know the unusual facilities and low rates provided by the

Baltimore-Southampton-Bremen Service
of the North German Lloyd

One Class (II) Cabin steamers. Every convenience and safeguard—comfort without luxury—delicious meals. Write today for particulars of special

5-Weeks' Vacation Tour
to London, Paris and Berlin including Rhine Trip for..... **$178.40**

Enclose 10c for copy "How to See Germany, Austria and Switzerland" by P. G. L. Hilken. A comprehensive travel guide in condensed form—essential to the tourist

A. SCHUMACHER & CO., Gen'l Agents
138 S. Charles Street, Baltimore, Md.

THE ANGELUS AND THE DANCE

LYDIA KYASHT
ANNA PAVLOWA
LYDIA LOPOUKOWA

PAVLOWA—"The ANGELUS is incomparable."
KYASHT—"The ANGELUS is the only rival of the human fingers."
LOPOUKOWA—"The most artistic and delightful Player I have ever heard or used."

That the three most distinguished exponents of the dancing art should unite in praise of the ANGELUS emphasizes its marvelous versatility.

Recognized the world over as the supreme instrument by which anyone may play the piano with all the expression of the most skilled finger performer, it is now proclaimed as the ideal instrument for the dance, because of its unapproachable control of tempo nuances through the wonderful PHRASING LEVER (patented).

Every kind of music can be played with the Angelus

Whether you wish to play for classic or modern dances, accompaniments for songs, or piano solos, the Angelus is the incomparable instrument. Its exquisite touch is produced through the Diaphragm Pneumatics, the Melodant brings out the melody clear and sparkling, while the Sustaining Pedal Device and Graduated Accompaniment complete the cycle of Angelus efficiency.

The Angelus is the pre-eminent player because it enables anyone to produce the highest musical effects with ease, and without previous training or technical skill.

Knabe-Angelus—Grands and Uprights.
Emerson-Angelus—Grands and Uprights.
Lindeman & Sons-Angelus—Uprights.
Angelus Piano—An upright made expressly for the Angelus.
In Canada—The **Gourlay-Angelus** and **Angelus Piano.**

Any of these instruments can be played by hand in the usual manner.

The WILCOX & WHITE CO., Meriden, Conn.

Business Established 1877 233 REGENT STREET, LONDON Agencies all over the world

Missing Page

Missing Page

Missing Page

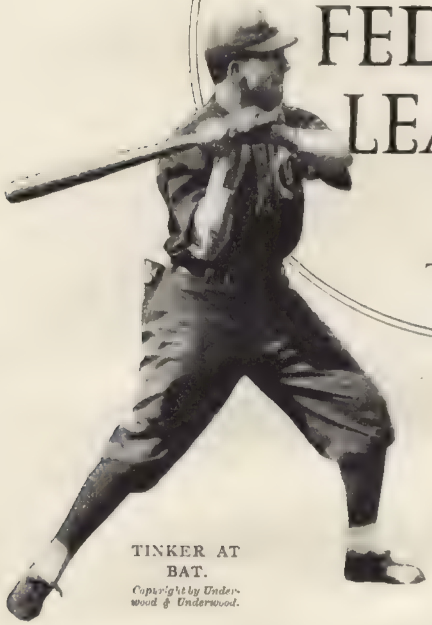
Everybody's Magazine

MAY 1914 VOL. XXX NO. 5

PUTTING ACROSS the FEDERAL LEAGUE

by

JOE TINKER



TINKER AT BAT.
Copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

FROM out of the mass of minor organizations of professional baseball, their names never seen in the metropolitan newspapers, has emerged a new league. It is not a little "tank-town" circuit, but a powerful combination that has taken rank right up with the National and American Leagues. It has invaded their territory; it is competing for the business of their patrons. It is a solid dollars-and-cents proposition, though sentiment played a part in its forming.

A new thing in baseball—the Federal League.

I am going to tell you everything I know about this upheaval of the baseball world. I'm going "to give it to you straight," just as scores of ball-players asked me to do when they were considering signing up with the "Feds." I have found myself almost in the position of intermediary between the business men who are backing our league and the suspicious mass of ball-players who wondered what it was all about. I happen therefore to be familiar with both sides—the business and the sentimental.

Only a few months ago the public thought our league a joke. If you mentioned the Federal League among "fans," some one winked and said:

"Just a scheme to blackjack some money out of Organized Ball. They'll never go through; they'll sell out." But the Federal League has "gone through."

I want to tell you that, roughly, the fortunes of the men behind the Federal League—President James Gilmore and his associates—aggregate $25,000,000. Already, backing their venture, they have obligated themselves for over $2,000,000. In six cities laborers are now rushing work finishing ball-parks the stands of which alone are costing us; on an average, $100,000 each. By cash advanced on salaries, by a system of bonuses, more than $300,000 was disposed of up to March first.

With more than half a million dollars invested in new grand-stands; with players already having received $300,000 in advances on salaries; with about $900,000 more tied up in the purchase of ball-parks, it is not reasonable to suppose that the shrewd business men behind the Federal League are going to quit. The new organization is here for good.

We have raided the ranks of Organized Ball. At this writing—and we are not through—we have already contracted one hundred and eighty first-class players. Many of our men are stars. You have seen their names in the newspapers. Falkenburg, who broke the American League pitching record last year, and Hendrix, the pitching sensation of the Pittsburgh Nationals, are among those who early came over to us. We have won an array of representative players from both the National and the American Leagues; likewise we have raided the minors. In fact, from these subsidiary companies of corporate Organized Ball we have taken our pick—because of our bonus system. Our teams are made up of "big leaguers." We have come up from the Southern training camps; our grounds are ready. We are entering upon a championship season just the same as the National and the American, for we regard them as our rivals.

We are a major league.

Let us see how this became possible. A few years ago if you had approached any business man who knew the baseball situation and suggested that he back a third league, he would have questioned your sanity. Why the change? Why did men like Weeghman, who has made a fortune out of the restaurant business in Chicago; Walker, a very successful wholesale fish distributor; Gilmore, a big coal-dealer; Stefel, a St. Louis brewer; Ball and Steineger, close-figuring contractors; Madison, Gordon, and Gates, all attorneys; R. B. Ward, who almost overnight cornered the selling field of bread in New York City—why did these hard-headed, shrewd business men put their money into the Federal League?

Successful business men, all of them, they are not apt to risk their dollars in wildcat investments. What was it that toward the close of 1913 led men to pour their money into a proposition that would have brought only smiles a few years before?

The causes that created the opportunity for an independent league are four:

1. Dissatisfaction in the mass of players of Organized Ball over conditions that created the expression "Slaves of Baseball."
2. The drafting system and its evils.
3. "Murphyism."
4. Organized Ball is not making all the money that can be made out of the national game.

Let us consider these in order:

The methods of Organized Ball have long been questionable. They have been the subject of a bill introduced in Congress to investigate professional baseball as a trust, liable under the Sherman Law. Noted lawyers have stated that the form of contract by which Organized Ball binds its players would never stand in a court of law. They declare it is without mutuality, and is therefore invalid. But Organized Ball has been very careful to keep these contracts out of court.

So much has been printed about players being the absolute property of club owners, theirs to trade, buy, or sell like horses, dogs, or any other chattel, that the public is fairly familiar with that point. It understands how the feudal powers of Organized Ball worked in the cases of Fielder Jones, Roger Bresnahan, Andy Coakley, and others. It knows that the average player (not "stars," for the "stars" are coddled) must stay where he is put; go where he is sent. His tastes as to home cities, his concern over the effect of new climatic conditions on his children, are not considered. The public knows, for example, that if the owner of a team says a player must go to a minor league and earn less money than his contract with the major league calls for, the player must go, or he will be barred from earning a penny in baseball.

Mordecai Brown had a two-year contract with the Chicago Club of the National League. It called for an annual salary of $7,500. It is significant that the man in the case is Brown. There is no fan but knows the name. For years "Three-Fingered" Brown bore the brunt of the pitching for the Chicago Cubs. I know, for I was his team mate. It was his arm that gave Chicago two National League pennants, that helped Charles W. Murphy

Copyright International News Service

TINKER SIGNING THE FEDERAL LEAGUE CONTRACT—WEEGHMAN AND WALKER LOOKING ON.

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

CHARLES W. MURPHY.

Copyright, International News Service.

A GROUP OF FEDERAL LEAGUE BACKERS. STANDING (LEFT TO RIGHT): GOLDMAN, HANLON, GATES; SEATED: WEEGHMAN, GILMORE, AND WALKER.

Copyright by Underwood & Underwood.
TOM SEATON, BROOKLYN "FEDS."

make his fortune. No strain was ever too great for Brown. Every other day, if necessary, when the fighting was hard, Brown would go out and pitch. If another pitcher blew up, Brown would be rushed to the rescue. It was always Brown, and this double burden always weakened his arm. He knew it; he was well aware that such strenuous work would shorten his period as a star player. Yet he kept on for the good of the team.

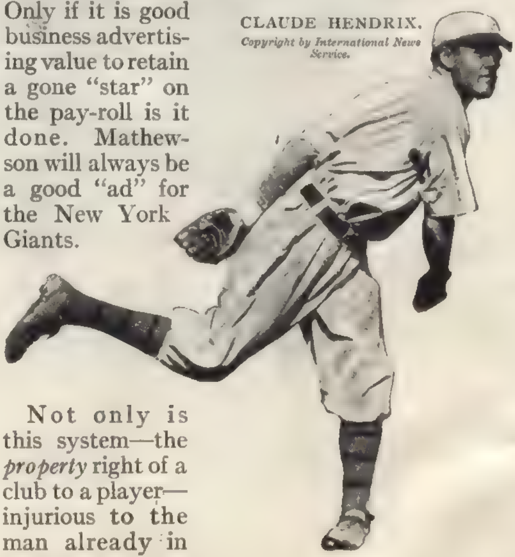
Brown's two-year contract had not expired when Charles W. Murphy, President of the Chicago Cubs, quarreled with Brown and decided that he wasn't worth $7,500 a year. There is not a spark of sentiment in Murphy's make-up. The fact that Brown had made him thousands and thousands of dollars by his untiring, self-sacrificing pitching did not influence him in the slightest. Murphy is Murphy, different from other owners of Organized Ball clubs whom I could name. Murphy knew that he would have to pay out $7,500 if he kept Brown on the Chicago team. There was only one way he could get around it; that was to dump Brown into a minor-league club which, by a precedent (the Coakley case), would not be forced to assume the high-salaried contract. He slated Brown for Louisville.

There were difficulties in Murphy's path. A rule of baseball says that no major-league club may send a man to the minors unless all the majors have waived claim to him. If they did not waive, Murphy would have to sell Brown to the claiming American or National League club for the waiver price, $1,500. That would be money in Murphy's pocket. But Murphy did not want that; he did not want Brown pitching for any other major-league club. So he saw to it that no club in the National or American League put in a claim on the man who had done so much to make the Chicago Cubs the amazing financial success that they were.

This is how such things can be worked. If a manager wants to get a player out of the major leagues and sidetrack him in the minors, he goes to the other managers and says: "You waive on this man, and I'll waive on somebody for you. If you don't waive for me, I'll block any game of yours that you try to put through." It is wise to waive in Organized Ball when approached in this way.

Accordingly every club waived on "Three-Fingered" Brown and he was ordered to Louisville, where instead of $7,500 a year his salary would be $300 a month, and that only during the baseball months of the year. There he would have to stay as long as Murphy said so. And Murphy would not free Brown from that prospect until pressure was brought to bear by August Herrmann, chairman of the National Commission, who signed Brown for Cincinnati—Herrmann being one of the few sentimentalists of baseball.

That is a case which shows what is meant by the term "slaves of baseball." Of course, a lot of fun is poked at that expression, and rightly. It is a far stretch of the imagination to think of Mathewson, Gobb, Johnson and Walter as slaves. But wait until their stars are fading and then see whether there's any truth in the term. Only if it is good business advertising value to retain a gone "star" on the pay-roll is it done. Mathewson will always be a good "ad" for the New York Giants.



CLAUDE HENDRIX.
Copyright by International News Service.

Not only is this system—the *property* right of a club to a player—injurious to the man already in the big league, but it may work with equal hardship upon the young player who by his talents is entitled to the higher-salaried berth of the majors. For instance:

Last year when I was manager of the Cincinnati Reds there were seven or eight young major-league players, absolutely high class, who were sent back to the minors and smaller salaries. I wanted these eight men. I could have given them good jobs on my club. I could have paid them better salaries than they subsequently received in the minors. I could have put them where they would have stood a good chance of figuring in a trade or a sale to some club more successful than Cincinnati. But could I get one of those eight promising recruits?

I didn't have a chance in the world. On all of them the old scheme was worked. Like Brown, those eight young men were the victims of: "You waive on him for me, I'll waive on somebody for you." You see, there is a rule of Organized Ball that prevents a club from carrying more than twenty-five men during the playing season. These eight fellows were wanted by certain major-league clubs, but as the clubs were already up to the twenty-five-men limit, it was impossible to retain them. What the clubs did was to farm out the young players, send them to the minors with a string attached instead of letting them go to some other major club.

In the minors they received $1,500 a season. I would have paid them salaries of $2,400 and would have been glad to get them.

"DOC" CRANDALL.

Photo by Brown Brothers.

Such conditions do not exist in the Federal League. By our form of contract they are impossible. Later, in detail, I shall show you why.

A second condition existing in Organized Ball that has let us get practically the pick of the minor-league circuits is its "drafting system."

All through the year the scouts of the major-league clubs travel back and forth across the country, secretly watching the minor-league players in action and noting here and there a man who they think will prove valuable. If the quarry is particularly desirable, the major-league club at once makes an offer to the minor-league owner and buys the youngster outright. In this case the price for him may run as high as $22,500, as was paid for O'Toole of Pittsburgh. O'Toole was bought outright; more often the recruits are "drafted." If the quarry is not promising, the major-league club rests on its oars until September, when it puts in a draft for him, instead of buying him at market prices. For the five classes of minor leagues there are five drafting prices, the highest $2,500, the lowest $500.

Photo by Brown Brothers.

MORDECAI BROWN, MANAGER OF THE ST. LOUIS FEDERALS.

The point is this: If a player is purchased, even for, say, $22,500, he must sign to play for the club at the salary offered him, and he does not get one penny of the purchase money. Demaree of the Giants, who was bought for $9,000, did not get the price of a good cigar.

With the Federal League it is different. And this is why we have the drop on Organized Ball; why we were able to take the pick of the minors this year.

Instead of buying a player from a minor-league club, we go to the player himself. We give him what we think is a fair purchase price, invariably over a thousand dollars. *This money goes into his pocket, not into any club-owner's.* As a result, nearly all minor leaguers signing with us receive what amounts to $1,000 bonus and a good contract.

A few years ago the Chicago Americans

"GARRY" HERRMANN, OWNER OF THE CINCINNATI CLUB.

Copyright by the International News Service

gave $18,000 for Chappelle. They don't know now if he will make good. They had to pay $18,000 for the privilege of paying a comparatively unknown player a salary. The Federal League can get a star ballplayer for $18,000 and besides can get three years' work out of him. In other words, we pay a man $18,000, which includes a bonus and salary for three years. That is why the Federal League is such a good business proposition.

A third condition that made it possible to launch our league was Charles W. Murphy, creator and sole proprietor of "Murphyism." His unpopularity with the public and with his fellow magnates was officially recognized on February twenty-first, when he retired from the presidency of the Chicago Cubs. If the National League had eliminated him a year ago, things would not have been so easy for the Federal League. By tactics that have disgusted many people with the National League, Murphy alienated thousands of fans who have come over to us.

In my desk at Federal headquarters in Chicago there are scores of letters congratulating me for having left Organized Ball, which has upon it the stain of "Murphyism" that can not be washed out in one season. Nearly every letter from Chicago fans came as a formal announcement of the forming of a "Never Again Club." All the employees of a big typewriting company signed one of them. Others came from the Chicago Board of Trade. The gist of them is this:

"We are opposed to Murphyism and Murphy, and we shall never again patronize the Chicago National League Baseball Club as long as one or the other or both prevail."

Murphy has gone. But Murphyism is not a physical thing, and is harder to remove than was the owner of the Cubs.

A picturesque character in baseball, Murphy. I have heard a story that when he was a police reporter in Cincinnati he saved $15,000. The frugal reporter subsequently became sporting editor of a Cincinnati newspaper. Then when John T. Brush bought

JAMES A. GILMORE, PRESIDENT OF THE FEDERAL LEAGUE.

Copyright by the International News Service

the New York National League Club he brought on the enterprising Murphy as a press-agent. It was Murphy's duty to go ahead of the Giants. When he was in Chicago he learned from Hart that the Chicago National League Club was for sale. He got a figure from Hart and an option. At once Murphy left for Cincinnati, interested his old employer, Charles P. Taft. and on November 1, 1905, the deal for the purchase of the Cubs was closed. Gradually Murphy got a controlling interest in the club by his stock's paying for itself. The property cost Taft $100,000 and it made more than that the first year.

Eight years later, after Murphy had accumulated fifty-three per cent. of the stock, he refused an offer of a million dollars for the club. And it is said that when there was an "official sale" just a few months ago, he received $530,000 for his fifty-three shares of stock from Charles P. Taft, who rebought his original property to aid Organized Ball in a nasty situation.

Here are some of the phases of "Murphyism." Murphy has a tendency to act; then to think. He believes in advertising. I have often heard him say: "I don't care what they print about me, as long as they print something." As a result Murphy did anything to get his name in the papers. He made the most sweeping statements and accusations. By his schemings, alliances, and bickerings he nearly smashed the National League.

Then Murphy's utterances against Johnson, the leader of Organized Ball, were constantly involving the National League in difficulties with the American. So the time was ripe for the launching of another league, especially if it could gain a foothold in Chicago.

All these things James A. Gilmore and his associates considered. And they considered a fourth point and then went ahead. The fourth point was "continuous baseball." The eight cities composing the Federal circuit are these: Chicago, Brooklyn, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, Buffalo, Indianapolis, Kansas City, and St. Louis. In only two of these cities, Chicago and St. Louis, are there two teams of Organized Ball. In all the others there is only one. Gilmore and his associates realized that there was sufficient interest in baseball in these six other cities to run a continuous show. That is, in Pittsburgh and Brooklyn, in Buffalo and Baltimore, in Indianapolis and Kansas City, when the National League teams were away, "on the road," when the International League teams were away, when the American Association clubs were away, there was room for a Federal League team. "Continuous ball."

Only in Chicago and St. Louis would there be a clash, both cities having National and American League clubs. However, not only did "Murphyism" solve the problem for us in Chicago by alienating thousands of National League fans, but the geography of the city aided us tremendously. The Cubs play on the West Side; the Chicago White Sox on the South Side. We are going to play on the North Side. There are also a million people within a drawing zone of the North Side—enough in that single section of the city to support our team without touching the patronage of either the Cubs or the White Sox. And because of Murphyism we shall certainly draw on the patronage of the Cubs.

As for St. Louis, both major leagues have for so long failed to provide the fans of that city with winning home teams that the new venture is being welcomed eagerly.

So much for the causes of the Federal League.

Now for the story of its organization. The Federal League did not begin this year. It is more than a year old. Also, there have been other revolts against Organized Ball. The history of the game shows that the players have twice rebelled against the conditions of their employment. The last notable outbreak was the Brotherhood in 1890, but that showed that the players themselves were not capable of forming and running a league.

In 1913 a group of men organized what was practically a semi-professional league. They called it the Federal League. It was almost a failure. There probably would not have been any Federal League this year if James Gilmore, a member of the Chicago Athletic Club, a lover of baseball, had not become interested in the Chicago team of the new, struggling organization. Gilmore went into it solely for sport. It was toward the close of the season and he agreed to stand the expenses. Backing the Chicago "Feds" cost him about $12,000.

He had become interested in the independent league, however, and he began to study the situation. He considered all the points I have presented, and concluded that Organized Ball wasn't making all the money that was to be made. He began to interest people. He was fortunate in securing the services of "Judge" Goldman of Baltimore, also of Ned Hanlon, veteran manager of championship teams and a hard-headed baseball man. Goldman, you know, helped Ban Johnson organize the American League, and his experience was invaluable.

A recital of the names of the men Gilmore interested would bore you. Earlier in the article I presented some of them. But I wish to mention Gates, an attorney of Indianapolis, and one of the backers of the club there. With "Judge" Goldman, he was of tremendous assistance in whipping the backers into line.

Then when Gilmore induced R. B. Ward, the millionaire baker, to back the Brooklyn club, our financial support became even more impressive. Out of friendship, Shepard, husband of Helen Gould, was seen often in Gilmore's company at a time when the Federal League promotion reached a crisis. This was construed by the New York newspaper reporters to mean that Mr. and Mrs. Shepard were interested in the new league. Likewise when Ward came in, the Frick interests were spoken of—all of which did us no harm.

My connection with the Federal League began as a result of my acquaintance with Weeghman. When we first talked, he had no money interest in the Federal League. He simply told me he was thinking of backing the Chicago club, and that if he did he wanted me to manage it. He mentioned conditional terms, and I accepted these before Weeghman had invested a dollar. I also told him that I could get "Three-Fingered" Brown to manage the St. Louis club of the Federal League. The newspapers have been kind enough to say that the Federal League would have gone under if I had not been secured as manager of the Chicago team. That is more or less true, as I shall demonstrate obviously not in any mood of egotism, but solely to show you the ways of ball-players.

Let me give you the first authentic account of my break with Organized Ball, the "inside story" of how I became identified with the Federal League. Incidentally, it will reveal the arbitrary ways of Organized Ball.

For the first year, 1913, under my management the Reds had not done badly, and I thought everything all right for next season in Cincinnati. At the directors' meeting it was agreed that I should sign a 1914 contract. I was to receive $10,000 a year, the same salary as in 1913. President Herrmann said he would mail the contract to me to sign and I went back to Chicago.

I received a few letters from Herrmann about the club affairs, but no contract. I did not say anything, but when the day of the Columbus minor-league meeting came around I jumped on a train and went to Columbus. I knew Herrmann would be there. He seemed surprised when I told him I had not received my contract, and in my presence wired to Cincinnati giving instructions that the contract be mailed to Columbus that night.

It developed that the Fleischmann interests in the Cincinnati club had put in a new secretary by the name of Stevens. Stevens was there to tie Herrmann's hands. Nothing could be done until Stevens and Herrmann had agreed. At Columbus—the contract not having been presented to me—Stevens took me aside for a little talk. The gist of this talk was that I was to recognize his authority over me. In other words, I was to be a figurehead manager, and was not at liberty to conduct the transactions that a manager usually conducts.

After meeting him, I told Herrmann that I did not know why Stevens should give orders. "Garry" passed it off.

I then told Stevens I must have absolute control. I had my own ideas on training and insisted on carrying them out. I agreed to submit any trades to Herrmann and the directors of the club. But I wanted to be considered on every exhibition game in the South and even the trains that the team should travel on. I did this for a reason. I knew that secretaries like Stevens have a way of booking exhibition games that necessitate the players' getting up at two o'clock in the morning to make train connections. For the sake of fifty dollars gate receipts they tear a ball club to pieces.

Stevens did not like this a bit, and I went back to Chicago.

In a few days there came a letter from Herrmann. It was a five-page letter, and from its tone I judged that Stevens had taken up with Herrmann the points I insisted upon. The letter gave me to understand that Stevens was to act as a watch-dog over me. It concluded with the remark that the directors of the club thought that I ought to take part in more games than I did last year. I wrote back, referring to the promises that had been made me in Cincinnati. I refused to take dictation from any director and insisted upon being considered on everything pertaining to the club. I said that if I had remained out of games, I had done so for the good of the team. Also, I refused to pay any more fifty-dollar fines as I had done as a result of a fuss on the field with Shortstop Maranville of Boston. No other manager has to pay fines.

The result of this was that the directors of the Cincinnati Club held a meeting and decided to let me out. They announced they were open for a trade involving me. Upon request I called at Murphy's office in Chicago. One of the stockholders of the Chicago club asked me if I would play with the Cubs. I told him I would do that gladly, for I would rather play in Chicago than any other city, my home being there. At once Murphy was cabled in Paris, and he rushed back to New York in time for the New York meeting of the National League. When he met Herrmann, he was told to see me in Chicago. Murphy caught the Twentieth Century.

The annual baseball meetings that are held at the Waldorf in New York are characterized by the flowing bowl. At eight o'clock that same night Herrmann, surrounded by his cronies, was in the café. Ebbets, the Brooklyn owner, remarked that he would give $25,000 for me. Apparently "Garry" forgot that he had told Murphy to "see me in Chicago," for he caught Ebbets on that $25,000 remark. He further said in the presence of witnesses there that he would give me $10,000 of the purchase price to insure my signing with Brooklyn. It was not philanthropy; it was a business stroke.

The deal was agreed upon, provided I came to terms. Well, when the Cincinnati directors heard of it they kicked up a rumpus. They wanted players for me, not money. They refused to give me the $10,000 that Herrmann had promised. The

WASHINGTON PARK,

ROBERT B. WARD, ONE OF THE BACKERS OF THE FEDERALS.
Copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

newspapers printed so much about it that the situation became warmer. I was under contract so far to nobody. I was tied hard and fast as far as Organized Ball is concerned, though, by the reserve clause. I had had conversations with Weeghman.

I wanted action. I telegraphed Ebbets, "Name your best terms for three years." If I was going to Brooklyn, I naturally wanted to know what I was going to be paid. Ebbets ignored my telegram. I then received a letter stating that Ebbets and his manager Robinson would be in Indianapolis on a coming Sunday, and if I would go there at their expense they would discuss terms. Ebbets reached Cincinnati and insisted that the deal go through. He gave Herrmann a $15,000 check, retaining ten thousand to pay me.

I read in the Chicago newspapers that Ebbets was not going to Indianapolis. On Saturday, the day before I was to meet him there, I wired him in Cincinnati: "Will you be in Indianapolis to-morrow?" This telegram was ignored. Naturally I did not make the trip to Indianapolis. Imagine my surprise, then, when on Sunday I received a long-distance telephone call from Robinson, the Brooklyn manager.

"I'm in Indianapolis," he said. "So is Ebbets. Why didn't you come over?"

I told him about my telegram and that I had received no answer. Then he said that Ebbets was sore because I had wired him asking him what were his terms for three years. It was the attitude of Organized Ball. They took it as presumption that I should ask what my salary was to be. Robinson raised the point of the $10,000 bonus, and I came back at him that it had not been Ebbets's idea, but Herrmann's, and that Herrmann had done it solely as a business stroke, solely to assure my signing with Brooklyn and his receiving the $15,000. Robinson then asked me what my ideas were on salary. I told him not less than $7,500 a year and a three-year contract.

"Why, that's out of all reason," I heard Robinson exclaim over the wire. "Mr. Ebbets has decided to pay you not a penny more than the amount he has already made up his mind on."

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Photo by Brown Brothers.

CHARLES EBBETS, OWNER OF THE BROOKLYN NATIONALS.

Copyright by Underwood & Underwood.

"What is that?" I asked.

"It's not $7,500," he said, "and nothing like it. He's made up his mind what is fair by you, if you receive a $10,000 bonus."

"Forget that," I said. "I told you once why they were giving me that bonus."

"Well," said Robinson, "Mr. Ebbets will lose the $15,000 check he has given Herrmann before he will give you a nickel more."

"He'll lose the $15,000 then," I said, and hung up the receiver.

I then signed to manage the Chicago Club of the Federal League for a three-year contract with a total salary of $36,000 and received besides a bonus of stock in the Chicago Club.

Mr. Ebbets, I thank you from the bottom of my heart!

Up to the time when I threw in my lot with the Federals, ball-players had been rather wary of the new league. They knew it was supposed to be offering big salaries, but they did not know how real the money was. Most of them were inclined to think it stage money. They didn't know anything about the inside of the league. They didn't know whether it was being organized for the simple purpose of selling out to Organized Ball, or what it was. There was no ball-player of prominence connected with the Federal League to whom they could go and get an inside opinion as to just how things were. I venture there was not a ball-player in the country, though, who did not know me.

As soon as I signed to manage Weeghman's club, I was given an office in the Federal League suite. I immediately sent out scores of wires to players all over the country:

> You are invited to come to the Federal League quarters in Chicago and discuss terms. Even if you decide not to sign a contract, all your expenses will be paid by the Federal League.

That was the substance of the telegrams I sent. As a result, the best players of Organized Ball, those who had not already put themselves under contract to Organized Ball, took the trip to Chicago at our expense. As I had promised Weeghman, I signed "Three-Fingered" Brown, who was glad to cast in his luck with the new league. In a surprisingly short time I had put about sixty major-league players under contract.

They would come into my office and say: "Well, we came on at your invitation."

"Are you interested in the Federal League?" I would ask.

The answer would be hesitating.

"Yes, but what about it, Joe? None of the boys seem to know much about it. Give it to us straight."

And I would give it to them. And they knew my reputation and they believed what I said. And in most cases we came to terms.

"You see," I said when I signed Seaton, the pitching sensation of last year's Philadelphia Nationals, and showed him a copy of our contract, "in our contract *it provides that the club must increase the player's salary a minimum of five per cent. every year or else must give that player his unconditional release; in other words, declare him a free agent so that he is at liberty to make a deal with any club he chooses. He can put himself on the market and get the highest salary possible for his service.* You fellows in Organized Ball know that you have to go where you are sent and for any amount of money that they want to give you."

When Otis Crandall, pitcher of the National League, was signed up, he asked:

"But what about the money, Joe? Is it good?"

I replied: "In the National League they were paying you, say, $5,000 a season. We'll pay you $6,000. If you'll just wait a few minutes, I'll give you a certified check for $6,000, your salary for one year paid in advance. You are to sign a three-year contract." (Of course I have not divulged Crandall's exact salary.)

"But how can the Federal League afford to do that?" another would ask me.

"You see," I would reply, "we pay you $18,000 and we get your services as a ball-player for three years. If we were in Organized Ball and wanted you, we'd have to pay some club $18,000 for your services, then your salary would be in addition, and you can bet your life we'd make that salary as little as possible. As it is, you get some of what in Organized Ball would be the purchase price. We deal with you direct."

That is why the Federal League got so many stars. It advanced them money and guaranteed the salary by bank deposits for the full tenure of the contract. If a player still hesitated, we proved to him that our Chicago club, for instance, had taken a ninety-nine-year lease for $18,000 a year rent on a ball park and that they had already advanced $50,000 to players. I showed them that Weeghman and Walker were getting a club worth $400,000 for $200,000 because they didn't have to buy the players. In only two or three months we signed up one hundred and eighty players.

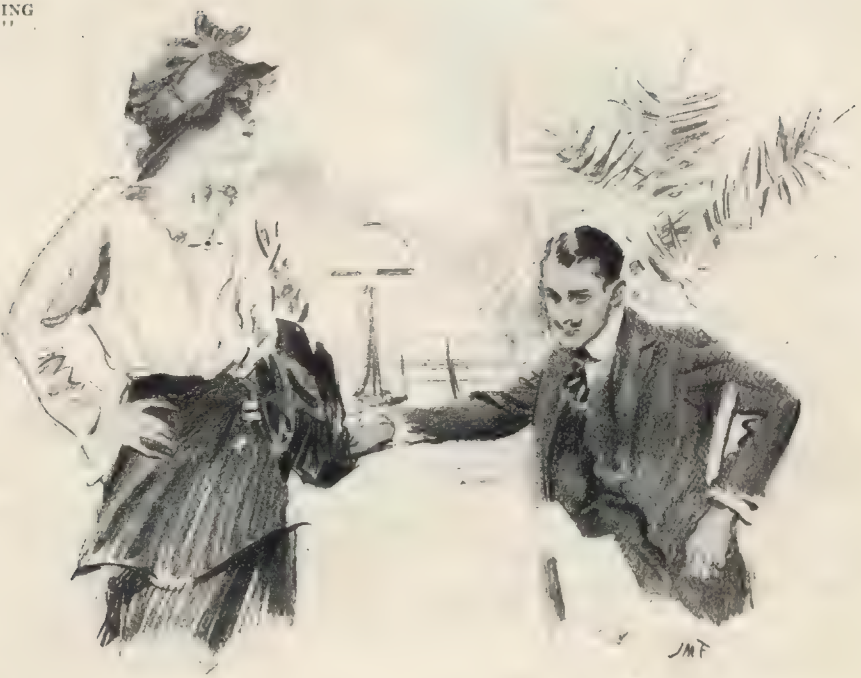
It has cost Organized Ball through increased salaries, jacked up by the Federal League, and in the value of players lost by going over to us, as much as it has cost President Gilmore and his associates to organize an entire new league, rent parks, and build new grand-stands.

We are building these stands in every city but Pittsburgh, where we have the old National League grounds, and in Kansas City, where a ball park was available. The Baltimore and Chicago stands cost $180,000, St. Louis $100,000, and the Indianapolis one $80,000. I have seen countless newspaper articles that marveled how we were ever going to get these stands finished in time for the opening of the season. The point is that single-decked stands, concrete and steel, can be put up much quicker than double-deckers. This year all our stands will be single. Let me remind those who have doubted our ability to open our schedule on time that the lower deck of the new grandstand at the Polo Grounds was put up in forty days.

You have seen in the newspapers the names of the prominent players we have signed. The caliber of the men is such as to assure what the fans demand, "big-league" baseball. After this season, when the contracts of certain stars with Organized Ball run out, we'll have them, too.

We offered one pitcher $10,000 a year, offered him a check in advance. He was afraid to take the jump and, going back to Organized Ball, accepted $7,000. We offered to advance a National League outfielder $7,000 for his first-year salary. He signed in the National League for $5,500. We had one of the star shortstops in the American League up in our offices and put a certified check for $7,000 in his hands. He was afraid to take it. Such is the way Organized Ball has some of its men hypnotized.

I believe in another year the spell that Organized Ball has for years laid upon all its employees will be broken; and when it is they can thank the Federal League.


"I'M GOING HOME."

His Majesty's Rag Time

by

ROBERT EMMET MACALARNEY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

THE heir apparent to the throne of Lidvingia, Duke of Oerts and Margrigg, not to mention ancient suzerainty over the barony of Waldgrave, was presenting the better half of a boiled lobster to Miss Trixie Mortimer in Trittori's. Even royalty finds it difficult to maneuver claws and feelers from a lemon-garnished platter without spilling capers into the sauceboat. The Prince of Lidvingia was utterly preoccupied. He bent over the linen intently, the waiter eyeing him with the contemptuous hostility waiters always manifest toward patrons who are not heirs apparent.

Miss Trixie Mortimer? Bless your heart, no! She had no more idea that a real live prince was dealing her a portion of cold boiled lobster than had the sentinel waiter. Even Broadway's white-light conventions would not have prevented her from giving at least a tiny scream, had she known. To Miss Mortimer—whose non-stage patronymic was Hogan—the Prince of Lidvingia was only Teddy Hurditch, lead juvenile of "The Little Jade Joss" company, in its two-hundredth performance.

A score of Trittori patrons knew that, as well as the companion of the tall young man busy with his crustacean. They knew, too, that Hurditch had written the words and music of the new ragtime ditty which was ravaging New York. The orchestra, behind the barrier of palms and goldfish pool, was playing it now, tantalizing with syncopation the slippers of the women at the wall tables, who hummed it between spoonfuls:

Nicholas the Czar, with the Queen of Zanzibar,
Prancing down the middle where the turkey-trotters are.
Stoop a little, droop a little,
Got to loop the loop a little,
When you do that king-king-kingaling rag.

Miss Mortimer's short vamps were tapping out the rhythm while she probed the recesses of a scarlet claw.

"Help!" muttered the Variety's lead juvenile. "Aren't they ever going to give it a rest?"

Miss Mortimer, having salvaged a white morsel, held it aloft upon her silver trident. "When they give you a rest, Teddy, Desher & Harkstein's royalties will go to sleep, too. Just because the Joss is a hit this winter doesn't mean that both of us won't be wearing out booking-office near-leather next year."

"But the thing gets on my nerves," complained the Prince of Lidvingia.

"It hasn't sent Broadway to any rest-cure yet," remarked the coppery-haired girl. "They've been saying ragtime would blow up, ever since I was a brand-new broiler. Has it flivvered? Not so you could notice it. Teddy boy, when aeroplanes are back numbers and there aren't any more Presidents of the U. S. A., ragtime'll just be getting its second wind."

How does it happen that the Prince of Lidvingia is partaking of Nantucket lobster, incog., with a Variety chorus-girl, to whom he is only a ragtime dancing partner? Listen:

Fifteen years before, when Macedonian *chetniks*, sniping at Turkish *askares* with accurate Mannlichers, provided a sole excuse for the Balkans getting into the newspapers, Grand Duke Pavlodf pushed Lidvingia's heir apparent into the discard.

The prince could remember, as if it had been yesterday, the change that had come to the shabby palace in the night. The gaunt, bearded figure upon the chipped gilt bed—the stage-settings of Lidvingia had been kept in bad repair—seemed almost terrifying. There were too many strangers in the royal chamber; that was why his father did not smile and stretch out his arms. The archbishop was saying prayers at an altar by the balcony windows; the murmuring of the crowd in the square crept through the faded velvet curtains with the dawn.

The prince was glad the queen was not there; she would not have liked so many strangers; least of all would she have liked the presence of the grand duke, who—even the child could notice it—was giving orders as if he were king himself. Yes, it was just as well that his pretty mother had died the summer before. She had not been very happy, they said, since they had married her to the King of Lidvingia and sent her from her own mild valleys to queen it among the Balkan foothills.

"The boy, Pavlodf!" the king gasped.

They held the prince up to the dying sovereign of a dilapidated, miniature kingdom—where, none the less, kingship had distilled all the malevolent essences of an empire. The grand duke bent over to hear what the king would say.

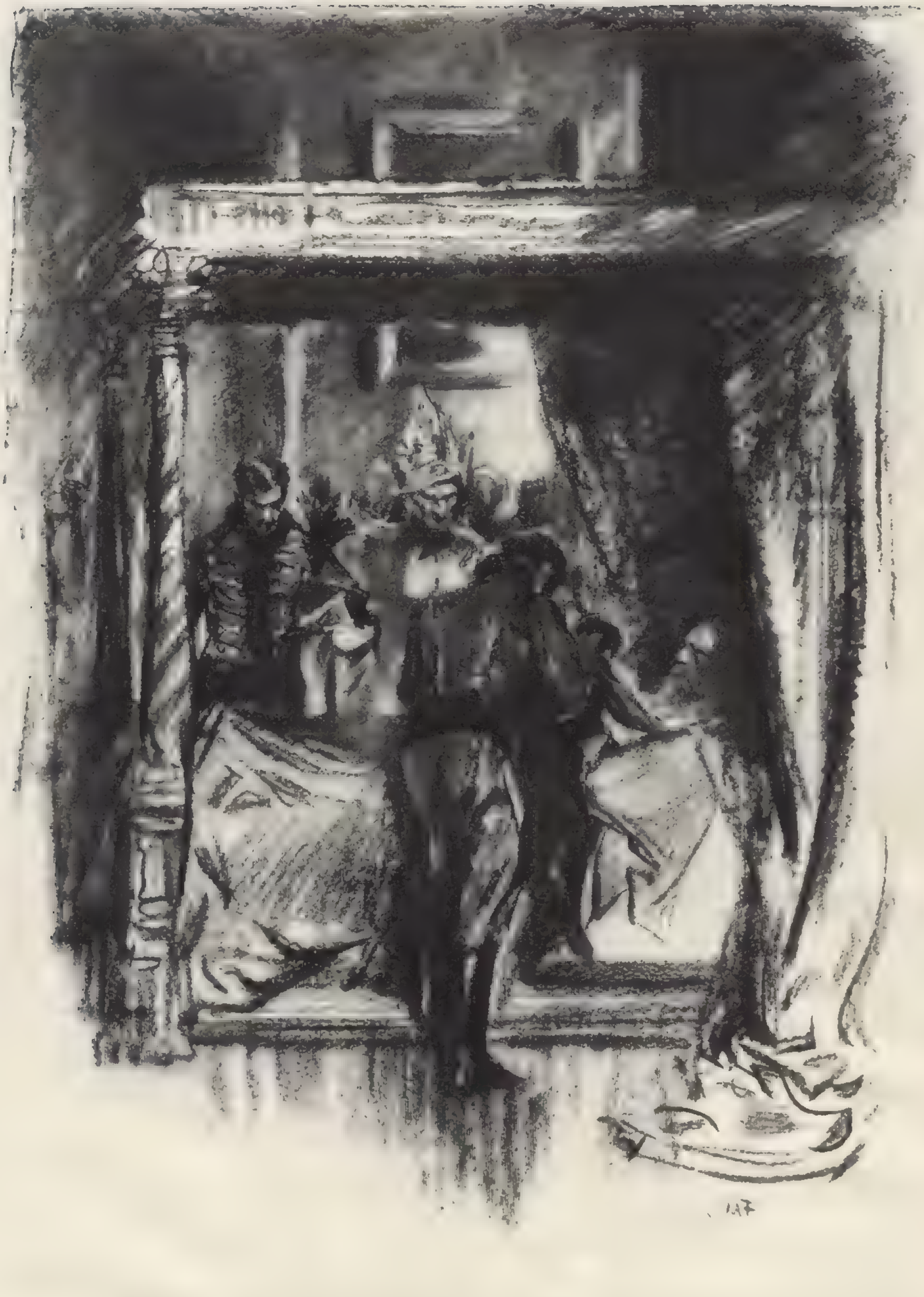
"Your uncle—the grand duke—will teach you. He will teach you how to rule—Lidvingia—Tedor. You will rule well, my son?"

"Yes, my father!" The prince wept with the grief that can tear so cruelly the heart of a ten-year-old boy. He understood that his father was dying. That was what the strangers and the mumbling archbishop meant. And his mother was not there to comfort him. So he wept.

"Remember your oath, Pavlodf," said the king. "Tedor is to be taught to reign—better than his father. And now——"

The Prince of Lidvingia, clutching a post of the shabby gilt bed, saw a smile like the old one. "Teresa!" exclaimed the king.

It was the archbishop who made the sign of the cross and lifted the child away. It was pink and yellow morning. The grand duke threw back the curtains and stepped upon the balcony. The prince found himself beside his uncle. Mount Boritz, towering to the northeast, was a lance held in



"HE WILL TEACH YOU HOW TO RULE—LIDVINGIA—TEDOR. YOU WILL RULE WELL, MY SON?"

newly lighted fire. The silent crowd on the flagstones knew what the parted curtains meant; they were upon their knees as the archbishop raised his hand. And the boy realized that the shouting was not for him, but for the grand duke, whose green-and-gold uniform, with many medals upon the breast, glittered bravely in the daybreak

Mount Boritz flung back at the palace wall.

Two weeks after the funeral of his brother the Privy Council gave the crown to Grand Duke Pavlodf, doing something never before done, in Lidvingia or in the entire Balkans. For they made the Prince of Lidvingia, who was really king, heir apparent to his uncle. It was not for naught that Pavlodf had handled the treasury, while a pleasure-loving ruler played with wife and child in the palace gardens, hunted over the scrub-pine hills, or spent whole months in Paris and the Riviera.

"Take him away—anywhere; to school, perhaps," Pavlodf instructed Count Ordkin. "England will do, at first. It is well, too, that you should travel, count. Traveling teaches one to forget. It taught the last King of Lidvingia to forget that he wore a crown. You tried to remind him in vain."

The count had taken the prince abroad. There was no other course. Both were in Pavlodf's way. The age had gone when a ten-year-old could be used as an exhibit to galvanize a people's loyalty.

For a few years remittances came regularly from the royal treasury. Then, coquetting with newly stirring Balkan kingdoms, equipping mountain passes against the threatening Turk, and maintaining costly embassies in the capitals of the Powers made King Pavlodf economize. The secretary of the London embassy called upon Count Ordkin, regretting to announce that, for the present, the Privy Council could not advance further moneys for the education of their prince. He was extremely polite, this secretary, and sorry for the heir apparent.

"Tell me frankly, Michael," Count Ordkin had said. "Has Lidvingia forgotten Queen Teresa's son, Tedor? I am old, nearly seventy now. I can not live forever; the doctor tells me my heart is bad—you see, he does not know that it broke, there on the palace balcony, four years ago. Will Lidvingia ask the prince to come back next year—the year after—when?"

The slim little Lidvingian colonel, whom Count Ordkin called Michael, frowned and twiddled gloved fingers. "You ask for frankness, Fritz?" he muttered.

The count nodded, his face as gray as his mustaches. "Then hearken, Fritz! If you love the boy, keep him from Lidvingia. There is trouble stirring in the Balkans. Pavlodf is deep in war-plots, and the Council are tools. If Pavlodf were assassinated to-morrow, Lidvingia would not call back its——"

"Rightful king," the count finished, standing very erect.

"Perhaps, as you say," grumbled the colonel. "At all events, I have been babbling like a milkmaid. You will forget what I have said, for the sake of old friendship?"

At Eton they did not know who the prince was, either. Count Ordkin thought this best. The red-cheeked youngsters who swam, cricketed, and rowed with Theodore Hurditch regarded him as the son of British parents who had lived long on the Continent. He picked up English like a native. Plant a ten-year-old king in strange ground and he will take root as readily as a street gamin. He saw the count only at vacation time, watching him grow grayer-faced month by month.

"You do not forget Lidvingia, boy?" the old man would ask.

"I remember my mother," Tedor would reply. "And the gilt bed, where they held me up to see my father."

"To see the king die," Count Ordkin would correct reverently, yearning to light a spark in the boy's eyes.

"And I remember, always, to hate my uncle, Pavlodf," Tedor would finish.

"Hating is not really good," the gray-faced man would tell him. "But when another has what God has meant should be yours, Heaven will forgive hate, if in the end hate gets back what is your own."

But Tedor—the Theodore Hurditch of Eton—had no desire to return to Lidvingia. He could not altogether conceal this from the count.

"You do not seem to understand, sir," he once explained. "The world is such a big, interesting place. What does one little kingdom, more or less, matter? You could put a hundred Lidvingias in England and have room left over. And then you could take that many Great Britains and lose them in America—I've done it with scale maps. There is only one reason why I wish to go back. I should like to walk, alone, into the palace gardens, and lay roses—heaps and heaps of roses—upon the grave of my mother."

He was almost twenty and ready for Oxford when they summoned him in haste to London. The little embassy colonel, whom the count called Michael, drove with him from the station in a taxi.

"He is dying, your Highness," said the colonel, lifting his hat.

"Hurry—a sovereign if you do it fast!" called Tedor to the chauffeur. Then he laid a hand upon the colonel's arm. "Remember, none of that!" he ordered. "I have learned much since they drove us from the palace. Even here, in Great Britain, where they still maintain a king as they keep museum relics in glass cases, I have learned much. Have you seen the new show at the Gaiety?"

The embassy attaché, puzzled, nodded.

"Well, kings are just that. And little Balkan kings are the smallest-salaried performers in the world's comic opera. Pavlodf may hold his plated crown, and welcome to it, forever. Pavlodf——"

"His Majesty—your Highness—" sputtered the colonel, who was splendidly attired in all the trappings of the Lidvingian artillery.

"For the last time—stow that!" snapped the prince. "Save that stuff for the embassy drawing-rooms! But not a word to the count—the dear old fellow I love. I know how he feels about Lidvingia. He must not imagine that I am utterly unworthy."

For the rest of the ride the artillery colonel sat quite stupefied. He followed the prince into the room where Fritz Ordkin waited. The boy from Eton flung himself beside his guardian.

"I am not ashamed to cry, sir," he sobbed. "You are going to leave me, too?"

"Your Majesty," muttered the sick man, trying to lift himself; he had been alone, save for a nurse; there was nothing the doctors could do for him now.

"Your boy," sobbed the prince. How frail and large-veined was the gentle old hand he caressed. "You have exiled yourself for me all these years; you have been lonely while I have been enjoying life. But, sir, I shall be lonely now. When you are gone there will be no one else."

The listless wrist that lay in his strong, young palms tightened. With a supreme effort Count Ordkin pulled himself into a sitting position. "Your Majesty!" he cried. "There is still Lidvingia!"

The nurse glanced over her shoulder at the artillery colonel; she tapped a finger upon her temple significantly.

"Your Majesty will please remember. It has not been real exile. I have been your Majesty's traveling companion. Your Majesty's subjects are loyal. They will——"

Count Ordkin said no more. The nurse laid him back upon the pillows. She touched the shoulder of the sobbing boy gently.

"He's gone now, sir," she said. "He was only waiting to see you."

The Prince of Lidvingia stood up. For the first time he noticed how bare and disreputable were these lodgings. And the woman was a charity nurse; he could tell that by her dress. A terrible fear laid hold upon him.

In the hall he seized the artillery colonel's arm. "I have never been here before," he said. "When I saw the count last it was at the Ritz. Has he—has he beggared himself for me?"

"Your Highness," replied the embassy attaché, "the Privy Council has sent the count no money for seven years."

"Good God!" the boy exclaimed. "And only last month I bought new polo ponies! Listen, you! You remember what I said in the taxi about kings? Well, kings *are* comic-opera actors, and crowns *are* only musical-comedy props. But the loyal love of him—lying dead there in coarse cotton sheets, with a charity nurse—" He gripped the embassy colonel's fingers until they cracked—"Why aren't grand dukes and archbishops in there with him?" he cried. "A love like that is sent straight from heaven!"

He was weeping terribly at the curb; the lodging-house neighborhood's children were flocking, interested in a sight that did not come often to Clerkenden Street.

"Please, your Highness," urged the artillery colonel, pushing him into the taxicab. . . . . . .

"Hello, Teddy!" said Miss Mortimer, shoving aside the lace window-screen. "They're yelling an extra. And I haven't seen the Giants' box score. If Matty didn't give a base on balls, I win a pair of gloves from Fred Gayburn."

The Variety's juvenile lead whistled to a newsboy, who tiptoed upon the sidewalk grating. Miss Mortimer grasped the pink sporting page, scanning its columns with practised eye.

Her companion, glancing at a milder late edition, found something that made him spread the paper over his plate and study it, both elbows on the table. If Miss Mortimer had been watching, she would have seen his face go white, and then flush as suddenly.

"Dead!" he muttered. "They killed him, then, at last? And in the garden—that must have been among the roses."

A cabled paragraph, in the "lead all," four-column-head account of war preparations in the Balkans, had sent Trittori's gilt clock-hands racing backward with a loud, whirring noise—which, of course, Miss Mortimer did not hear; they raced until fifteen years had been gathered up, until the Prince of Lidvingia, a child, stood beside his father, with the Grand Duke Pavlodf bending over to hear what a dying king would say. You see, the cablegram recited, briefly, that King Pavlodf had been shot dead in the palace gardens, and that there was disorder in the capital.

When you do that king-king-kingaling rag!

Trittori's orchestra strummed it again; the soubrette's short vamps were tapping, while she devoured the baseball scores. As for the Prince of Lidvingia, the chasm of fifteen forgetful years bridged, he recalled Count Ordkin at the shabby lodgings in Clerkenden Street, with the charity nurse touching her temple, to tell the embassy colonel she understood.

"What's the matter, Teddy boy? You're groaning as if you had a toothache. If there's to be any groaning let me do it. I lose my bet."

"Nothing very wrong, Trix," responded the juvenile lead. "Only I've just been reading about the death of a king I used to know."

Miss Mortimer's eyes grew large. "You have such a funny way of kidding," she remarked. "Who's your kingaling pal?" She snatched the newspaper.

"Lidvingia," she said. "I can pass my geography as far as London and Paris, but that must be a tank town—yes? On the level, how can a burg like that afford to hire a king?"

"Really now, Trix." The young man's tone was grave.

"I'm sorry, Teddy," she whispered. "You've had one of those melodrammer pasts; we all knew that when you joined the company. The queer part of it is, though, that if you grew up in England you don't show it. You're more American than Fred Gayburn."

"I lived on the Continent before I went to Eton," said the prince. "I'm not English."

"So they sniped him in the palace gardens." Miss Mortimer was reading. "Well, that's running to the form chart all right; the king thing is pretty well played out. What do you suppose your late friend in Lid—Lid—oh well, wherever the place is—would have said if you'd sent him a copy of 'The Kingaling Rag'?" She eyed the young man keenly. "Look here, Teddy boy, between friends, whatever possessed you to go in for the stage, anyway? You don't belong—honest."

"Do you want to know, Trix? I had to make a living. They stopped my allowance when I was ready to enter Oxford. I tried a lot of offices, but they wouldn't stand for me in business; then I got the chance to come over with that 'Military Mazie' company, and here I've been ever since."

"Pity you can't send a Gates Ajar to your old king chum," said Miss Mortimer, as she drew on her gloves. "Don't they have a reliable cable florist in that Lid—what do you call it—place?"

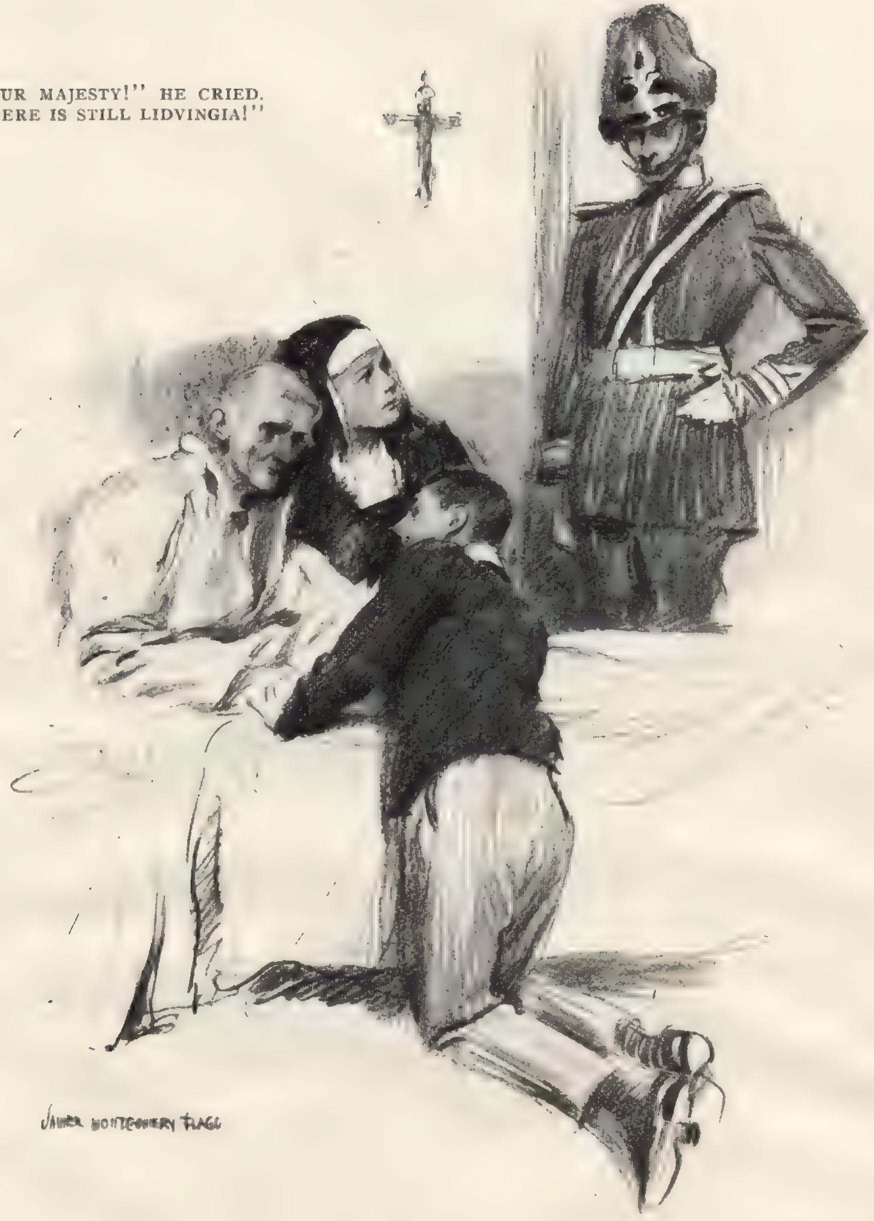
What happens in Lidvingia is of little moment in New York. Although the "Joss" juvenile lead searched diligently, not another word was printed from the tiny, perturbed Balkan capital. Bulgaria and Rumania were active enough to claim the lion's share of news attention. A fortnight later, in a copy of the London *Times*, he found three lines which said that the Privy Council was considering a regency.

That night the Prince of Lidvingia walked to the tiny chapel of St. Anthony, around the corner from his hotel, and lighted a thick wax candle for the repose of the soul of King Pavlodf. When its flame had flickered out, he felt that the stored hate of fifteen years had been consumed, too. For the first time he realized he was really free. There was no longer a chain of hatred linking him to his fatherland in the Balkan foothills.

It was hot in New York that summer. The management of "The Little Jade Joss" insisted that the principals take a vacation. It was not until September that Miss Mortimer and her dancing partner returned.

"Forgotten your lines, Teddy boy?" she asked him.

"YOUR MAJESTY!" HE CRIED. "THERE IS STILL LIDVINGIA!"



"They're chiseled into my brain, I'm afraid," he laughed. "Why not, after three hundred performances? I'm awf'ly glad to see you again, Trix."

There are two acts in "The Little Jade Joss," and "The Kingaling Rag" is not on until midway in the second. Young Hurditch always had time for a cigar and a hand of solitaire in his dressing-room, waiting for his second-act cue. He was wondering where his understudy had hidden the cards when there was a rap at the door.

"Come in!" he called.

A slim, undersized man stood blinking at the make-up mirror. He wore evening clothes that plainly had not been cut by a

New York tailor; there was a trace of the military in his carriage.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "If your Highness will allow me?" He shut the door.

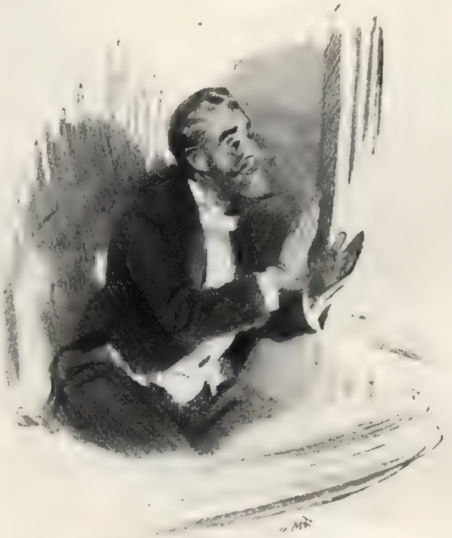
"What the devil!" said the lead juvenile angrily. "If this is one of Fred Gayburn's press-agent tricks——"

"Your Highness does not remember me, then?"

But the Prince of Lidvingia shoved aside the proffered card with a frown. It was the little embassy colonel, changed but a trifle.

"How did you find me?" asked the prince, summoning his manners and offering a chair.

"Your Highness's movements have been well known to us always," replied the artillery officer whom Count Ordkin had called Michael. "If Lidvingia could not afford to send drafts to your banker, at least it could maintain a keen interest in your Highness's career. Lidvingia has always been loyal to the memory of——"



A LARGE, BEARDED MAN, IN CLOTHES OF FOREIGN MODE, WAS INSISTENT UPON ENCORES.

The embassy colonel did not finish, for the young man's hands were clenched. "Oh, stow that stuff!" he snarled. They were the words he had used in the taxicab, on the way to Clerkenden Street.

"Now," demanded the prince, "come across!" Then he laughed, seeing that his visitor did not comprehend. "That is American slang—argot, you know. To what do I owe the honor of this visit?"

The artillery colonel got up and opened the dressing-room door. "Come in, sire!" he said.

The Prince of Lidvingia was staring at the grand duke who had stolen a crown from him long ago. It was the Grand Duke Pavlodf; there was no doubt about it. And the years seemed to have used him kindly after all, for his huge frame and ruddy cheeks had not altered; there remained much of the impressiveness that had caught the cheers of the crowd in the palace square. He, also, was in evening clothes, but the prince missed the familiar glitter of orders.

"My dear nephew," began Pavlodf, "I greet you for troubled Lidvingia!"

But the juvenile lead merely glanced at a dollar nickel clock on the shelf. "Look here," he announced. "I go on in fifteen minutes. You've got just ten to tell your story. The cablegram was a fake, eh? They didn't pot you in the palace gardens?"

"Ah, you read of that unpleasantry even in America?" said the grand duke, lighting a cigarette. "It was a real if clumsy attempt, but it served my purpose. Michael here and I had about played our string out." He blew a dozen smoke-rings and watched them float ceilingward. "The Balkans—bah! They say a watched pot never boils. Why, my dear nephew, I assure you I have been watching that pot in Lidvingia for fifteen years, in behalf of our cousin, the Czar of all the Russias, yet it boiled over under my very nose. So when they tried to shoot me, a few of my loyal friends and Michael here gave it out that I was too disfigured to lie in state at the Cathedral. They lowered a weighted leaden casket in the royal crypt, and—well, here we are. After all, every monarch should take a vacation. I am enjoying mine exceedingly. After Paris and London we have sought you out. I find it a bit of a bore, this incognito. But tell him your message, Michael."

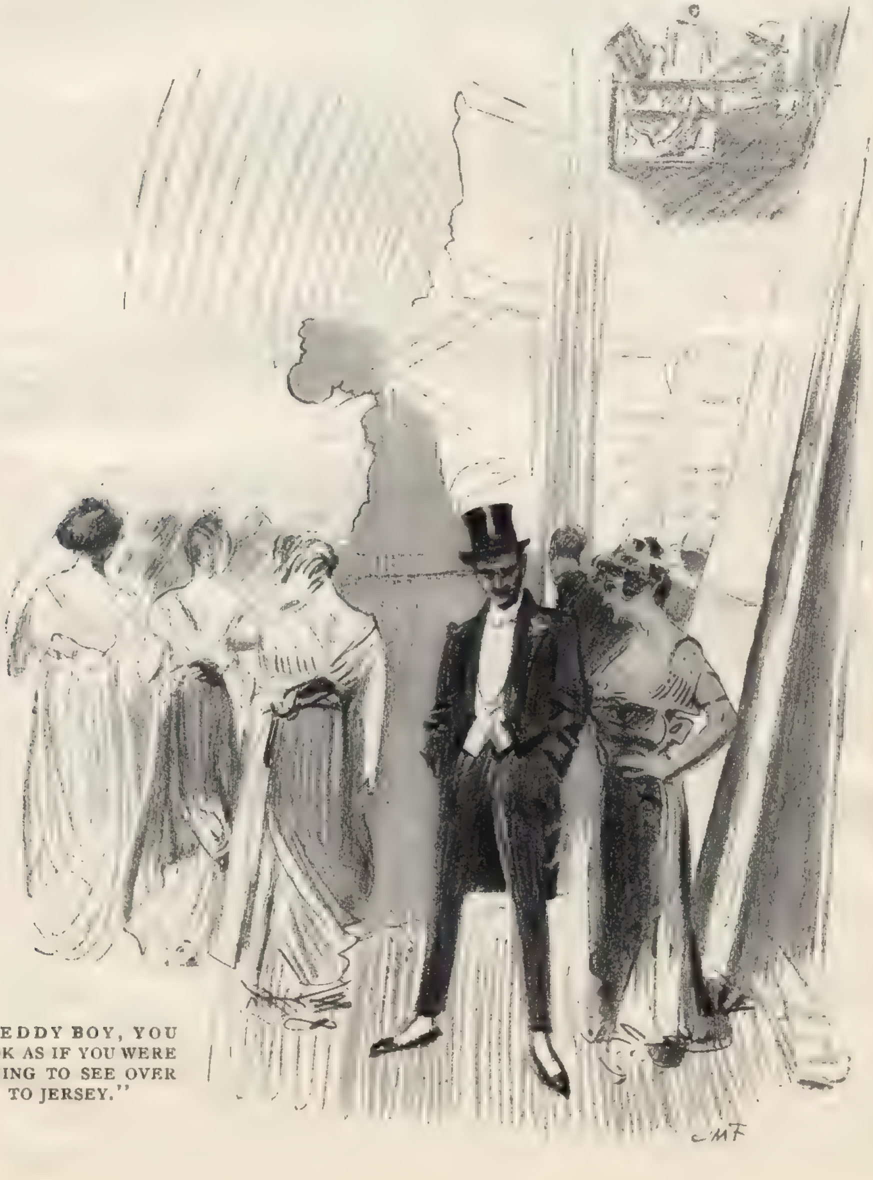
"In short," said the artillery colonel, "you are going back with me, while his Maj——"

"His Highness, the Grand Duke," interrupted Pavlodf, with a gleam of fine teeth.

"While his Highness, the Grand Duke, resumes the grand tour. In other words, I come accredited by the Privy Council to entreat King Tedor to return to the throne of his father."

The leading juvenile of "The Little Jade Joss" threw back his head and roared. "Why, this is funnier than any musical comedy I ever played in! You've bankrupted a kingdom, skipped with all the loose change, and now you want me to go back and run it for you, so your monthly salary check will keep coming in regularly! Isn't that it? Answer, you second-story throne-burglar!"

The fugitive monarch grinned. "There is something in what you say about the check," he replied. "One needs a letter of credit when one travels. But Lidvingia really wants you, my boy. At all events it certainly does not want me. I could show you a nicely healed bullet mark on the left shoulder to prove that," he added.



"'TEDDY BOY, YOU LOOK AS IF YOU WERE TRYING TO SEE OVER TO JERSEY.'"

"Why—I burned a candle for *you!*" said the prince. He turned to the dapper embassy colonel. "You remember the day Count Ordkin died? You saw me weep like a girl beside his bed. Well, I did not weep when I read that this throne-thief had been assassinated. But I bought a wax candle in the little chapel of St. Anthony, near where I live, and while it burned I prayed for the soul of this man who had swindled a kingdom—a pitiful, toy kingdom, to be sure, but still a kingdom—and starved its most loyal subject in exile. I forgave him for Count Ordkin, because I knew the count had forgiven him already. I tried to forgive him for myself."

"And for all of that, my dear nephew, I thank you," muttered the sovereign who had escaped an assassin's bullet. "As to the count's forgiveness, it could not have extended to his cousin. For it was Casimir who shot me."

"Casimir!" exclaimed the young man.

"And it is Casimir who has sent me for you," added the artillery officer. "Read this."

He thrust into the prince's hands an envelope crackling with sealing-wax and dangling taped wafers.

There was a double knock on the dressing-room door. "Cue, Mr. Hurditch!" some one shouted.

"We will at once retire," said Pavlodf, removing his bulk from a sagging chair. "I hear that the second act is unusually good. We have a box; we shall watch for you. As for business, let business wait until to-morrow, or the day after. Permit me to bid your Majesty good-night."

Miss Trixie Mortimer dug a sharp elbow against her dancing partner. As the show-girls closed in front, to give them time to prepare for that whirlwind entrance in "The Kingaling Rag," she whispered: "Teddy boy, if I didn't know you never did it, I'd say you'd been tanking up in your dressing-room. You look as if you were trying to see over to Jersey."

"I'm trying to see farther than that, Trix," he replied. "I'm trying to get a glimpse of Lidvingia."

"Oh—that Lid burg!" cried Miss Mortimer. "I remember—where the gunmen drilled a bargain-counter king full of holes. G'ever cable that Gates Ajar? Let's make a hit all over to-night, kid. Remember, Fred Gayburn's watching to see if a vacation did us any good."

Stoop a little, droop a little,
Got to loop the loop a little,
When you do that king-king-kingaling rag.

A large, bearded man, in evening clothes of foreign mode, was noticeably lavish in his insistence upon encores. When Hurditch & Mortimer were at last permitted to retire, the Grand Duke Pavlodf bent forward to the embassy colonel.

"I would give half the size of the remittance the Privy Council and King Tedor will send me annually, Michael," he muttered, "if my royal cousin, the Czar of the Russias, could observe his substitute pot-watcher now."

"What would you do, Trix," asked young Hurditch, "if your ancestors began to haunt you?"

It was at Trittori's again, after the performance. And Miss Mortimer, according to custom, was bestowing clinical attention upon a lobster. She paused, however, and regarded him suspiciously.

"They wake them well, where I came from," she replied. "At least so I'm told. And even a wireless Hogan would have hard work trailing little Trixie to 'The Little Jade Joss'—it's too far north of Cherry Street. Anything particular set *your* ghosts walking, Teddy?"

Young Hurditch wrinkled his forehead. "It's this way," he said. "I've had a hint that I'm needed at home. They've sent word."

"Be sure to get me," remarked Miss Mortimer, ransacking the recesses of a reluctant nipper. "I don't want to make a social error. But—whaddye mean by 'they'? Can't you pry a bit more change loose from your Saturday envelope and send it over by registered mail?"

"Over!" echoed the Prince of Lidvingia. "You've guessed?"

"I've guessed nothing," his dancing partner interrupted waspishly. "Only I'm past fifteen; you don't suppose we 'Joss' folks think you was raised in Kankakee? I mail a money-order myself to County Kerry every other week. It was that gink with the beard you introduced to me after the show. I'm not hanging out signs as a clairvoyant, but I'll put down a bet on it. So he was the A. D. T. boy that brought the message?"

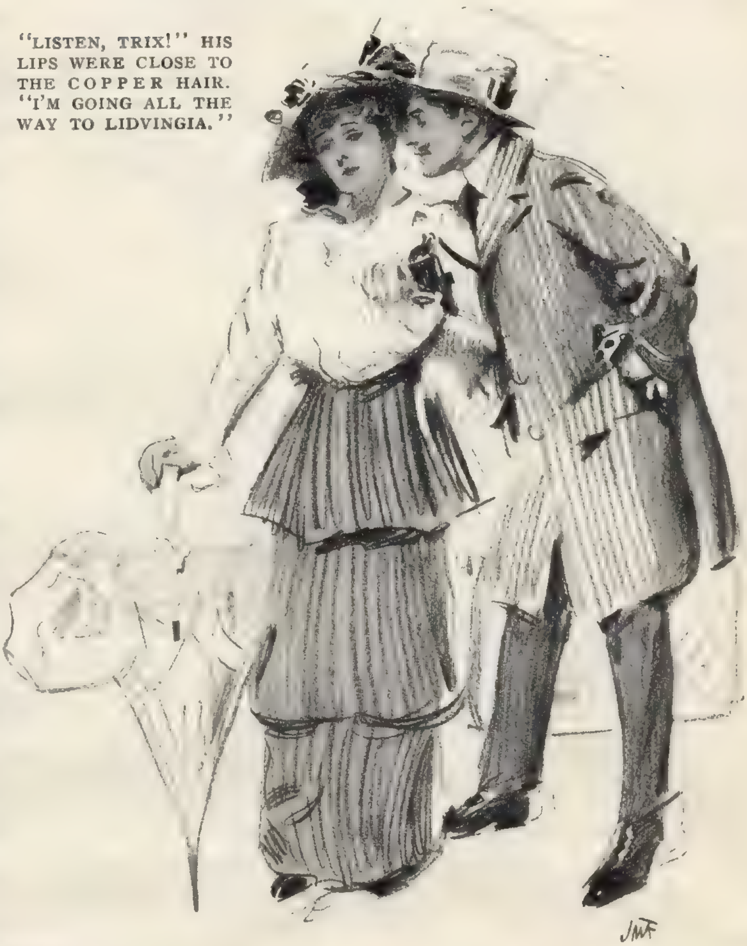
"He reminded me of a promise, Trix," muttered the prince. "I half made one a long time ago, to a man who was father and mother to me from the time I went to school. It was a very long time ago. They want me to go back, Trix."

"And the pay envelope won't do? You'll be making more money next year, Teddy boy."

"It isn't that."

A film of angry tears screened Miss Mortimer's eyes. "Wouldn't it make you mad?" she snapped. "This is our first supper together since June and you've spoiled it. You might see if that painless dental ad of a starter can flag us a taxi. I'm going home."

"LISTEN, TRIX!" HIS LIPS WERE CLOSE TO THE COPPER HAIR. "I'M GOING ALL THE WAY TO LIDVINGIA."



But it was not an angry, coppery-haired girl that the Prince of Lidvingia pondered as he walked the streets. He had smelled again the roses in the palace garden; he had glimpsed anew the gaunt, uplifted arms of his dying father; had heard the murmuring of the crowd in the square; seen, as if but an hour ago, the tolerant sign of a charity nurse, as she sought to convey to the artillery colonel that she knew the gray-mustached gentleman on the bed was delirious, what with his raving about princes and kings.

Policemen eyed him curiously as he strode down-town. Presently he found himself at the Battery; mechanically he fell into the throng that straggled upon the Staten Island ferry. He was still remembering, at the bow of the boat on the return trip from St. George. As they neared the slip the sun slid above the East River; lancelike, the sky-scrapers of Manhattan pierced the dawn. It was an omen—so Mount Boritz had stabbed the daybreak, the morning his royal father died.

He knew that it was only rag-tag royalty—he knew that, even in the Balkan foothills, the world had outgrown kings. That was why Pavlodf had sailed over seas, leaving an empty, leaden coffin in the Cathedral crypt. And—yet—might there not be something to do? Might not the loyalty of Count Ordkin have meant something more than shabby tinsel?

"I'll go!" he cried—to the daybreak.

Drowsy milk-truck drivers, perched on their rattling cans, noticed the "dude in a dress suit," who was gesticulating to no apparent audience as he strode toward the subway. . . .

Miss Mortimer was not the only member of "The Little Jade Joss" company who came to the dock to see the Prince of Lidvingia sail.

"Why couldn't you have waited till the run was over, before you trekked to London?" she complained. "Fred Gayburn's crazy sore about it."

"Listen, Trix!" His lips were close to the piled-up copper hair. "I'm going to London first, all right. But I'm going farther. I'm going all the way to Lidvingia."

"Well, what do you know about that!" she gasped. "That Lid burg's been a hoodoo ever since I asked for a sporting extra in Trit's, to see if Matty gave a base on balls. Look out, or the gunmen'll get you, like they did that phoney king last June!"

"And if they did?"

There was an oddly vibrant fiber in the voice of the Variety's departing lead juvenile.

"On the level, Teddy," answered Miss Mortimer, "I'd do more than cable flowers. I'd go shopping for cyanide and one of them marked-down gas-tubes."

"And we shall eat supper wherever you choose," said the Grand Duke Pavlodf, after waving a ceremonious farewell to his nephew and the embassy colonel, who had stood at the port rail while tugs warped the ship into midstream.

"Was this the evening you were to buy?" asked Miss Mortimer lacklusterly.

"Could I forget it?" exclaimed the grand duke, his elbows eloquent.

"Well, you'd better," she advised. "'Cause I've got a grouch on to-night; and when I've got a grouch on, I can't stand for fat men with whiskers. I'm going to beat it home right after the show and cry my eyes out."

"Ah! You weep, then, for Lidvingia!" sneered the grand duke, rage momentarily overcoming his discretion.

"Nix on that Lid thing again," pleaded Miss Mortimer. "They filled one Lid king full of lead last June. Two of them sporting-extra flashes would just about make me cross my fingers for keeps."

They were still playing "The Little Jade Joss" at Christmas. Miss Mortimer was grumbling, in anything but a holly-and-mistletoe spirit, because she had to appear at the inevitable holiday matinée, when the postman banished carking care by a letter plastered with Balkan stamps. The postman, through a Yule-tide coincidence which could not have been planned better, rubbed elbows with a delivery footman from a great jeweler, who was obeying a cable from Sofia.

"Gee!" murmured Miss Mortimer happily. Something was flashing on her right wrist as she ripped open the foreign envelope. She loved brilliants.

Said the letter:

> So you see, I'm back at Lidvingia for quite a long stay. But I wanted you to have the little Christmas bracelet you'd have got if I hadn't left the "Joss."
>
> By the way, if you want news of me from time to time, better subscribe for the *Almanach de Gotha*. It has a correspondent on the job here. I tuck in also a post-card photograph of the girl who is to be married to the new King of Lidvingia next month. Her name is Maradvina. Pretty little thing, isn't she? But, between us, Trix, she hasn't your hair, and I'm told she couldn't dance the "Kingaling" worth a cent.

Miss Mortimer did not get around to ordering the *Almanach de Gotha* until after New Year's. Then she halted at the news-stand nearest her apartment, and told Hyman Finkel, "proprietor as well as candy seegars and ice," that he should leave it regularly.

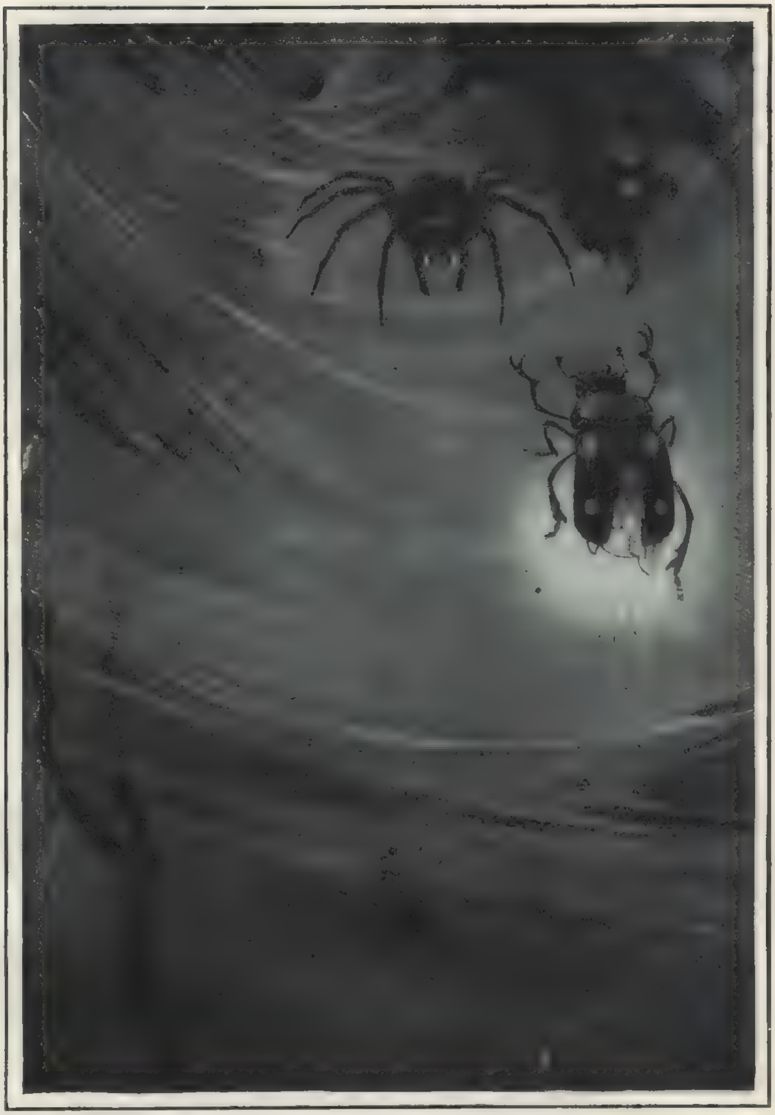
"If you'd keep a few classy sheets and cut down on these bum vaudeville weeklies," announced Miss Mortimer, "you'd be able to oblige your old customers. Keep after it, will you? It may be Yiddish; you ought to know."

Because of Hyman Finkel's lack of business acumen, Fred Gayburn's press-agent does not realize that he ought to be jobless, having missed the only bona-fide publicity yarn he has ever rubbed elbows with in many years of flimflamming the newspapers.

And, for the same reason, the post-card portrait of the present Queen of Lidvingia is thumbtacked to the wall of a Variety dressing-room, instead of being preserved tenderly in one of Miss Trixie Mortimer's many silver photograph frames. This means that, on the road, a king and queen are put asunder—for, naturally, Teddy boy's picture travels with Trixie.

Look on page 641 for Mr. Hard's article on Better Business.

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
PAUL
BRANSOM



The DOODLE BUG

WHEREIN FATE PLAYS WITH HER NOAH'S ARK

by GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

AUTHOR OF "GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD," ETC.

PERHAPS you have wondered why the mild and open spring so suddenly changed to a snarl of gale and tempest. The birds had come up from the south, the trees were budding ahead of their time, the air was soft and balmy; with scarcely an hour of warning all this was changed; fierce storms swept down from the land of winter, ships at sea were foundered, forests were devastated, cities were laid low, and the loss of human life was appalling.

Why? Because of the birth of a doodle-bug!

Fate, as she picked up the doodle-bug card, had just touched the tip of a pink finger to a curl of gold and had tucked it under her fillet. She had crossed her sandaled feet and had planned an evening spin on her favorite roseate cloud; for it had been a good day's work. She had arranged the assassination of a king, the coming of a pauper, a war, an earthquake, and a year of flowing plenty.

As she glanced at the card, however, a frown gathered upon her smooth white brow. Mercy! To doodle-bug family No. 6,247,531 there had just been born a brood of three hundred and twenty-seven, and each and every one of those newly arrived doodle-bugs would need to be separately seen to!

She would not do it! The thing was an imposition, coming right at the end of the day. During an infinitesimal space of time she pondered; then, in a flash, she decided to wipe out the whole family with a flood. Immediately she telephoned down to Department G and ordered a change in the weather. Spring 24, Series J, was to be provided. It was the worst one in the box!

Fate paused. A twinge of conscience had assailed her. It is impossible to slight one's work for long and be happy. By way of reparation, she exempted doodle-bug number eighteen from the massacre. She decided to kill him separately, and with extra care.

II

Far up in the frigid seas, where the rime softens with its feathery fringe the hard glitter of the ice, an invisible hand from Department G reached out and toppled over a tiny, shining pinnacle. With a crash like the jingling of silver, the pinnacle slipped and slid down into the steel-blue water; but the loss of its slight weight had been sufficient to disturb the center of gravity, and the whole enormous iceberg slowly careened, then, with a mighty splash, it turned completely over!

For miles that still sea, with its phantom ships of glistening ice, was agitated, and the air above, which had lain for days in currentless strata, was set into upheaval. It carried its chill far into the upper atmosphere, where warmer moisture lay; and delicate flakes of snow began to swirl—keen, crystalline flakes with blades like a razor's edge. Rushing south, those storm-laden currents turned back the mild breezes which were bringing the spring, and then that whole reorganized army of the air swept downward, for two long days, gathering strength and fury as it went.

In those two days, doodle-bug number eighteen passed through his infancy and his youth, and arrived at his maturity. He was the handsomest and most gifted of all the doodle-bug tribe; he had the fiercest claws of all his fellows, the reddest eyes, the greenest spots upon his wings, the brightest glow in his tail.

He shall be called Doodle.

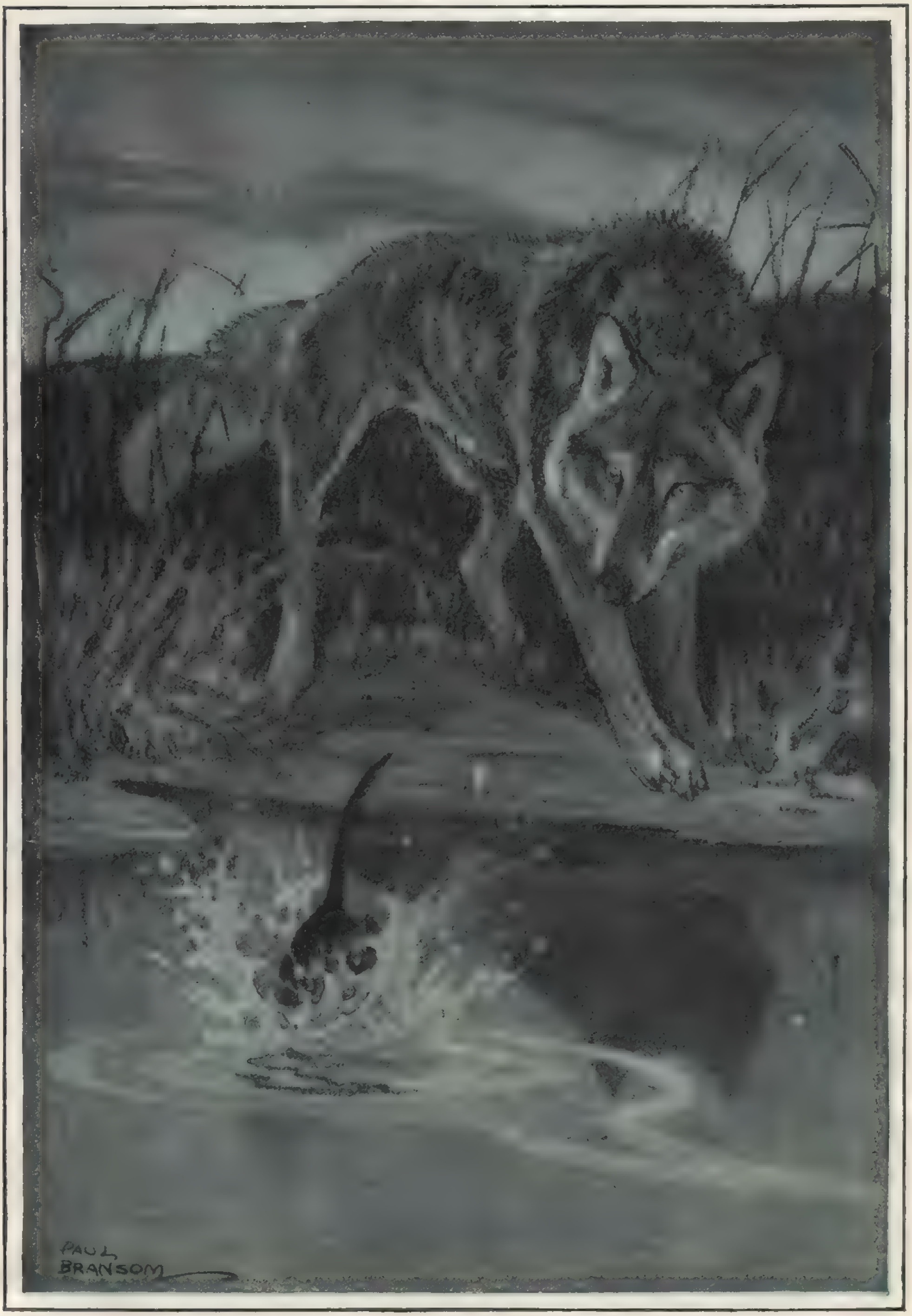
III

On a ridge, cleanly silhouetted against the sky, stands an old gray wolf. On his shoulders and on his flanks are the scars of many battles. He sniffs into the breeze, he shifts his gray eyes, his ears twitch, his upper lip lifts in a little half snarl, and he whines. There needs to be a dinner between his lean sides. His concern is not distress, however, for this is a rich valley, and his only question is as to which way he shall go.

The evening has come. A slight mist rises from the river and spreads out across the valley, and through the forest, and up the hill, and into the heavens, where the descending sun sets upon it a glow like a pink pearl. The wolf, unafraid of every creature in this forest, except one, whines again in the eagerness of hunger, and turns into the north, against the breeze.

There is a snake in the rocks; a long, thick-bodied snake with a curious black and yellow pattern upon his back, and a head which is flat, and wide across the mouth. The spring has come, the good, warm spring, when there is a hot sun, and gay activity among those smaller animals which were devised by an all-wise Omnipotence for the especial comfort and delectation of snakes, for whom the world was made. Contented and placid, he protrudes his flat head from his nest in the rocks, surveys the calm scene, and glides down through the long, lush grass to where the wild turnips grow; and there he lies in wait.

A rabbit is in the thicket of berry brambles. It is spotted white and black, and it sits for perhaps twenty minutes, listening, its nose twitching, its long ears quivering,



THERE WAS A SPLASH IN THE WATER, AND THE WOLF STOOD ON THE BANK IN ANGRY DISAPPOINTMENT, LICKING HIS CHOPS WITH A LONG, FIRE-RED TONGUE.

its whole timid heart visible in its big brown eyes. Safe; perfectly safe! Not a living creature of consequence in sight, or in sound, or in smell. It hops out of the thicket, but it hops back immediately, and listens again, quivering. No, that rustling of the leaves is continuous. It is caused only by the breeze.

The rabbit hops out once more. There is a delightfully succulent root growing near the big sassafras-tree in the glade, and to think upon the odor of that root is maddening. Taking its heart in its mouth, the rabbit makes a wild dash for the glade, but half-way there happens to think that it might hear a noise if it were not going so fast, and stops under some burdock leaves to find out.

In a hollow log there is a fox lying asleep on his paws; but as the sun descends toward the ridge he begins to stir uneasily, for it is almost time to be up and doing. Not quite yet, though. Fate is not ready for him. He lazily scratches his nose with both forepaws and closes his eyes for another little nap.

There is a sleek, long-whiskered muskrat in the marsh meadow back of the ridge, and on his whiskers is the yellow of meadow-larks' eggs. The muskrat is quite comfortable and happy. Eggs were scarce during the winter, but now they promise to be plentiful. Should he, or should he not, search for another nest before he heads back for his home in the bank of the river? He studies that matter contentedly, while he washes his whiskers in the water of the marsh.

A hungry mountain-lion, in a tree high up among the rocks, hangs in the fork like a yellow bag of grain; but he, too, is asleep. Department G, hard on the case of Doodle, will awaken him when it is time to play his part; no sooner.

A fat old spider lurks beneath a dried leaf at a corner of his web. Three weeks ago he had been a lean old spider, but the spring came warm and early, and it has already been abundantly fruitful.

There is a night-blooming shrub not far away from the spider's web and, beguiled by the warm rains and the hot sunshine, it has blossomed a week before its usual time. A myriad of infinitesimal eggs, which had sheltered in the cracks of its bark, had hatched under these same benign influences; and around the shrub a countless swarm of insects dances in ecstasy. The fragrant gum which they have been born to eat, is ripe, and in thousands they wait for the feast, to die at it, quite happily, as is their lot.

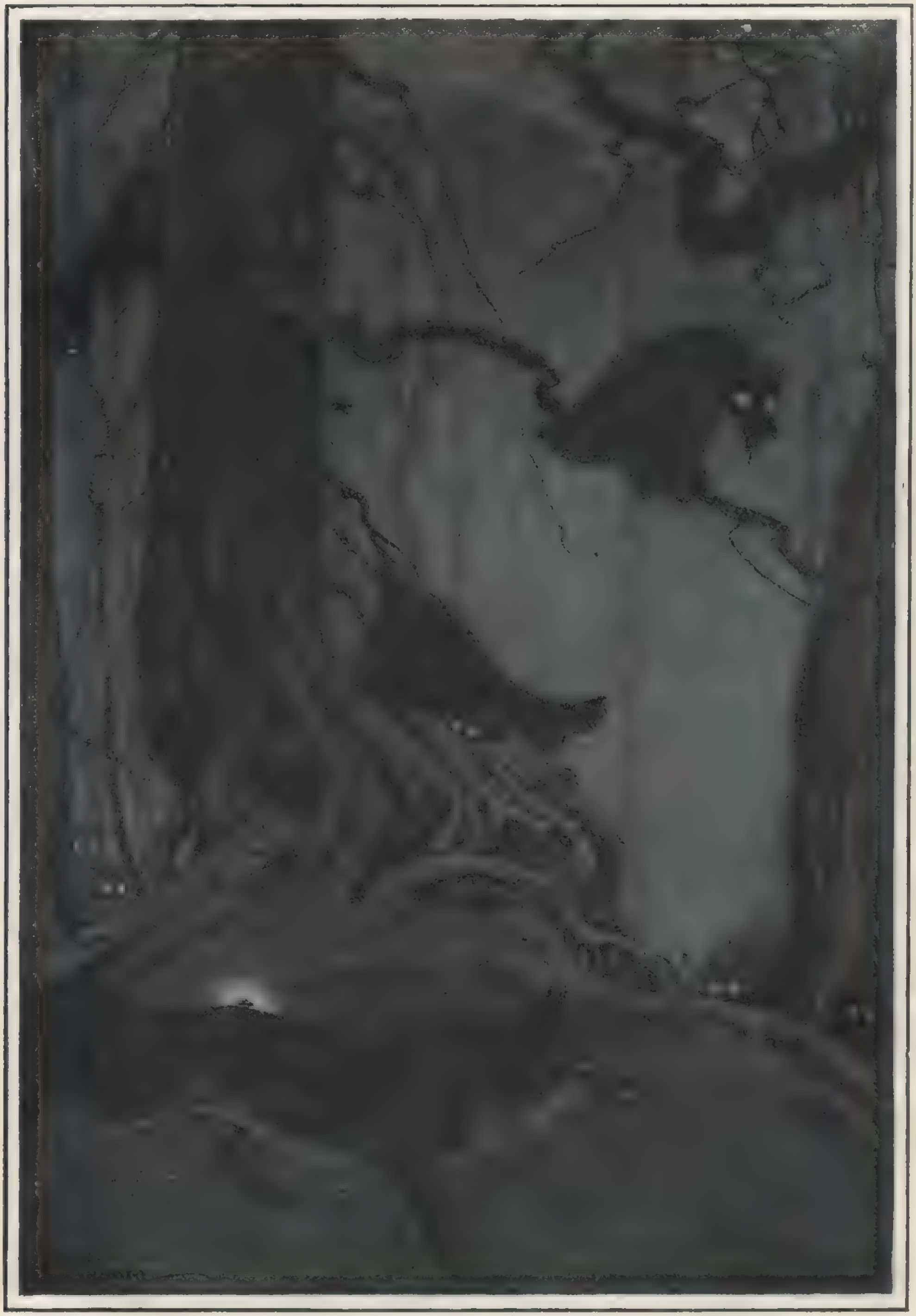
Now, all of these creatures, wolf, snake, rabbit, fox, muskrat, puma, spider, insects, are on this evening to be instruments in the hand of Fate, for the working out of Doodle's destiny.

IV

A few scattering drops of rain fell on the leaves, advance drops from that storm which had started, two days before, on the pinnacle of an iceberg. Everywhere there was a scurry. Under the curving fronds of the ferns and under the frilled leaves of the dock, doodle-bugs clustered thickly, their black bodies, with the green dots and red eyes, blending exquisitely with the rusted stems of the foliage. Doodle himself sought the tip of the longest and strongest and most gracefully bending fern; and there being four other doodle-bugs in his way, he killed and ate them, as a matter of convenience.

Ensconced in the curling shelter, Doodle was almost completely invisible, only his red eyes glaring out, up the main pathway of the stem, in fierce warning to all doodle-bugs which might come his way. Ordinarily he would have remained concealed until after the rain had passed, and so died with his family in the flood; but Fate wanted him on a certain oak-tree many miles away.

Presently the wolf, which had been prowling toward the north, turned back. The snake grew tired of waiting near the wild turnip patch, and slid down the hill toward the glade. The rabbit, having waited an interminable time under the burdock leaves, listening to the beating of its own heart, decided to go after the roots near the sassafras-tree; the muskrat gave up the search for more eggs, and headed back for the river; the fox, who had crept forward in his log, lazily snuggled his nose in his paws for another forty winks; the mountain-lion slipped down from his tree, clawing and scratching, and looked toward the west, undecidedly, then made up his mind to range near the river to-night; the spider mended his web, though there had been no need until the morning; the shrub began to unfold its buds, and the dancing insects, happy in this supreme consummation of their lives, swarmed in!



NIGHT. IT IS FULL OF EYES—EYES WHICH SHIFT AND GLOW AND GLIDE; GREEN EYES, YELLOW EYES, RED EYES, EYES OF CHANGING HUE AND VARYING GLEAM.

All was now in readiness for Doodle. The wolf, trotting along the ridge, a gaunt, black figure against the setting sun, caught sight of the rabbit down near the sassafras-tree and, slinking in through the hillside underbrush, drew near for a spring. There was a hiss ahead of him, and the wolf jumped back! Before him had reared on its coils an ugly flat head, the white-lined mouth open, the red-forked tongue darting in and out, to the accompaniment of that sibilant sound which is a warning respected by every other living creature!

That backward spring of the wolf was enough for the rabbit. The fragrance of the succulent roots had no strength in his nostrils then. With one wild leap he was away, his little white ball of a tail marking the course of his flight, like the feather on an arrow!

The wolf and the snake, each cheated of his supper by the interference of the other, glared their mutual hatred, for a moment, and then the wolf backed away. He would have returned to the north, but the snake was in the path. He trotted south. Department G made a checkmark on his card.

The muskrat, following his own private ravine down to the river, stopped and sniffed suspiciously, rising half on his haunches and twitching his nostrils delicately into the breeze, his whiskers vibrating agitatedly. Suddenly he dropped on all fours and, deserting his usual pathway, slipped stealthily but swiftly through the ferns.

The wolf, which would have been far past the muskrat's run had it not been for the rabbit, stood glowering down from the top of the little hill, inspecting, with shining gray eyes, every stirring leaf. His ears stiffened, the gray hairs along his spine sprang erect, his long, curving tail waved slowly from side to side!

The wind being from the wolf, scent was of no avail; and to this the muskrat trusted. Stealthy as he was, however, he could not hide all traces of his progress, and suddenly with a loud "woof!" the wolf shot down among the ferns! There was the flash of a brown furry body as the muskrat, abandoning all attempt at concealment, streaked for the river. There was a splash in the water, and the wolf stood on the bank in angry disappointment, licking his chops with a long, fire-red tongue.

But Doodle, where was he? His fern, the tallest, the strongest, and the best, had been broken, its curling tip mashed by a heavy, padded foot, and Doodle had been caked with it into the soft earth!

Fate could have arranged quite easily to finish Doodle then and there, but Fate had not said that this was to be the way nor the time; and Fate is the only feminine creature who can not change her mind. Eh? Oh well, then, maybe she does; maybe she does!

Those were strong legs on the thorax of Doodle; those were hard wings. Slowly he worked himself out of the mud and stood slanted for a moment, trying all his limbs, his delicate antennæ, his strong claws. He essayed to walk, but it was a sidewise motion. A little stiff in those two right rear legs! He rubbed his wings together. He fluttered them. He sprang from the ground. He took the air, heading straight for the next tallest fern!

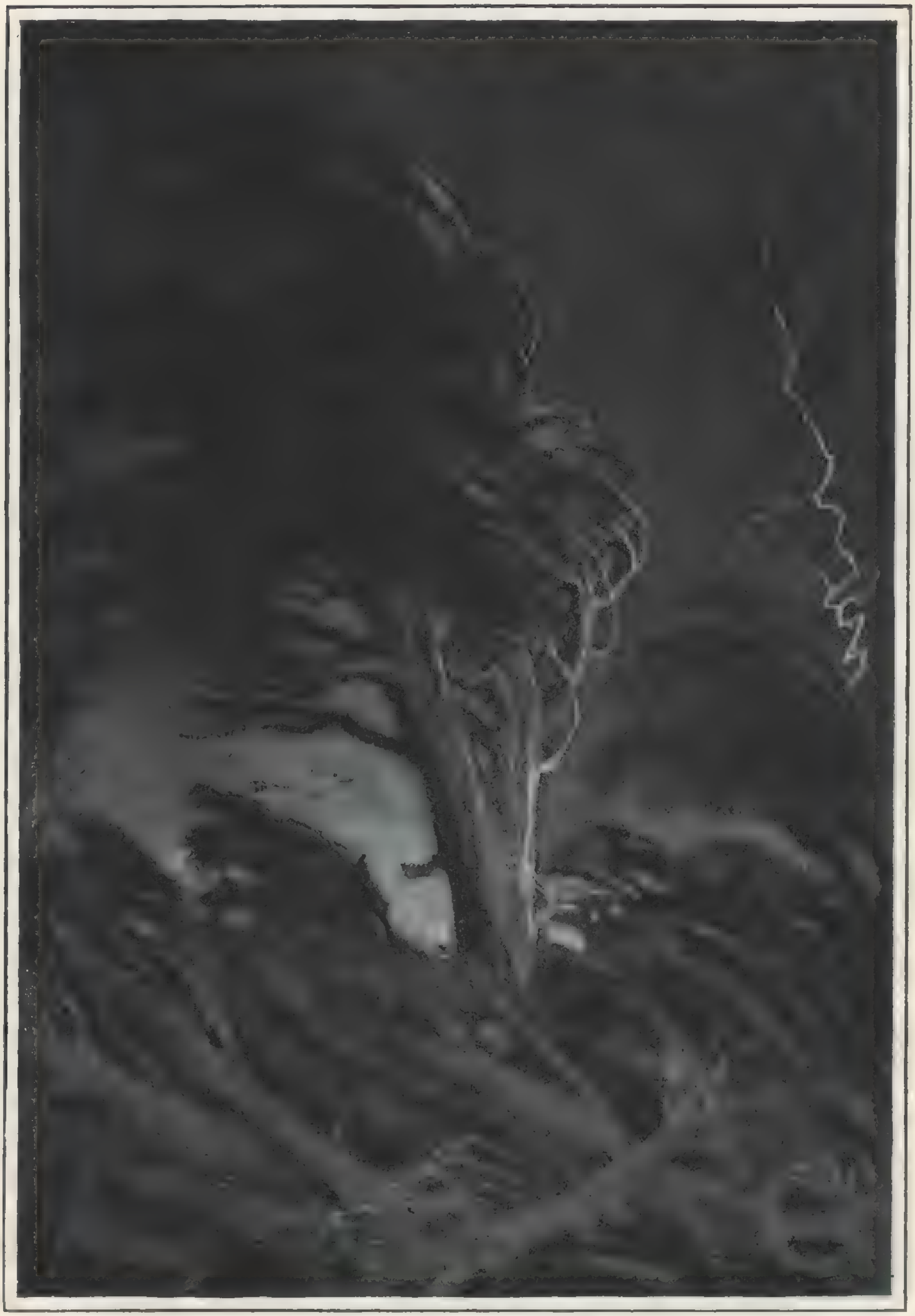
Fate had her say in that intention. She had set down the foot of the wolf at such an angle that the entire right side of Doodle was temporarily bruised and sore. In flying, therefore, the intended straight line became a curved one, and Doodle landed, half exhausted, ten feet from his objective point and on the end of a rotting log.

Oh, very well. Doodle was a philosopher. This would do quite nicely. It was sheltered from the most of the rain and, when the rain became heavier, there was an abundance of dry crannies in the bark. Perching himself on the outermost edge of a chip, Doodle performed a careful toilet, scraping his head thoroughly with his forelegs, and generally putting himself into a presentable condition.

Again Doodle was safe among his fellows who were to be drowned, for there were many of them in the chinks and crannies of the log; and while he cleansed his limbs, one by one, the hush of evening fell upon the river-bank.

The sun set, a great red ball in the mist just over the hills. The light faded. The gray spaces between the trunks of the trees, and laced among the network of tender spring leaves, gradually blended into dimness; and as the dusk deepened, two round, green spots began to glow in the depths of the hollow log.

Presently they crept forward; a black nose protruded; then a sharply pointed head surmounted by two sharply pointed



THE GIANT OAK UPON WHICH DOODLE HAD FASTENED HIMSELF PITCHED AND TOSSED AND GROANED AND QUAKED.

ears. A moment of intense stillness, wherein the two green eyes roved from side to side and the pointed ears bent forward. A long, white-and-yellow body followed the head out of the log, and a bushy tail trailed after; the chip on which Doodle was performing his toilet was dislodged by the passage of that lithe body, and Doodle fell on the furry back, where he promptly clung!

Then the fox, unconscious of his involuntary passenger, trotted off through the woods in search of his supper, carrying Doodle into the wide, wide world!

V

Night. It is full of eyes; round, luminous eyes that shift, and disappear and reappear, and glide, as if there were no bodies attached to them. Aloft bend the branches of the trees, joining in majestic arches, their spandrels an exquisite tracery against that dark sky which lowers between the going down of the sun and the coming up of the moon, both fire-red in the mist. In the trees themselves there are eyes; but to one who knows the night as the fox knows it, those eyes have bodies clearly defined. One may tell by their size, and their color, and the intensity of their glow just to whom they belong, and whether friend or foe.

Contentedly, steadily, for half an hour, the fox trotted through the woods, with Doodle on his back, clinging firmly to a tuft of reddish-yellow fur. The course of the journey was almost undeviating, except for a detour around a pool here, a leap there across a little creek, and a wide avoidance of a certain hillside cave, from which came a warm, musty odor. Up hill and down dale, now a cautious passage among low shrubbery, now a dash across an open glade, and everywhere that misty darkness made alive by eyes, eyes which shift and glow and glide; green eyes, yellow eyes, red eyes, eyes of changing hue and varying gleam.

Suddenly the steady trot stopped abruptly! Two round spots of an evil blue were set large into the blackness; then the fox disappeared! He had vanished; and no twig crackled under him!

The eyes of evil blue advanced in curves, like the tossing of a swift boat; then they stopped. There had been a heavy mashing of the turf, but all was silent again, except for breathing. There was no need to sniff in the wind, for the fox had put the wind on the other side of him! That had been his first care, and now he might be far away or very near; quite near! The blue eyes deepened in their glow, and the breathing came louder and quicker. There was the sound of a muscular tail thrashing slowly over the leaves.

Doodle grew restless! The warm body under him was quivering, and within it there was a steady thump—quick, sharp, short—a nervous tension which was contagious. Doodle himself became nervous, though the evil blue eyes meant nothing to him. That fine sense which gives us to distinguish between friend and foe was his to perfection. No creature with eyes so large cared to eat Doodle!

Nevertheless, having caught that contagion, the light in his tail began to gleam; and it lighted up with a pallid incandescence the low, shelving rock above him and the reddish-yellow fur beneath him! There was a growl, a spring, a heavy clutch, a keen-clawed paw full of reddish-yellow hairs, and then the fox was out from among the rocks and up over the hill and straight through the woods like a meteor of earth!

But Doodle, flung far by that rude clutch, as Fate had decreed, landed against something soft and elastic and viscid, and his legs were tangled in it. It was the spider's web!

VI

By his own light Doodle saw spring into the center of the web, from the shelter of the dried leaf, a round, fat body and a little head upon which the nippers set a ferocious grin. There were tiny, beady eyes with a thousand facets; and surrounding the fat body were long, black, hairy legs, their poise like the tension of springs. For only a flash of time Doodle saw the spider crouched there, and then it pounced!

Doodle-bugs were large for this spider, but they were very choice. Doodle, however, was the champion of his race, and his claws were free, and they were strong, and they were dexterous! There was scarcely a struggle, for Fate guided that pounce and that landing; and the claw of Doodle struck just behind that vicious, beady-eyed little head, and the spider was in two parts!

Doodle took his time about it. He was much refreshed when he had finished. He had come a long way since he had left his home, and had been fatigued and in need of sustenance. Up in the completion department of Fate, the last ticker but one in the fourteenth blue row flashed out the news, and instantly there was filed away in the permanent records the card of the spider on which it had been set down long before that on this night and in this instant he should be eaten by Doodle.

So doth Fate set together her intricate mosaic.

VII

She was near! Something thrilled throughout the whole being of Doodle! Oh, what ecstasy! Oh, what joy! Oh, what a glorious thing to be alive, and young, and strong! Oh, what exquisite pleasure in the mere being a doodle-bug! She carried no light, this divine other creature which was a part of him. That beautiful incandescence was only for the glory of the male, as it should be. But some thrilling refinement of sense told him that she was close by; here, in this wonderful new world!

What did it matter that the night was chill and damp? Why, no, the air was soft and balmy, tempered to delicious warmth by that fire which has made the current of life to flow in the bleakest spots of earth!

Oh, love! How its mastery thrills and thralls! How wonderful, how strange and new earth and life had suddenly become! What could he not do, inspired by this mightiest of all emotions! Why, just for the mere joy of worldly achievement, he would fly higher into the sky than any doodle-bug had ever dared to fly before; he would eat more doodle-bugs, the strongest and the best, than any doodle-bug had ever eaten; his light would glow more brilliantly than the light of any doodle-bug had glowed since the world began!

These were the mighty ambitions which surged within him. He had a serious purpose in life now! Heretofore he had led a worthless and useless existence, but now all was changed. He would accomplish; he would dare, and he would do! Men build great buildings, and sail huge ships, and amass fortunes, and win cups. It is all the same. Doodle would fly high, and he would eat the strongest and the best, and he would glow; ye gods, how he would glow!

But where was she?—she, the cause of all this new birth in him; she, who had filled the world with quivering ecstasy; she, who had put balm into the chill air, and had placed stars in an inky sky? Where was she? He must find her! He had cut and kicked his way out of the spider's web, and had cleansed and preened himself, but now he cleansed and preened anew. Taking wing he circled into the night, glowing as he had never believed it possible to glow!

Oh come, my beloved, come! See me here in my brilliance and beauty! Behold the strength of my flight! Behold the iridescence of my wings! Are they not all of splendor, O my beloved! Come nearer, come to me by the radiance of my desire! Find me in the pulsing of this ecstatic night! Come with me, O my beloved, and side by side we will wing our way into the realms of endless happiness!

But what is this alluring fragrance upon the air? What sweet perfume is this which so beguiles the senses? It is the night-blooming shrub; here; almost within the brushing of a wing! And listen! Amidst those petals of deep red velvet, where oozes the limpid gum of all this fragrance, lie, snared, countless small, delicious insects! Come, my beloved, join me in the happiness of this feast!

They were good, good! But where was she? Why had she not come? Why—Ah! His light had ceased to glow when he had stopped to cloy his coarser appetites, as men and doodle-bugs have done—and men and doodle-bugs will do—only to lose the bliss of earth and the joys of heaven!

No need now to fly in heavy circles, and glow with a dimmed light, for she was gone! In that sense which had told him she was near, there was now nothing but dull vacancy, emptiness! Exhausted, Doodle circled heavily until he was stopped by Fate's giant oak-tree, and there he nestled, on its lee side, in a crevice of the bark, shielded from the wind and the rain.

VIII

The storm broke in all its fury! The dense blackness of the sky was rent by streaks of vivid blue! The thunders rolled and reverberated the entire length of the valley, from the hills where the first tiny streams trickled to the mouth of the bay five hundred miles below! The rain came down in torrents; but still Doodle clung to the lee side of the giant oak-tree!

The storm increased. The rain swelled every rivulet and creek, and began to roll down, an ever-gathering gorge, into the narrow valley. The huge, thrashing branches of trees strewed the ground until the forest resounded with their crashing. The giant oak creaked and strained and shuddered; but still Doodle held tightly to his crevice in the bark.

Again the storm increased. The far-off ocean was whipped into foam. One mighty ship was driven on the rocks, two collided, a fourth was sent pitching headlong to the bottom. The flood spread swiftly up into the valley and drowned every doodle-bug among the ferns; but still Doodle held to his refuge!

The storm rose to a frenzy! The wind howled through the forest in an irresistible gale, and the giant oak pitched and tossed and groaned and quaked, resisting, with all its miles of root, the tug upon its acreage of leaves. More weight, and still more weight from the howling wind. All through the forest great trees went crashing down; and at last, at last! Fate uprooted the giant oak upon which Doodle had fastened himself. With a tearing sound which roared above the loudest pealing of the thunder, the monarch of the forest toppled forward; and as it swung to the ground, a broken stump scraped from the trunk the piece of bark behind which Doodle was hidden, and tossed him, helpless, into the air!

No one is competent to criticize Fate. It might seem that this was an absurd upheaval to secure the undoing of a doodle-bug; but Fate wastes nothing. In all her intricate mosaics there are many sides to every block.

Because the rabbit had been so frightened it ran so far over the hills that it was out of reach of the flood; which was necessary, since one of its progeny, in the hundredth generation, was to die on the table of a vivisectionist, and furnish to the world a wonderful cure for lockjaw.

The snake, because he had gone farther down the hill than he had intended, crept under a log for shelter and, when the flood came, crawled on the log, and rode almost the length of the river to the point where it had been ordained he should bite a man in the heel.

The fox, because of his run from the puma, was saved to grace the neck and frame the oval face of a famous beauty.

The muskrat drifted away and founded him a new family.

The wolf and the puma died, as had been set for them, not in the flood, but because they strayed into strange territories.

Where the oak-tree was uprooted, men found gold, which transformed all that wilderness into cities more populous and more progressive, and more worthy than those which had been swept away. On the ships that were destroyed had been collected, from the many quarters of the world, all those whom it had been doomed were to die by drowning in this period.

But what of Doodle? Flung into the air, by instinct he spread his wings; and then the gale swept him on and upward, far across the forest and across the hills, through the ravine in line with the oak-tree, and into a village, where it dropped him down the chimney of Professor Spiggle. Bruised and dazed, Doodle flew up feebly on Professor Spiggle's desk and, scarcely knowing what he did, he glowed!

"Here it is!" exclaimed Professor Spiggle, who had been oblivious to the storm. "Light without heat!"

A thousand scientists had said this on beholding a doodle-bug, but not one of them had done anything about it. Professor Spiggle was not of that type. He promptly invented the now well-known and justly famous Spiggle light, by which the entire civilized world is illuminated.

This circumstance, however, scarcely interested Fate, except for the incident of its occurrence as per schedule. Why should it interest Fate, when she already knew that in ninety-seven years would be discovered the far more wonderful Jergenbobber light? To one at a great elevation, mountains and hills and steeples and spires lose their individuality, and become merged into a flat, monotonous plain. To Fate, from her height, there is small difference between a bug and a professor.

The destiny upon which Fate had set her interest was that of Doodle; and, as she glanced at the clock, she twisted a wayward little ringlet of her golden hair and tucked it under her fillet.

At precisely the proper instant, Professor Spiggle leaned forward and jabbed a pin through Doodle.

FULL TIME *for the* CHURCH PLANT

by

GEORGE CREEL

THERE are comparatively few ministers in the United States to-day who do not complain of dwindling congregations and lack of interest. Reliable statistics prove that the denominations are losing ground instead of gaining.

The ecclesiastical explanation, of course, is "growing godlessness;" but is this true?

Not only is the world incurably religious, as has been said so many times, but there was never a period in the history of America, at least, when Christ Himself meant more to the great mass of people. He is very close to the popular heart, and the love and brotherhood that He preached underlie the great movement against injustice that is the spectacular feature of our modern life.

May it not be that the ecclesiasts themselves are to blame, not the people? Granted that religion, in its conventional sense, is *divinely instituted*, the fact still remains that it is *humanly constituted*. Is it not possible that the fear of failure may be due to the defects of this human administration?

The slightest investigation into the causes of crime develops some very curious and significant facts. It is seen that the major portion of juvenile delinquencies, and adult offenses as well, flow from suppressions or perversions of the Play Instinct. The so-called "criminal type" has been relegated to the realm of bugbear, and "wickedness" is realized to be human nature become stagnant through lack of proper outlet.

Every vice-commission report insists that the most efficient recruiting agency for the ranks of prostitution is the lack of a safe and wholesome satisfaction for the innocent, natural desire for pleasure that is dominant in all adolescent girls. Seventy per cent. of the juvenile lawlessness that fills the reformatories is directly traceable to the evils incident to street life and street play.

The saloon is admittedly the breeding-place for all manner of crimes and degeneracies, as well as a controlling factor in the development of corruption in municipal politics, yet it stands as the one attractive expression of the average man's necessity to mingle with his fellows socially.

Leisure time, now that the specialization of industry has robbed the worker of all sentiment of identity with his product, comes close to being the very *life* of the great American majority, and it is this huge importance that the church, no less than the state, treats stupidly or indifferently.

The idle hours of a people are turned over to the dance-hall, cheap café, moving-picture show, park, theatre, saloon, and wine-room, and the only attempt to check the evils that proceed from this wholesale commercialization of amusement is in the nature of repressive or prohibitory laws.

On every hand there is utter inability to grasp the simple fact that "cutting out" inevitably leaves a wound, and that the proper surgery for unwholesomeness is to *crowd* it out. People are not as vile as some would have us believe. Given choice between the good and the bad, they will choose the good invariably; that is, unless mawkishness has made it stupid and repellent.

The state, by utilization of its public-school buildings as social centers, is commencing to fight Commercialized Amusement on its own ground for the possession of the people's leisure time. The church, which still sits silent, is in even better shape for such a grapple.

The church plant is easily the largest single investment of capital in the United States. No actual figures are at hand, but nothing is more safe to say than that the buildings and land alone represent a value well up into the billions.

What would be thought of a private property worth this amount that steadfastly refused to operate at more than one-seventh of its capacity? The church plant, as every one knows, stands idle save for a few hours on Sunday and an evening or so during the week. May not *full time* be a better answer to the problem of dwindling congregations than "growing godlessness"?

It will be urged, of course, that the churches are already doing this very thing with their soup-kitchens, gymnasiums, men's meetings, guilds, and boys' clubs; but the reply is that it is *not* "the very thing" at all. To admit that would be to confess that Commercialized Amusement is essentially more attractive to people than Public Amusement.

And this is not true. The appearance of victory that it possesses just now is due to the fact that Commercialized Amusement allows a choice, and choice is just what the churches will not give. They want to do things for the people instead of letting the people do things for themselves. There is the difference, and the trouble.

People are tired of being spoon-fed. They are sick unto death of paternalism, philanthropy, and organized welfare, and are turning a hostile eye upon everything that drips down from above.

Nothing is more illustrative of this feeling than an incident connected with New York's experiment in the wider use of the public-school buildings. Each lecture in a very splendid course costs the Board of Education twelve cents for every auditor, while the lectures and debates in a school building where the neighborhood arranges its own programs draw four times as many auditors and cost the Board of Education nothing.

It is this independence, this right of control, the sense of participation, that the people demand. Wherever cities are permitting *real* social centers, the experiment is succeeding; and wherever mere *recreation* centers are attempted, prepared and supervised by some board, it fails.

Let the church building be thrown open to the people of the neighborhood on their own terms, decided by the neighborhood group through the ballot or viva voce. Why should a people fight for the right of self-government only to surrender it in every vital affair of internal life?

What if they do decide that they want movable pews in order that there may be dancing, a dining-room for dinners and suppers, a stage for lectures, debates, theatricals, moving-pictures, folk dancing, choral singing, and political discussions? What if they do vote to transfer every single one of these activities right out into the yard during the summer months? What if reading-rooms, writing-rooms, rest-rooms, and even reception-rooms are demanded?

Isn't it better to bring the family group into the neighborhood group, and then house this neighborhood group wholesomely, than to send the boys to the streets, the girls to the dance-halls, the fathers to the saloons, and the mothers to loneliness?

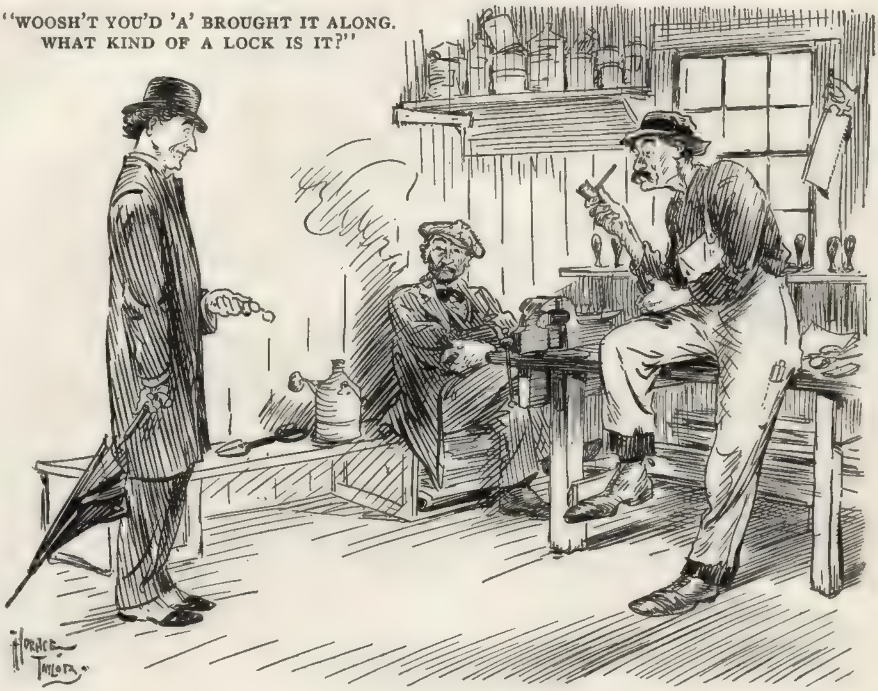
Will any one dare say that Christ can be shamed by the presence of His brothers, or that God is offended by the use of His house as a means of bringing greater happiness to His children?

What if the title of "preacher" is sent to the junk-heap and that of social secretary substituted? Will a minister cease to be a minister? Not if his heart is in his work. If it isn't, then the sooner he is unmasked as a mere egoist, the better.

It is a statistical fact that more preachers receive *under* six hundred dollars a year than over, and if the brain isn't a six hundred dollar style at the outset, it will be by the end of a few years. This very niggardliness shows that something is wrong, no less than the constant importunity for money that goes on so continually in the churches. For the American people are not pinch-penny except when they feel they are getting small returns.

There is also the consideration that the new plan may do away with Sunday as we have been taught to understand Sunday. Well? A great many very devout and conservative religionists are of the opinion that a serious mistake has been made in seizing the Sabbath for a day of worship rather than a day of rest, since the result has been a practical surrender of the other six days to sheer materialism.

The case, however, can be rested entirely on the premise that the church plant is dedicated to the promotion of Christian love and brotherhood, to the erection of higher standards for human conduct, and to the glory of God through the happiness and well-being of His people. Since the plant, as operated, is failing to achieve these aims in any degree approaching satisfaction, does not true Christianity, as well as common sense, command a change in operating methods?



"WOOSH'T YOU'D 'A' BROUGHT IT ALONG. WHAT KIND OF A LOCK IS IT?"

The HUMAN MAN

An Inquiry into the Proposition that "People will do Anything for Money

by

Eugene Wood

AUTHOR OF "BACK HOME," "FOLKS BACK HOME," "OUR TOWN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HORACE TAYLOR

IT IS sometimes said in bitterness of spirit: "People will do anything for money." This is foul calumny, wicked slander — it isn't so at all. Not out our way.

I'll prove it to you.

If you should want to call at the parsonage of the principal church in the village, you had better go to the side door and knock. Don't go to the front door, because that would mean that some one would have to come to the parlor window, part the lace curtains, and either motion to you or shout at you: "Go round the side way!"

The front door isn't working. The key is lost. It got lost a couple of months ago, when the previous incumbent moved away.

"Well!" you say in scorn. "Why doesn't

the poor thing go to the locksmith and get him to make a new key to the front door?"

What d' you mean "get him to make a new key?"

In this community of some two thousand souls there isn't any regular locksmith. There are two men that sometimes do tinkering jobs of the kind. To one of these the new minister applied. He found him sitting on his work-bench, smoking a cob pipe and talking politics with a friend. The new minister explained about the key to the front door being lost, and wanted him to come up and fit a new key.

"Got the lock with you?" inquired the man.

"Why, no, I thought I'd have you come up and fit the key to the door as it is."

"Woosh't you'd 'a' brought it along. What kind of a lock is it?"

"Oh, just the common kind. No, not a spring lock. No, it isn't mortised in. It's just fastened on. Regular kind. Bring up a blank key and fit it."

"You had a right to bring the lock with you," said the man, not unkindly.

"To tell you the truth, it never occurred to me to do so. My wife's been at me for several days to have the thing attended to, but it's slipped my mind. If I hadn't seen your sign to-day, I probably wouldn't have thought of it."

The man pulled the stem out of his cob pipe, blew through it, got a broom-straw and ran that through, put the stem back into the bowl of the pipe, and resumed his smoking.

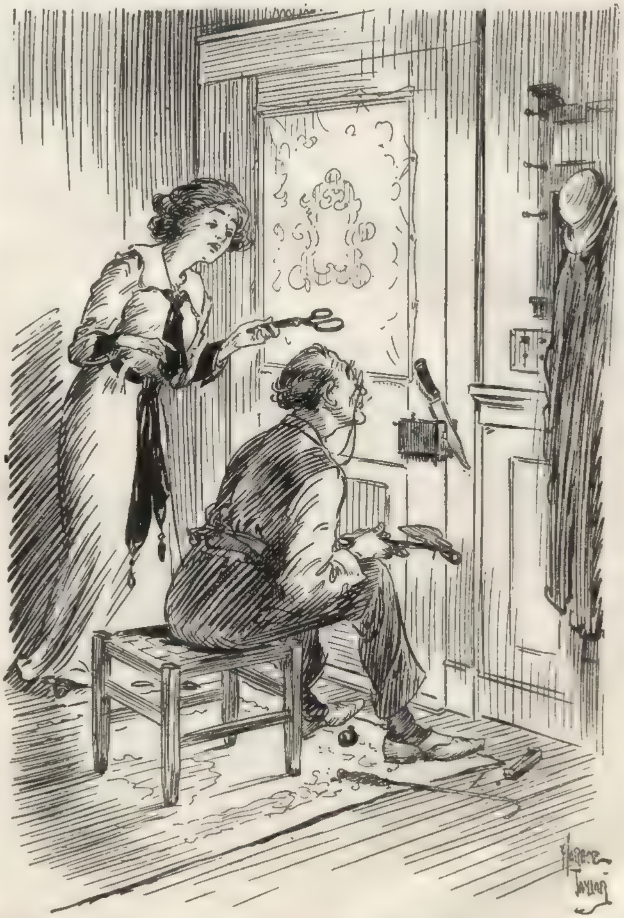
"Can you come up right away and fix it? I want to square myself with my wife," smiled the minister, hoping that would touch a responsive chord within the man's bosom.

"Well, not just right away, I cain't," was the reply, as he pulled his watch out of his pocket and looked at it. "I'm expectin' a party in now any minute." This in rebuttal of the obvious fact that he hadn't one blessed thing on hand to do.

"You'll be up some time to-day, then?" (This was crowding things just a mite.)

"Well, I jist couldn't say for soytin. I might, at that."

"I wish you would. It's rather awkward, you know, not to have the use of the front door at all. I may as well pay you now



IT LOOKED AS IF HE MIGHT POSSIBLY WORRY IT OFF SOMEHOW, BUT GETTING IT ON AGAIN WOULD BE PROBLEMATICAL.

while I think of it," said the minister, reaching his hand into his breeches pocket. "How much will it be?"

"Oh, that's all right," the man said hastily. "Pay me when the job is done. If you'd 'a' brought the lock along with you, it wouldn't 'a' been nothink at all. Be only too happy to oblige."

"I'll look for you this afternoon, then?"

"Sure!" said the man promptly.

And that was no lie either. The minister did look for him. But he didn't see him.

The next day, when the minister went into the shop: "There! I knowed there was somethink I forgot! I be darn! Gittin' foolisher and foolisher every day. I'll be up this afternoon sure, without fail. Yes, yes. I'll be there."

He didn't come a step.

The next day the minister thought he'd take the lock off the door and see if that wouldn't expedite matters. But all the time the parsonage had been occupied the foul calumny that people will do anything for money had been refuted many times by the plain facts; and parsons, as a rule, are better jawsmiths than locksmiths, so that the lock was partly fastened on with screws and partly with nails. It looked as if he might possibly worry it off somehow, but getting it on again would be problematical. And then it might be weeks and weeks before he could get a new lock to replace it; somehow he didn't like the notion of leaving the front door open so long.

"That man doesn't mean to come at all," the minister's wife said. "Go see the other one."

"Oh, yes, he will," the preacher said. "He'll come. He knows his money's waiting for him."

Every day for two weeks that man solemnly promised he'd be up that afternoon to fit a key to the front door. He hasn't come yet.

"He needn't, now," the minister said. "I'll go see the other fellow, and try to get some action there."

He did—kind of.

"Well, sir, I'm jist mortified to death to think I cain't come right this minute and fit that key. It must be terrible annoyin' not to git in and out the front way when you want to. But I cain't possibly make it to-day. Out o' the question entirely. Woosh't you'd 'a' brought the lock along. I'd 'a' fixed you out in jist about two shakes of a lamb's tail, an' wouldn't 'a' cost you nothink at all. Couldn't git the lock off without breakin' it? Well, well! Let me see . . . I don't *think*— Now, I wouldn't be too positive, but I don't *think* I could git up that way *much* before four o'clock to-morrow afternoon. 'Ll that do?"

"Why, it'll have to do," the minister said. "We haven't had the use of the front door since we've been here."

"Ain't that too bad? Why 'n't you go see Sammis an' git him to do it? I d' know's I'd want to recommend him, but a simple little job like that he'd probably do all right."

"I've been to Sammis."

"Oh!"

"You'll be up to-morrow afternoon about four o'clock then?"

"I'll try to. Ah-hoom! Got a terrible cold. Alwus settles in my bronnicles when I ketch a cold. Air's t' strong here. Tell you what you do, dominie. You take these here keys— What kind of a key was it? Oh, that's right; you never seen it. But you take the hull business and try 'em all, and if any of 'em fits, w'oy, you're welcome to it. Don't mention it. On'y too glad. Now 'f I don't git up to your house till late to-morrow, don't hold no hard feelin's, will you? Because *I'm* jist about drove to death with work."

And *he* hasn't come around either, though often besought to do so.

Also, none of the keys quite fitted. One of them pretty nearly did, though.

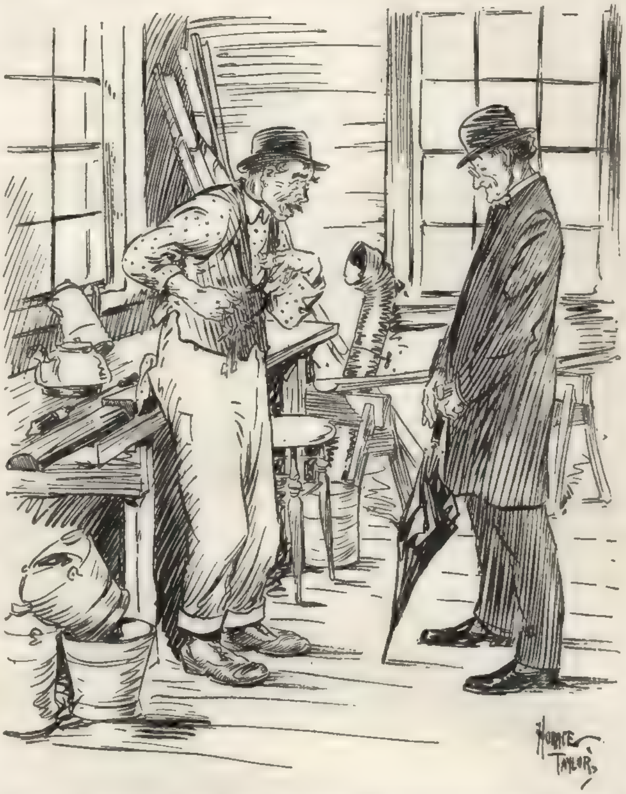
In the course of getting acquainted in the village the new minister heard of a really worthy case. Honest and sober man, a machinist by trade, out of work—oh, it must be for more than a year now. Wife sick, and three little children, the oldest a boy of nine or ten. Need every penny they can get their hands on.

"The very man," said the new minister. So he went to see him about making a new key to fit the lock on the front door of the parsonage.

Well, he didn't know. He was a machinist, understand, not a locksmith. Still, in a pinch, he guessed he could make out to do it as a matter of accommodation. He could take a file to the blank key. . . . Worst of it was, he didn't have no blank key. Not being a locksmith, understand. *And* he didn't have no files. *Used* to have 'em, but he'd had to dispose of everythink that would bring a little money, understand? So. . . . The minister didn't happen to have the lock with him, did he? That was too bad. He'd kind o' like to have a look at it. Well, he'd see what he could do.

And *he* hasn't come around yet. It's like this: Every day when the tide's right, he and the oldest boy have got to go down to the beach to dig clams to keep the family from starving. And, his wife being sick abed, and the children to look after, why, it keeps him pretty well tied at home. But he'll be around before long. He wishes he knew what kind of a file he'd need to fix the key, because he thinks he knows where he could borrow one.

Doesn't that disprove the statement that "people will do anything for money?"



"TELL YOU WHAT YOU DO, DOMINIE. YOU TAKE THESE HERE KEYS, AND IF ANY OF 'EM FITS, W'OY, YOU'RE WELCOME TO IT."

You may reply with the ancient proverb that "One swallow does not make a souse," and argue that the incident of the key is quite exceptional. My dear sir or madam, as the case may be, if you had ever bought a place "one hour out," and commuted back and forth, you'd know it was the rule, and that the exception is where you do succeed in getting people to do anything for money.

Another clergyman in our village was so impressed with this fortuitous way of doing things that he preached a powerful sermon against the practise of promising to do a job of work and then not showing up at all. He said that it was "appallingly universal in this village." His very words. The parishioners (most of them commuters) thought so much of the sermon that the wardens and vestry had it printed and distributed free.

It was an able sermon, but I think that, as the poet says, he had the wrong sow by the ear. Making a promise that you do not intend to keep is, in a way, objectionable, I admit. But that is not the point. The point is that out our way we are American citizens, by the grace of God free and independent. And when anybody with a little money in his pocket thinks he can come swelling around and give his orders like he was the Emperor William, we *feel* like asking him, "Who was your nigger last year?"

But we don't, because we're too much of a gentleman. A soft answer turneth away wrath, and so we say: "Sure. I'll be there by four o'clock to-morrow afternoon. Without fail. Yes, yes." And then we go when we get good and ready, if at all.

Call it "lying" if you like. Suit yourself. But isn't it better to tell a little harmless lie than to blat right out, "No, I won't," and get into an argument—"Why won't you?"

"Because I don't want to, that's why," and all this and that, and maybe hurt the man's feelings?

No quesh-chun about it.

The whole trouble with these folks who maintain that "people will do anything for money," in the face of the fact that it is almost impossible to get them to do anything for money if they don't happen to feel like it—the whole trouble comes from reading too many books.

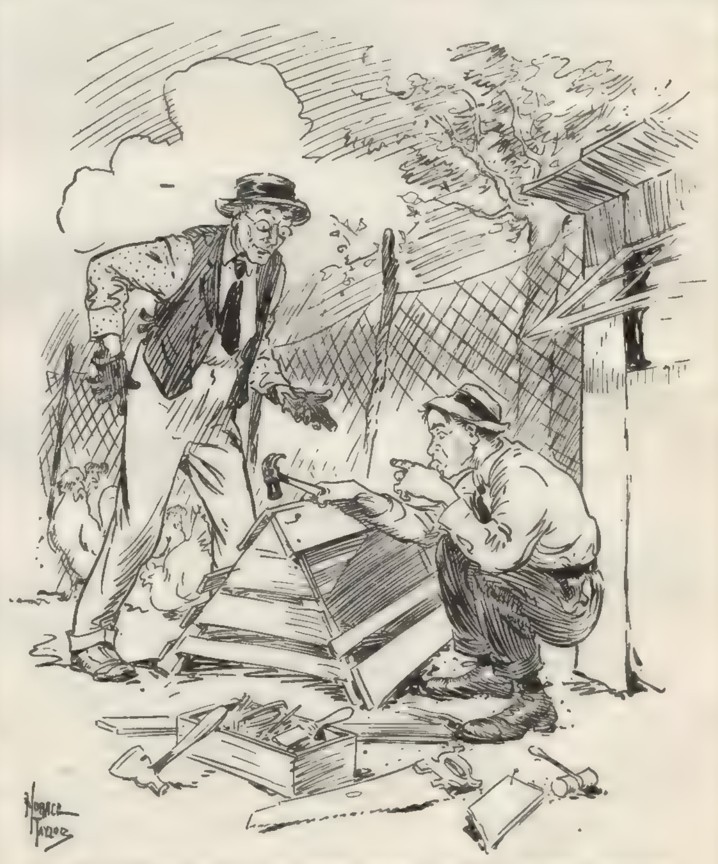
I don't mean the proper kind of books. The proper kind of books don't do anybody any harm, the books where She has a face like a flower—any kind of a flower, a snapdragon or a honeysuckle—and He has a figure like a young Greek ready-made clothing ad. But here lately so many have got to poring over these books that try to make up in foot-notes what they lack in dialogue. "What's the good of books without conversation?" asks *Alice in Wonderland*. No good—Worse than no good, because they give people wrong impressions.

In this sort of books there is a character called the Economic Man. He's a queer Dick of a thing. Or rather he's an automaton that goes with a spring, called the Expectation of Material Gain. You wind up the spring, put your money in the slot, push the button, and OUT! pops the service you require—

In the books.

But the mischief of it is that in life the Economic Man does not exist. Or even the Economic Boy that will carry the papers, run errands, mow the lawn, and things like that, actuated thereunto by the uncoiling of the spring of the Expectation of Material Gain, in the shape of nickels and dimes. Oh, just before the Union Sunday-school picnic maybe, or on the Third of July, but rarely at other times, and never regularly or dependably. If there were an Economic Man, the new minister might unlock his front door with a hearty, "Walk right in!" instead of motioning to you to go round the side way.

In the Human Man there are at least two other actuating impulses stronger than the Expectation of Material Gain. One of them is, Do it Yourself. This is beneficial to the physical and mental health, as Dr.



WHEN HE SEES THAT YOU'RE A POOR, CLUMSY, THUMB-HANDED THING, HE SAYS: "HERE! LEAVE ME HAVE A HOLT O' THAT!"

Montessori is just now demonstrating. And when that won't work, there is the other, Call on the Neighbors. Just go to the back door and holler over:

"Oh, Frank! Come here once, will you? I wish you'd come over here and boss the job for me. I got myself into a kind of a mix-up, and I don't just know how I'm a-going to get out. What would you do if you was me?"

So he hustles right away over, and tells you what to do, and when he sees that you're a poor, clumsy, thumb-handed thing, he says: "Here! Leave me have a holt o' that!" and goes and makes a good job of it. Glad to do it for you. Likes you all the better for giving him the chance to be a neighbor to you, not only geographically but really. Would be mortally offended if you offered to pay him.

"Oh, that's all right," he says. "We've all got to help one another in this world."

And you say, "I'll do as much for you some time." And so you will. You would, anyhow, if he should ask you, whether he had ever done anything for you or not.

I don't know of any Economic Men, but there is a powerful lot of Human Men.

People that we think we haven't an earthly thing in common with—they vote the wrong ticket and go to the opposition church; the books we rave over put them to sleep; the pictures they admire give us a pain; the jokes that make us fall right off the chair leave them with the dry grins; the music that they fairly eat up we would not take the trouble to despise. But we have this in common: We're traveling through an unfriendly world, and we've *got to help one another*.

Not because any day our turn may come to need their aid; not even because it is our duty to bear one another's burdens—I don't know—it's kind of *in* us somehow to *want* to get our shoulder under at least a portion of our neighbor's crushing load. I guess the Good Man made us that way.

And so, when there is sickness in the house or some calamity comes upon us, why, these common, every-day, *human* people—oh, they're just the best and kindest folks that ever were! It makes the tears come into our eyes just to remember the self-denying, helpful, home-like things they've done for us. God bless 'em, and make it up to them somehow!

Ah, yes, I'd a heap rather live next door to a Human Man than to any Economic Man. I couldn't go to an Economic Man, like I'd want to when affliction came, and say, "Now if there's anything I can do for you, don't hesitate to let me know." He'd think I was trying to make money out of his trouble.

In these books with foot-notes and appendices, it tells all about how the Expectation of Material Gain not only is the motive of our deeds, but also of our thoughts and even our beliefs.

As to that, since I began with the story of one minister, I might as well end up with the story of another minister. This one is neighborly all right, but he has his little faults, too, same as the rest of us. He's one of these preachers who think that the word "virgin" simply means "a young woman." He believes that there were two Isaiahs, and he has a good deal to say about the "Elohistic narrative" and the "Yahvistic narrative," and all like that. One of the men in his Bible-class said to him one day, "Well, sir, you're the first man that ever made the Bible seem probable to me."

Now, you know, that won't do at all. There was a time when just one sermon of his would have set the sheriff to chopping kindling for the fire under him. But he's a good neighbor and we overlook the rest.

One day a man came to him for aid. He was out of work, there wasn't a bite of food in the house, his clothes were all in holes, his wife had just had a little baby and there weren't any clothes for it. The preacher fixed him out the best he could, and got him credit at the grocery and the meat-store, and the man was *so* thankful. But as he had his hand on the door-knob to go, he kind of looked down a moment and said: "You know I don't attend your church."

"I know," said the preacher; "you go to the —— church," mentioning the denomination.

"I s'pose you know *why* I don't come to hear you preach?"

"Probably because you belong to the other church."

"That ain't it. It ain't it at all. I don't come to hear you because you ain't a Christian. You don't preach Bible."

An American citizen, by the grace of God free and independent! The Expectation of Material Gain hasn't got anything to do with what we believe. Not out our way.

The HIGH PRICE of SPECULATION

by GARET GARRETT

T. D. SKIDMORE

Editor's Note—EVERYBODY'S *was a pioneer in attacking the evils of Stock Exchange gambling. "Frenzied Finance" was the first blow. Later came a series of articles by John Parr entitled "The Stock Yards." Then, in 1912, "The Remedy," in which, after showing the tremendous cost of Stock Exchange gambling, Mr. Lawson presented the bill that he had drawn to reform it.*

Last year the Pujo Committee hearings confirmed all that had been said and hinted in these various articles. Public sentiment was aroused, and there are now pending in the Senate an Owen Bill, a Cummins Bill, and an Ashurst Bill—the one published by EVERYBODY'S*—each aimed at the correction of Stock Exchange wrongs.*

These bills, differing in form but with a common purpose, have raised some broad, new questions for discussion.

Can we, for instance, destroy the evils of stock gambling and at the same time save whatever may be good in Stock Exchanges?

Where do the legitimate functions of the Stock Exchange as a market leave off and the evils begin?

There are many perplexities in Stock Exchange machinery that confuse the non-technical reader. Mr. Garet Garrett, who writes this article, is an acknowledged expert on Wall Street. He has watched it closely as a financial writer for years, and he has here drawn some deductions and raised some new questions that are important to a proper understanding of the manner in which investment, speculation, and gambling combine in Stock Exchange business.

If we are to purge the Exchange of its evils—and the big fight is still on at Washington and elsewhere—people must grasp the fundamentals discussed in this article by Mr. Garrett.

GAMBLING began when men could first distinguish between odd and even. It now is a cancerous growth upon useful speculation, which is coeval with the power of imagination. How to abate the one and preserve the other is a problem that modern society is increasingly anxious to solve; and, seeing in what direction the passion of human cupidity has been most wastefully utilized for the purposes of both, it asks:

Are the evils of gambling inseparable from Stock Exchange Speculation?

If they are not, is the economic good of Stock Exchange Speculation worth what it costs?

It behooves Wall Street to help with the answers.

Political economy, which ought to have been from the beginning an ethical science of human welfare, and drifted, instead, into cold, statistical abstractions, has been much preoccupied with the obvious advantages of Stock Exchange Speculation. Only recently has any reputable economic authority earnestly questioned the assumption that with all its content of gambling evil it was worth its price.

Gustav Cohn, a German, twenty years ago began an essay on speculation with the assertion that business methods could not hope to escape the test of moral judgments. That thought has been slowly working through. Four years ago Professor E. R. A. Seligman, of Columbia, wrote:

> Since economics, like ethics, is preeminently a social science, the true economic action must in the long run be an ethical action.

In 1911, F. W. Taussig, professor of Economics at Harvard University, in the most important American contribution of that year to the literature of his science, referred to the New York Stock Exchange as "at once the greatest institution in the world for facilitating investment, and the greatest of gambling hells;" and added:

> The evil from the situation arises not only or chiefly from the loss of the unsuccessful speculators. What they lose others gain, and usually there is not much to choose between winners and losers. The economic loss arises primarily from the waste of much brains and energy in unproductive doings. The waste is more than that of the labor given directly—the labor of the brokers and their understrappers, and that of the speculators themselves. It is increased by the demoralization of many men in the community who take no great direct share in speculation. Like all gambling, it distracts from the sober, continuous work on which common welfare rests. Morally it is no less harmful. In every aspect the evil is one of the greatest in contemporary society.

Tentatively here, and to a point beyond, we shall talk of Stock Exchange Speculation as the institution it is, gambling included, because all those who in the old-fashioned manner defend the speculation, defend also by implication the gambling, which is thought to be inseparable.

The economic use of it is well known.

Wall Street says: "Consider the advantages of having at all times a big, free market on which millions of dollars' worth of securities can be instantly converted into cash. To have such a market you have got to have speculation; and gambling will happen. Without speculation the share corporation, the most efficient instrument of capitalistic cooperation ever invented, were quite impossible."

In so far as this is true, it may be quite as important as Wall Street thinks; but upon reflection it will appear that the convertibility of securities on the Stock Exchange is exaggerated. Put to the test, the stock market has often failed, as in 1907, when you could no more convert securities into cash than you could get cash out of bank. The conversion of *securities into cash is most feasible when the economic need for it is least, and conversely; and at all times the factor of convertibility of securities is highest in the securities that require it least.*

You find over and over, for months and years, that ninety per cent. of the speculation is in five per cent. of the stocks, with a very poor market in all the rest when you want to sell. In nine out of ten stocks the factor of convertibility is always low and almost negligible in a pinch.

"But," says Wall Street, "there you have proved it. In the inactive stocks there is little speculation, and for that reason the factor of convertibility is low."

That proves merely that speculation is constant in a few things, like United States Steel and Reading and Union Pacific and Amalgamated Copper, and is mainly intent upon beating fluctuations. Shall all the evils of Stock Exchange Speculation be debited to the special convertibility of twenty stocks?

WALL STREET ANSWERS

Wall Street says: "Speculation built the railroads. But for the bonus shares to represent equities in the future, you never could have got investors to put their money in, and many railways, therefore, could not have been built."

To this it may be said that somewhat fewer railways might have been better built, and that, anyhow, with or without speculation, the bonus shares have disappeared forever from American railroad finance, banished by public disapproval.

Wall Street says: "Though we may grant it as to railway finance, with which the Government has interfered and which for that reason is not so dependent as once it was upon the assistance of the Stock Exchange speculator, think of all the other things in which he takes the initial risk."

Does he take it?

That, in theory, is his proper function, and one for which he deserves to be paid a profit—to risk his own capital in things yet too uncertain for the investor. But has he not avoided and perverted that function? We are talking now of the professional Stock Exchange speculator who might be very useful in taking the initial risk. That is what he is for; it is his only economic justification.

When his work is analyzed, it appears that his way is to pass the risk on to brokers' clients, who have no conception of the proper use of speculative capital and play the stock market on margins. Who took the initial market risks in the United States Steel promotion—the Stock Exchange speculators or the Stock Exchange public? His other way, if the risk is good or can not be avoided, is to adventure but a small proportion of his own capital and borrow the remainder from the community's reservoirs. On this point Arthur Twining Hadley, president of Yale University, in 1896 wrote most illuminatingly:

> A speculator should actually take the risks which he pretends to take. He should speculate with his own capital, and not with other people's.
>
> If a man speculates with his own capital, the transaction is apt to be a legitimate one; if he speculates with the capital of the community, it is almost always pure gambling. . . . We expose ourselves to this danger by loose systems of credit; by loose bankruptcy laws, and, above all, by loose commercial ethics, under which the public opinion of the business community not only tolerates but admires success in operations of this kind. Instead of treating speculation on borrowed capital as a fraud on the community, and denouncing it as such, we offer mild criticism in case of failure and unqualified admiration in case of success.

Wall Street says: "It is true, nevertheless, that without Stock Exchange Speculation you could not mobilize capital to perform great works."

Well, great works are increasingly performed without the assistance of Stock Exchange Speculation. Without it, the country is being criss-crossed with electric railway lines, costing more than the original railways, for which hundreds of millions of dollars are mobilized annually. Other hundreds of millions are found every year for hydro-electric power developments, without the aid of Stock Exchange Speculation.

I have asked the heads of several large banking houses who finance these costly public utilities why they never list their securities on the Stock Exchange, and they have invariably answered:

"Why should we? They would only be buffeted about by speculators. It isn't necessary. We place our issues very carefully, with people who take them intelligently, either as proper speculative risks or as investments, and they stay sold."

That the economic importance of Stock Exchange Speculation as now organized and conducted has been rapidly decreasing of recent years is a fact which Wall Street speaks of only in whispers or sees in its nightmares. What then? Does it survive upon the temptation of selfish gain without productive labor, or upon the inducement of large rewards to human prescience?

Now we approach a riddle.

SIX WINNERS IN THIRTY YEARS

To a broker of acute intellectual honesty, who only pretended to believe that the public under the guise of reforming Wall Street was determined to destroy the value of Stock Exchange seats, and that to abate speculation in securities, evils and all, would be to arrest modern civilization, I said:

"But everybody who plays it loses money. Isn't it a tremendous waste, to put it that way?"

"Not everybody," he said.

"How many do you know who have won?"

He counted hard and counted six. In an active Wall Street life of thirty years he had known six winners!

An hour later, in conversation with another kind of broker, some of whose principals are the "big insiders," a mighty name was mentioned. "Oh, he's bearish," said the broker irreverently.

"And you are bullish in spite of that?" I asked, because the "insider" referred to was often a power to reckon with in the stock market.

"He can be just as wrong as you or me," the broker said. "I know. When he's dealing the cards himself, that's different; but when he is just playing the game on his judgment of conditions, he's about as rotten a speculator as I ever heard of."

"Isn't that an amazing fact about Stock Exchange Speculation?" I said. "Everybody loses."

"I'm a broker," he said.

Whatever else may be said for and against Stock Exchange Speculation, the rewards, when tangible, are futile and transient, and elsewise mythical. The number who consistently win is so small as to be negligible. There is no instance of an important speculative career having ended successfully. Those whom we loosely define as Stock Exchange speculators and who have large fortunes to show for it have invariably got their money by promotion, which is confused with speculation; by manipulation, or, as the broker said, "by dealing the cards."

James R. Keene, a famous Stock Exchange speculator, left a fortune which was probably less than the commission he earned by manipulating and distributing American Sugar and United States Steel Corporation shares. John W. Gates, who made tremendous "killings" that were advertised and greater losses that you never heard of, is believed by his friends on the whole to have lost heavily by Stock Exchange Speculation —in other people's stocks.

There are many who get a living by Stock Exchange Speculation, notably brokers, who generally, on forming a partnership, bind themselves not to speculate; and the professional "floor-traders," who pay no commissions. But the players, inside and outside, in the long run almost invariably lose. There is at least no notable exception.

THE REASON FOR SPECULATION

Then how is one to account for Stock Exchange Speculation at all, seeing that its economic importance may have been always exaggerated and is now diminishing, and that in the end the practitioners are bound to lose? That is the riddle.

The answer was long ago despaired of in the depths of human weakness; the parallels are many. Monte Carlo is one. Race-track betting is another. George Bernard Shaw deeply observed that though roulette was always a losing game for the players, as could be mathematically demonstrated, and correspondingly profitable for its bankers, there were many players and few bankers; and that while the passion for playing the game was very common, the passion for banking it was nil.

Speculation is indestructible, as every one knows for himself. All of us are in some degree speculators. Risk inheres in effort. The professional speculator employing his own capital to take the initial risk in securities or the seasonal risk in commodities performs a service. If he employs his capital to buy grain as it comes heavily to market and then merchandises the grain at a reasonable profit to himself during the remainder of the year, he is a distributor. He distributes the weight of the crop over a whole year, provided, however, he does not throw it into the laps of twenty thousand brokers' clients who have no business to be speculating at all. In so far as he does this, he evades a risk which he pretends to take.

Gambling is evil. This, too, everybody knows, except to say, as Wall Street insists, that it is inseparable from speculation. It may be and very probably is inseparable from Stock Exchange Speculation as we know it, and herein is the point of the whole matter. A rising body of ethical opinion has set itself to find out whether gambling is inseparable from a legitimate amount and degree of speculation in securities.

All of Wall Street's testimony to the contrary notwithstanding, it inclines to the opinion that it is. Having made up its mind that the moral cost of Stock Exchange Speculation is too great, owing to its gambling content, it proposes to determine by experiment with a very touchy mechanism whether the good can be saved and the evil banished.

One thing definitely proposed by the Owen and Ashurst bills is to require that the New York Stock Exchange, and others, be incorporated, and that their doings be subjected to Government supervision, as the business of National banks is.

Wall Street protests, on the ground, mainly, that the power of an unincorporated exchange to discipline members is greater than the power of the law. That is true. The "Police Committee" of the New York Stock Exchange can expel a member in a court-martial manner for wrong-doing, and he has no recourse to injunctions or mandamus proceedings, as he would have if he belonged to an incorporated body. It is true, also, that the laws of the New York Stock Exchange forbid all the abuses of speculation that the public complains of.

But the fact is that these abuses recur. The New York Stock Exchange has not exercised its power. Its rules positively forbid manipulation, yet manipulation is common. Its rules forbid such scandalous things as the "Rock Island episode," for which a firm was suspended; but the true offender, not a member of the Exchange, or any other outside manipulator, could still give thirty brokers orders to buy and thirty others orders to sell the same stock at the same time, with the possible consequence of another "episode."

Another experiment proposed is to penalize short sales. Senator Owen's bill aims to do this by making it illegal for a broker to "lend" the stocks he is supposed to carry on margin for his customers. If brokers could not lend stocks, speculators wishing to sell them short could not borrow them. Senator Cummins's bill would do it more directly, by imposing a prohibitive tax upon short sales of securities. Short selling is more debated than any other subject.

By an amazing twist of reasoning, nearly all economic writers have defended the short selling of securities on the ground of its being parallel to the sale of anything else for future delivery—the grain the farmer is growing, the house the contractor undertakes to build, or the suit of clothes the tailor is going to make. The difference is fundamental. The farmer, the contractor, and the tailor are all selling things which they will produce, with time and labor and capital; the speculator who sells stocks short sells that which he can not produce, which actually can never exist, and which can be neither received nor delivered.

To illustrate: X, a broker, is the custodian of 10,000 shares of New York Central, owned by fifty clients who have pledged the stock with him.

Y, a speculator, wishes to sell 10,000 shares of New York Central for a fall. He borrows them from X and sells them to Z, who may be anybody you like.

The clients of Broker X still own 10,000 New York Central.

Z owns 10,000 New York Central.

You have 20,000 shares owned and only 10,000 shares of real stock.

To all effects, so far as the market is concerned, Speculator Y has increased the capitalization of New York Central 10,000 shares, or $1,000,000. Now New York Central stock falls 10 points. Speculator Y buys at the decline and returns the depreciated shares to Broker X, from whom he borrowed them. The clients of Broker X have lost $100,000 on 10,000 shares, and Z has lost $100,000 on his 10,000 shares, making $200,000 loss on 20,000 shares, though only 10,000 shares of stock existed. Now, Wall Street says Speculator Y served a useful purpose, because on the decline he bought 10,000 shares of New York Central stock when perhaps nobody else had been willing to do so, and thereby "steadied" the price. But all he did was to relieve the market of the weight of 10,000 shares of what Wall Street, in moments of absent candor, calls "phantom stock."

CAN THE GOOD BE SAVED?

Of the two principal experiments proposed, that to prohibit short selling of securities is the one most hurtful to Stock Exchange Speculation and the one perhaps that will be most anxiously resisted by Wall Street. Nobody defends short selling ethically. The late J. P. Morgan, testifying before the Pujo Committee, was unable to approve of it; all he would say was that it was necessary to Stock Exchange Speculation. It is.

Whether it is necessary to proper and legitimate speculation in securities, as distinct from the kind of Stock Exchange Speculation we have been talking about, is another question. The writer thinks not. The short selling of securities is ethically bad, and therefore it can not be economically good.

Now comes the ultimate question.

If the evil of gambling is found to be inseparable from Stock Exchange Speculation, to which short selling also is essential, then is Stock Exchange Speculation itself, *in toto*, economically desirable?

The answer is debatable. Besides, it can wait. The public is consistent in this thing. It proposes first to see if the evil can be abated without destroying what ought to be a very useful institution. If thwarted in its efforts to suppress Stock Exchange gambling it may demand at last that the tree be destroyed along with the fungi, and so answer the question in its own impulsive way without the help of economists.

"PERSONS UNKNOWN"

BY VIRGINIA TRACY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE FIRST INSTALMENT: Bruce Herrick, a young writer, is wakened in the middle of the night by crashing discord on a piano in an apartment opposite. On the blind he sees a woman's arm outstretched in a splendid, passionate gesture; then there is a pistol-shot and the lights go out. Herrick rushes over to help. There is no one in the apartment save the dead tenant, and the sole clue is a chiffon scarf.

The next day Herrick finds out that the murdered man was James Ingham, the publisher who, he had been encouraged to hope, would bring out his first novel. Later in the day Deutch, superintendent of the apartment-house where Ingham had lived, calls on Herrick, and beseeches that at the inquest he will divert suspicion from Christina Hope, a young actress who was Ingham's fiancée. Before he leaves, Deutch overwhelms Herrick by recognizing a photograph on the wall as one of Miss Hope herself. Herrick had found the picture, in a Paris Hotel, and had made the unknown girl the heroine of his novel. Herrick at once takes down the photograph and lays it on his desk. While he is away from the house, the coroner, Cuyler Ten Euyck, an aristocrat with a passion for prosecution, calls on him. On Herrick's return he finds that Ten Euyck has moved the picture.

CHAPTER VIII—MRS. WILLING TELLS WHAT SHE KNOWS

THE morning of the inquest was cloudy, with a wet wind. Herrick was nervous, and he could not be sure whether this nervousness sprang from the ardor of championship or of accusation. But one thing was clear: Whether he was to find in Christina Hope his true Evadne or his Destroying Angel of the Shadow, at last he was to see her face to face.

She was there when he arrived, sitting in a corner with her mother. Where was his Diana of the Winds? Or yet his Destroying Angel? This was only a tall, quiet girl in a gray gown. To be more exact, it was a gray ratine suit, with a broad white collar; and her small, gray hat seemed to fold itself close in to the shape of her little head—the low coil of her hair was very smooth. Herrick observed, with something oddly akin to satisfaction, that he had been right about her coloring: there was the fair skin, the brown hair, the eyes cool as gray water. Under them, to-day, there were dark shadows, and her face was very pale.

Herrick's eye sought the coroner and approved; he at least looked his part. A sallow man, even Herrick's superior in inches but of a straighter and stiffer height; with a long head, a long, handsome nose and chin, long hands, and long ears! This elongated countenance was not without contradictions. Under the sparse, squarely cut mustache Herrick was surprised to see the lips a little moistly pouting, and the black eyes were prominent and full; forward of each ear a shadow of clipped whisker lent him the dignity of a daguerreotype. Fastidiously as he was dressed, there persisted something funereal in the effect; and a suspicion of having overrated him was easing Herrick's nerves when the proceedings began, and instantly the whole man awoke.

The first witness called was a Dr. Andrews. He stated that he lived on the ninth floor of the Van Dam apartment house; that he had heard the pistol-shot, looked out of the window, seen nothing, supposed himself misled by a bursting tire, and returned to bed. It was then he noticed that Ingham's piano had stopped.

"He often played late at night?"

"He had been away during the summer. But before that there was a great deal of complaint; he gave a great many supper parties."

"Were there ladies at these supper parties?"

"Not to my personal knowledge."

After the shot the witness had remained restless. "I rose and began to get some clothes on, and when I was nearly dressed my phone rang."

"Tell us what it said."

"It was the voice of the superintendent, saying, 'Please come down to 4-B in a hurry, Dr. Andrews. Mr. Ingham's shot himself.'"

"And you went?"

"Immediately."

"Kindly tell us what happened."

"The door of 4-B was open and the hall was full of people. In the living-room was a police officer and Deutch, the superintendent. A young man—Mr. Herrick, I learned afterward—was just leaving. I went into the bedroom with Deutch and found there another police officer, and on the floor the body of Ingham."

"He was dead on your arrival?"

"Quite."

"How long should you, as a physician, say it was since death occurred?"

"Not more than fifteen or twenty minutes."

"Had the death been instantaneous?"

"Certainly. He was shot through the heart."

"Then in your opinion, if the deceased had taken his own life he could not have sprung off the electric lights nor in any fashion done away with the weapon after the shot?"

"He certainly could not."

"In your professional opinion, then, he did not commit suicide?"

"There is no question of an opinion. I know he did not. Death was instantaneous. Also, there wasn't powder about the wound, showing that the shot had been fired from a distance of four feet or more. Also, the body did not lie where it had fallen."

"How do you know that?"

"There was a little puddle of blood in the sitting-room, where Ingham fell. Your physician and myself called the attention of the police to marks on the rugs following a trail of drops of blood into the bedroom where the body was found."

"You do not think that the deceased could have crawled or staggered there after the shooting?"

"I do not."

"Does not the absence of all apparent means of escape from the apartment shake your theory of the impossibility of suicide?"

"Not in the least. It is unshakable."

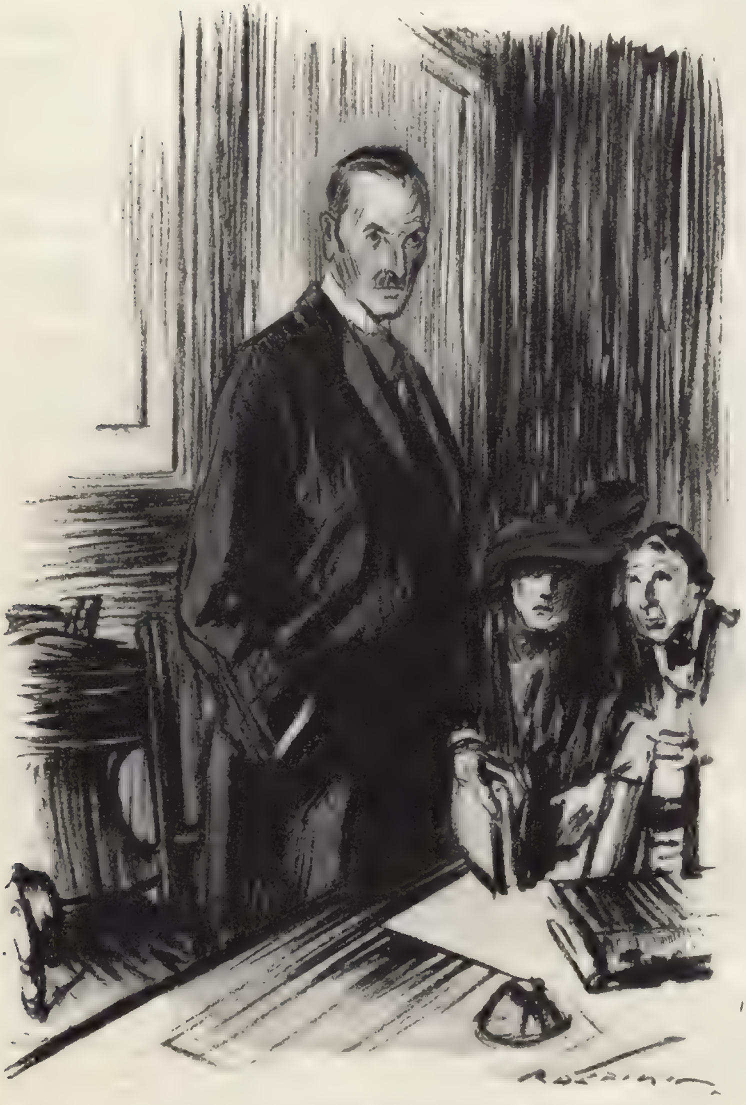
"Thank you. That will do."

The coroner's physician confirmed Dr. Andrews in every particular. The coroner settled back and seemed to pause. And the listeners drew a long breath. Something at least had been decided: It was not suicide. It was murder.

This had been established so completely and so early in the examination that Herrick found himself impressed with the idea of the coroner's knowing pretty distinctly what he was about. It seemed that he might very well have some theory to establish, for which, in the first place, he had now cleared the ground. Herrick stole a glance at Deutch. His face was wet and colorless, and his eyes fixed on vacancy. And then, curious to note the effect of hearing her lover proclaimed foully murdered, he permitted himself the cruelty of looking at Miss Hope. Apparently it had no effect on her at all. Her mother, a slight, handsome woman, very fashionably turned out, followed eagerly every suggestion of the evidence. But the girl still sat with lowered eyes.

The next evidence, that of the police, threw no further light; and then came the tremulous Theodore of Herrick's acquaintance, whose surname transpired as Bird.

Bird, too, had been awake and had heard the shot; he had been fully aware from the first that it was a pistol-shot. He and Mrs. Bird had risen and put up the chain on their door and then he had telephoned to the superintendent.



HERRICK'S EYE SOUGHT THE CORONER AND APPROVED. FASTIDIOUSLY AS HE WAS DRESSED, THERE PERSISTED SOMETHING FUNEREAL IN THE EFFECT.

"Why, no, I could hardly say that it did. No. Besides, he might have been asleep, too."

"Ah! So he might. And what did you say to him?"

"I said, 'Excuse me. But I heard a shot just now in 4-B.' And he said, 'A pistol-shot?' And I said, 'Yes.' And he said, 'Do you think somebody has got hurt?' And I said, 'I'm afraid so.' Then he said, 'Well, I'll come up.' "

"Did he seem excited?"

"Not so much as I was."

Mrs. Bird, though she described at some length her forethought in dressing and getting their valuables together, had nothing material to add. Nor had the widow and her son in the apartment below that in which the catastrophe took place; nor had the couple, Mr. and Mrs. Willing, in the apartment across the court which had been invaded as a lookout station by the police, anything further to relate; until indeed the lady stumbled upon the phrase, "The party had been going on for some time."

"In 4-B?"

"What? Yes."

"What made you think there was a party?"

"There were voices. And then he often had them."

"Did the boy connect you at once?"

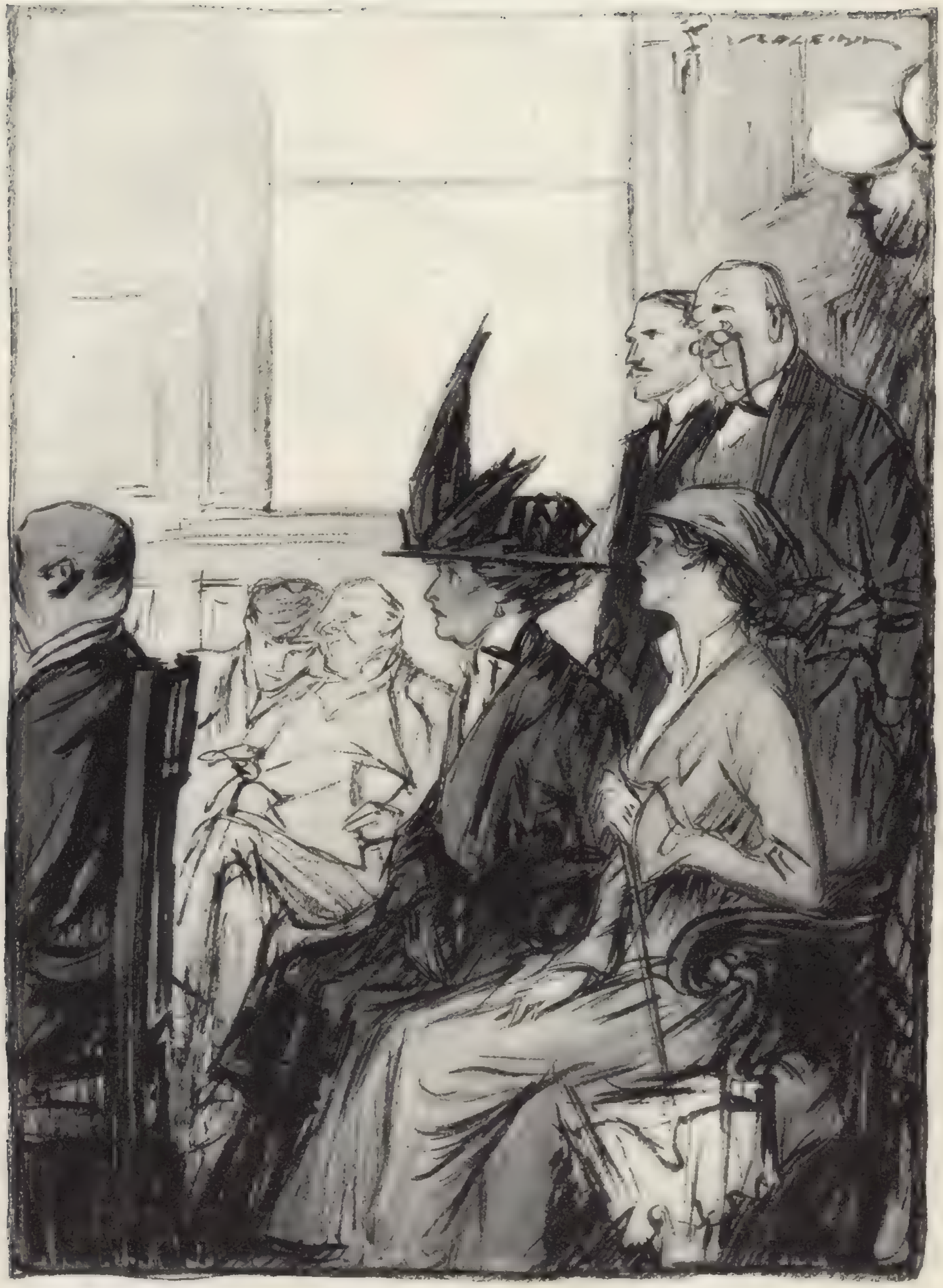
"No, I was a long time getting him."

"Ah! He, at least, was able to sleep. But after you got him, was your connection with the superintendent immediate?"

"I didn't wait long, I guess."

"It didn't strike you that he was purposely delaying?"

The listeners leaned forward. And Herrick, as at a touch home, dropped his eyes.



NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME CHRISTINA LIFTED HER HEAD AND SLOWLY FIXED A LONG, GRAVE LOOK UPON THE CORONER. YES, THUS EXPECTANT AND MOTIONLESS, SHE WAS STILL STRANGELY LIKE A TALL LITTLE GIRL.

"Well, on this occasion, how many voices were there?"

"I don't know."

"About how many? Two? A dozen? Twenty?"

"Oh, not many at all. There was poor Mr. Ingham's voice nearly all the time. And perhaps only one other. I was in my bedroom, trying to sleep, and the piano was going all the time."

"I see. So there may have been two or three persons besides Mr. Ingham, and there may have been only one?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, Mrs. Willing, I want you to be very careful. And I want you to try and remember. Please tell exactly all that you can remember about what I am going to ask you and nothing more. Now, you are certain you heard at least two voices?"

"Yes, I am, I——"

"Mr. Ingham's and one other?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was that other voice the voice of a man?"

"No, sir."

"It was a woman's voice?"

"I—I suppose so."

"Aren't you sure?"

"Well, yes, I am."

"Was it angry, excited?"

"Toward the end it was."

"As if the speaker were losing control of herself?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, Mrs. Willing, had you ever heard it before?"

"I can't be sure."

"What do you think?"

"Well, I thought I had; yes. I told Mr. Willing so."

"Mrs. Willing, whose was that voice?"

"Oh, sir—I—I'd rather not say!"

"You must say, Mrs. Willing. When you told your husband that you thought you recognized that voice, exactly what did you say?"

"Well, I said—oh!—I— Well, what I said was, 'That's that actress he's engaged to in there with him.' "

"Ah!—And now I suppose you know the name of the actress he was engaged to?"

"Yes, of course. She's Miss Hope. Christina Hope her name is. Of course, I haven't said I was sure!"

"Thank you. That will do."

CHAPTER IX

JOE PATRICK IS DETAINED

A thrill shook the assemblage. It was plain enough now to what goal the coroner was directing his inquiry. The covert curiosity which all along had been greedily eyeing Christina Hope stiffened instantly into a wall, dividing her from the rest of her kind. She had become something sinister, set apart under a suspended doom, like some newly caught wild animal on exhibition before them in its cage.

Through the general gasp and rustle Herrick was aware of Deutch slightly bounding and then collapsing in his seat, with a muffled croak. His wife frowned; clucking indignant sympathy, she looked with open championship at the suspected girl. Mrs. Hope started up with a little cry; Herrick judged that she was much more angry than frightened. When the coroner said, "You will have your chance to speak presently, Mrs. Hope," she dropped back with exclamations of fond resentment and, taking her daughter's hand, pressed it lovingly. Christina alone, a sedate and sober-suited lily, maintained her composure.

But now for the first time she lifted her head and slowly fixed a long, grave look upon the coroner. In that devout decorum of expression and in the outline of her exact profile occasioned by her change of attitude Herrick began once more to see the youthful candor of his Evadne. Yes, there *was* something royally childlike in that round chin and softly rounded cheek, in that obstinate yet all too sensitive lip and that clear brow. Yes, thus expectant and motionless, she was still strangely like a tall little girl.

He could see now that this effect was largely due to her extraordinary purity of outline; to the perfection of modeling with which the length of her throat rose from that broad white collar into the soft, fair dusk of her coiled hair, to the fine fashioning of brows and short, straight nose and little chin and the set of the little head, so that the incomparable delicacy of every slope and turn, of every curve and line and luminous surface, at last seemed merely to flower in one innocent ravishment.

"Bruce Herrick," the coroner called. The young man was at once aware of being a local celebrity. Not even the attack upon Christina had created a much greater stir. He took his place; and "At last," said the coroner, "we are, I believe, to hear from somebody who saw *something*."

Herrick told his story almost without interruption.

When he finished, the coroner drew a long breath. "We're greatly obliged to you, Mr. Herrick. And now let us get this thing straight. It was half-past twelve or later that Mr. Ingham began to play?"

They established the time and went over every minutest detail of changing spirit in Ingham's music.

"That crash which waked you for the second time—do you think it could have been occasioned by an attack on Mr. Ingham?—that he may have been struck and thrown against the piano?"

"Oh, not at all. It was a perfectly deliberate discord, a kind of hellish eloquence."

"Ah! I'm obliged to you for that phrase, Mr. Herrick." And again he was asked: "That gesture which so greatly impressed you—could you repeat it for us?"

Herrick quelled the impulse to reply, "Not without making a fool of myself," and substituted, "I can describe it."

"Kindly do so."

"She threw her arm high up, as high as it would go, but at a very wide angle from her body, and at that time her hand was clenched. But while the arm was still stretched out like that, she slowly opened her fingers, as if they were of some stiff mechanism—and it seemed to me that it was the violence of her feeling they were stiff with—until the whole hand was open like a stretched gauntlet."

"Well, and then, when she took down her hand?"

"She drew it in toward her quickly."

"And then she disappeared?"

"Yes, but she seemed to dip a little forward."

"As if to pick something up?"

"Well, not as much as from the floor; no."

"From a chair then, or the couch?"

"Possibly."

"She would, standing at the window, have been some five or six feet from the piano, where Ingham sat?"

"I should say about that."

"Ah! And directly after the shot the lights went out?"

"Directly after."

"Now, Mr. Herrick, when she raised her arm there was a bit of lace or something of the kind, hanging from her sleeve?"

"Yes."

"And you were perfectly sure that this shadow was the shadow of a woman? Yet you still could not in the least determine anything whatever of her appearance. That I can quite understand. But didn't you gather, nevertheless, some notion of her personality?"

Herrick avoided Deutch's eye. He said: "I don't think so."

"That extraordinary movement, then, did not leave upon you a very distinct impression?"

"In what way?"

"An impression of a lady not much concerned with social constraint or emotional control, and of a very great habitual ease and flexibility in movement?"

Herrick managed to smile. "I'm afraid I'm no such observer as all that. Perhaps any lady, within sixty seconds of committing murder, is a little indifferent to social constraint."

The coroner looked at him with a slight change of expression. "Well, then, let us put it another way. You would not expect to see your mother, or your sister, or any lady of your own class, make such a gesture? No? Yet you must often have seen an actress do so?"

"That doesn't follow!" Herrick said. His flush resented for Christina the slur that his words overlooked. And suddenly words escaped him: "You answered the previous question yourself, remember! Be kind enough not to confuse my evidence with yours!"

The coroner studied him a long time without speaking, while the young man's color continued to rise, and at length came the comment: "I'm not falling asleep, Mr. Herrick. I'm only wondering what charming influence has been at work with the natural appetite for discussing an actress."

"Ask me that later, outside your official capacity," said Herrick hotly, "and we'll see if we can't find an answer!"

"Mr. Herrick, why, on the morning after the murder, did you take down Miss Hope's photograph from over your desk?"

"Because, never having met Miss Hope, it was a photograph I had no right to. I took it down when I learned the identity of the original. I didn't want its presence to be misconstrued by cads."

"Thank you. That will do. Hermann Deutch, if you please."

Herrick retired, ruffled and angry at himself, and Deutch was called.

It did not take the coroner two minutes to make hay of Mr. Deutch. Not, indeed, that he was able to extract any very damaging admissions. The superintendent said that he was wakened by his wife, who had herself been wakened by the phone. He had held the before-stated conversation with Mr. Bird and, not being able to get the elevator, had walked up-stairs, being joined in the office by a policeman. The rest of his proceedings were unquestionable.

But the coroner, an expert in caricature and bullying and the twisting of words, by making him appear ridiculous, managed to make him appear mendacious. Deutch certainly perspired more than was at all persuasive; he soon began to stumble and to contradict himself about nothing. So that presently, when he was sufficiently harrowed, the coroner drew from him an admission.

"Miss Hope, now—you are a particularly old friend of hers, I believe. And I understand you would do a great deal for her."

"I'd do anything at all for her."

"I see." All that was crouching in the coroner coiled and sprang. "Even to committing perjury for her, Mr. Deutch? Even to concealing a murder for her sake?—Silence!" he commanded Christina's friends.

In the sudden deathly stillness Deutch lifted his head. He looked at the coroner with the eyes of a lion, and in a firm voice he replied: "Say, when you speak like that about a lady, Mr. Coroner, you want to look out you don't go a little too far."

"I am about to call a witness," said the coroner, with his cold laugh, "who will go even further. Joseph Patrick, please!"

Joe Patrick was the night-elevator boy.

People stared about them. No witness. The coroner's man came forward, saying something about "telephoned—accident—get here shortly."

Disappointment reigned. The stare of the assembly wandered, passed grinning where Deutch sat with hanging head, and settled down to feed upon the pallor of Christina's cheek. Herrick rose suddenly, displacing, as it were, a great deal of atmosphere with his broad shoulders and, stalking across the room, pulled up a chair to Deutch's side. If he had clasped and held that plump, that trembling hand, his intention could not have been more obvious. Christina turned her head a little and, with no change of expression, looked at him for a moment. And under the pensive light of those mild, penetrating eyes Herrick's heart stirred with something that was like a little cry:

> Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air,
> Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars!

"And now let us get down to business. If you please," said the coroner, "Miss Christina Hope."

CHAPTER X

JOE PATRICK ARRIVES

Christina said she was single, an actress, twenty-two years old, and resided with her mother at No. —— West Ninety-third Street. The girl spoke very low, but clearly, and of these dry preliminaries in her case not a syllable was lost. Her audience, leaning forward with thumbs down, still took eagerly all that she could give them. On being offered a chair, she said that she would stand —"Unless, of course, you would rather I did not."

The coroner replied to this biddable appeal: "I sha'n't keep you a moment longer than is necessary, Miss Hope. Believe me, I regret fixing your mind upon a painful subject; and nothing that I have hitherto said has been what I may call *personally* intended. I question in the interests of justice, and I hope you will answer as fully as possible in the same cause."

"Oh, certainly."

"You were engaged to be married to Mr. Ingham, Miss Hope?"

"Yes."

"When did this engagement take place?"

"About a year ago."

"And your understanding with him remained unimpaired up to his death?"

"Yes."

"When did you last see him alive?"

"On the day before he died. He drove to our house from the ship."

"Ah! Very natural—very natural and proper. But surely you met again during the next twenty-four hours?"

"No."

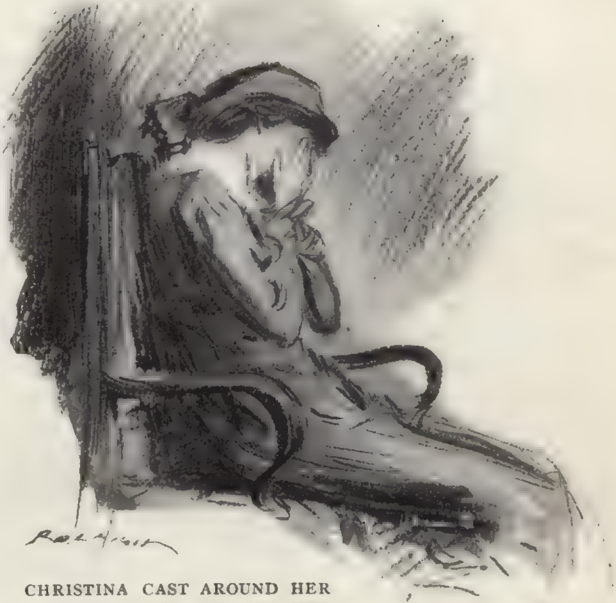
"No? What were you doing on the evening of the fifth of August—the evening of his death?"

"My mother and I dined alone, at home. We were neither of us in good spirits. I had had a bad day at rehearsal—everything had gone wrong. My head ached, and my mother was worn out with trying to get our house in order; it was a new house —we were just moving in."

"You rented a new house just as you were going to be married?"

"Yes, that was why. I was determined not to be married out of a flat."

A smile of sympathy stirred through her audience. It might be stupidity which kept her from showing any resentment toward a man who had practically accused her of murder. Or it might be guilt. But she was so young, so docile, so demure! Her voice was so low and it came in such shy breaths—there was something so immature in the little rushes and hesitations of it. She seemed such a sweet young lady! After all, they didn't want to feed her to the tigers yet awhile!


CHRISTINA CAST AROUND HER A WILD GLANCE AND PUT HER HANDS OVER HER FACE.

And the coroner was instantly aware of this. "Then your mother," he said, "is the only person who can corroborate your story of how you passed that evening?"

"Yes."

"How did you pass it?"

"I worked on my part until nearly eleven, but I couldn't get it. Then I took a letter of my mother's out to the post-box."

"You came straight home?"

"Yes."

"While you were out did any neighbor see you? Did you speak to any one?"

"On the way to the post-box I saw Mrs. Johnson, who lives two doors below and who had told us about the house being for rent. She is the only person whom I know in the neighborhood. On the way back I met no one."

"Then no one saw you reenter the house?"

"I think not."

"Did the maid let you in?"

"No, I had my key. The maids had gone to bed."

"But it was a very hot night. People sat up late, with all their windows open, and caretakers in particular must have seen you return. Did you notice no one whom we can summon as a witness to your return?"

"No one."

"What did you do when you came in?"

"I went to bed."

"You do not sleep in the same room with your mother?"

"No."

"Could you pass her door without her hearing you?"

"I should suppose so. I never tried."

"So that you really have no witness but your mother, Miss Hope, that you returned to the house, and no witness whatever that you remained in it?"

"No," Christina breathed.

"Well, now I'm extremely sorry to recall a painful experience, but when and how did you first hear of Mr. Ingham's death?"

"In the morning, early, the telephone began to ring. I could hear my mother and the maids hurrying about the house, but I felt so ill I did not try to get up. I knew I had a hard day's work ahead of me, and

I wanted to keep quiet. But, at last, just as I was thinking it must be time, my mother came in and told me to lie still; that she would bring up my breakfast herself. I said I must go to rehearsal, at any rate; and she said, 'No, you are not to go to rehearsal to-day; something has happened.' "

The naïveté of Christina's phrases sank to an awed whisper; her eyes were very fixed, like those of a child hypnotized by its own vision.

"I saw then that she was trying not to tremble and that she had been crying. She couldn't deny it and so she told me that Mr. Ingham was very, very ill, and she let me get up and helped me to dress. But then, when I must see other people—she told me—she told me——"

Christina's throat swelled and her eyes filled suddenly with tears.

The coroner, cursing the sympathy of the situation, forced himself to a commiserating "Did she say how he died?"

"She told me it was an accident. I said, 'What kind of an accident?' And she said he was shot. 'But,' I said, 'how could he be shot by accident? He didn't own a pistol?' "

A slight sensation traversed the court. "Then it came out—that no one knew—that people were saying it was—murder——"

"From your intimate knowledge of Mr. Ingham's affairs, do you know of any one either with a grudge to satisfy or a profit to be made by his death?"

"No. No one at all."

"Well, then, I suppose we may excuse you, Miss Hope."

The girl, with her tranquil but slightly timid dignity, inclined her head and, heaving a deep sigh of relief, turned away.

—"Oh, by the way, Miss Hope—" And suddenly, with a violent change of manner, he began to beat her down by the tactics which he had used with Deutch. But with how different a result! Nothing could make that pale, tall girl ridiculous. Scarcely speaking above a breath, she answered question after question and patiently turned aside insult after insult. He found no opposition, no confusion, no reticence; only that soft yielding, that plaintive ingenuousness. The crudest jokes, the cruelest thrusts, still left her anxiously endeavoring to convey desired information.

He took her back over her relations with Ingham, their interview upon his return, the events of the last evening, with an insistence and a repetition that wearied even the auditors to distraction; he would let her run on a little in her answers and then bring her up with a round turn; twenty times he took with her that journey to and from the post-box and examined every step, and still her replies ran like sand through his fingers and left no trace behind.

Christina could not see what Herrick, from his angle, could see very well: that the coroner had been quietly slipping something from his desk into his hand, and was now dangling it behind his back.

This something was the scarf found on Ingham's table—that white scarf with its silky border, cloudy, watery, of blue glimmering into gray. How the tender, misty coloring recalled that room of Ingham's!

"By no possibility, Miss Hope," said the coroner suddenly, "could this be yours?"

He launched the scarf, like a soft, white serpent, almost in her face. And the girl shrank from it, with a low cry, and sank into her chair. She might as well have knotted it about her neck.

And in the horrible stillness that followed her cry the coroner said: "Your nerves seem quite shattered, dear lady. Come, come, Miss Hope, you're trifling with us! Tell us who is the owner of this scarf and you'll make us your debtors!"

The girl opened her pale lips to breathe forth, "I can't tell you! I don't know!"

"Let us assist your memory, Miss Hope, by recalling to you that on the evening of his death James Ingham had a caller."

Herrick's nerves shied like a frightened horse. For he saw Christina start from her chair and, casting round her a wild glance that seemed to cry for help, drop back again and put her hands over her face. A dozen people sprang to their feet.

Mrs. Hope ran to her daughter's side, closely followed by Mrs. Deutch, the two women crying forth indignation and comfort, and exclaiming that the girl was worn out and ought to be in bed.

Christina, with the gentlest authority, put back her friends. She rose, slowly and weakly, to her feet. "Mr. Coroner," she said, "I wish to correct a false impression; may I?"

"That's what we're here for, my dear young lady," the coroner scornfully replied.

"I have said nothing," she went on, "that is not true, but I have allowed something to be inferred which is not true." She pressed her hands together and drew a long breath. "It is true that I was engaged to Mr. Ingham. And when you asked me if our understanding was unimpaired at the time of his death, I said yes; for, believe me, our understanding then was better than it had ever been before. But that was not what you meant. I will answer what you meant, now. At the time of his death, I was not engaged to marry Mr. Ingham."

"You were not! Why not?"

"We had quarreled."

"When?"

"The day before he died."

An intense excitement began to prevail. Herrick longed to stand up and shout, to warn her, to muzzle her. The coroner sat back with a long sigh of satisfaction.

"And may one ask an awkward question, Miss Hope? Who broke the engagement?"

"I did."

"And may one ask why?"

"Because I began to think that life with Mr. Ingham would not be possible to me."

"But on what grounds?"

"He was grossly and insanely jealous," said Christina, flushing. "Some women enjoy that sort of thing; I don't."

"There was never, of course, any ground for this jealousy?"

Christina looked through him without replying.

"Well, well. And was there nothing but this?"

"He objected to my profession; and when I was first in love with him I thought that I could give it up for his sake. But as I came to know more of—everything—and to understand more of myself, I knew that I could not. And I would not."

"So that it was partly Mr. Ingham, himself, in his insistence upon your renouncing your profession, who broke the engagement?"

"If you like."

"At least, your continuance in it made his jealousy more active?"

"It made it unbearable. And as it gradually became clear to me that he scarcely pretended to practise even the rudiments of the fidelity that he exacted, it seemed to me that there were limits to the insults which even a gentleman may offer to his betrothed. And I—freed myself."

Two or three people exchanged glances.

"Was the engagement ever broken before and patched up again?"

"We had quarreled often, but not definitely. Last spring I asked him to release me, and he would not. But he consented to my remaining on the stage and to going away for the summer, so that I could think things out."

"And you immediately took a house from which to be married!"

"Yes. I tried to go on with it. I signed that lease when he had been gone only a week. But I couldn't. I wrote him so, and he started home. While he was on the ocean I found out something which made any marrying between us utterly impossible. When he drove to my house the day before he was killed, I told him so. I never saw him again."

"As a matter of fact, then, the definite breaking of the engagement was caused by something new and wholly extraneous to your profession or his jealousy?"

"Yes."

"And what was this discovery, Miss Hope?"

"Oh," said Christina quite simply, "I am not going to tell you that." And she suddenly began to speak quite fast. "Do you think I don't know what I am doing when I say that? Do you think you have not taught me? But I don't care about appearing innocent any longer. And so I know, now, what I'm saying. I will never tell you the cause of our quarrel. It had nothing to do with Mr. Ingham's death. It was simply something — monstrous — which happened a long time ago. But between us two it had to fall like a gulf. More than that I will not tell you."

"Let us go back a moment, Miss Hope. What do you mean—you don't care about appearing innocent any longer?"

"I mean that never again will I go through what I have gone through this afternoon. You have asked me the last question I shall answer. You've made me sound like a liar, and feel like a liar; you've made me turn and twist and dodge, trying to convince you of the truth about me, and now that I have told you all the truth, you may think a lie about me, if you choose!"

Her face was all alive, now, and her voice thrilled out its deep notes, impassioned as they were soft. "Oh, I wished so much to say nothing! Not to have to stand up here and tell all sorts of intimate things in this horrible place before these gaping people!

But when you began to worry me, trying to trip me, I was afraid of you! I remembered all I had ever heard of you; how you hated women—once, I suppose, some woman hurt you badly; how you copied an attorney who made all his reputation by the prosecution, by the persecution, of women, and how they say you never run a woman so hard as when she has to work for her living, as I do, and stands exposed to every scandal, as I am! And so I tried to convince you, to answer everything you asked; I am in great trouble, and I am not so very old, and since this came I have scarcely eaten and not slept at all. I struggled to defend myself, and I let you torture me. But oh, I was wrong, wrong! To be judged and condemned and insulted, that's hard, but it's not degrading. But to explain, and pick about, and plead, and rack your brains to make people believe your word, oh, that degrades!"

She paused on a little choking breath. "Think what you like! I have no witness but my mother, and I know very well, in such a case, she doesn't count. I can't prove that I returned to my house, I can't prove that I stayed in it. I've nothing that shopkeepers call position; I've no money; I'm all alone. Think what you please."

And Christina crossed the room and sat down beside her mother.

Conflicting emotions clashed in the silence. She seemed to flash such different lights! She had so little, now, the manners or the sentiments of a sweet young lady. Many people were greatly moved, but no one knew what to think. If Christina had brought herself to slightly more conciliatory language, or if, even now, she had thrown herself girlishly into her mother's arms, she could, at that moment, easily have melted the public heart. But she sat with her head tipped back against the wall, with her eyes on vacancy, and great, slow tears rolling down her unshielded face, "as bold as brass."

And the coroner, leaning forward across his desk, surveyed the assemblage with a cold, fine smile.

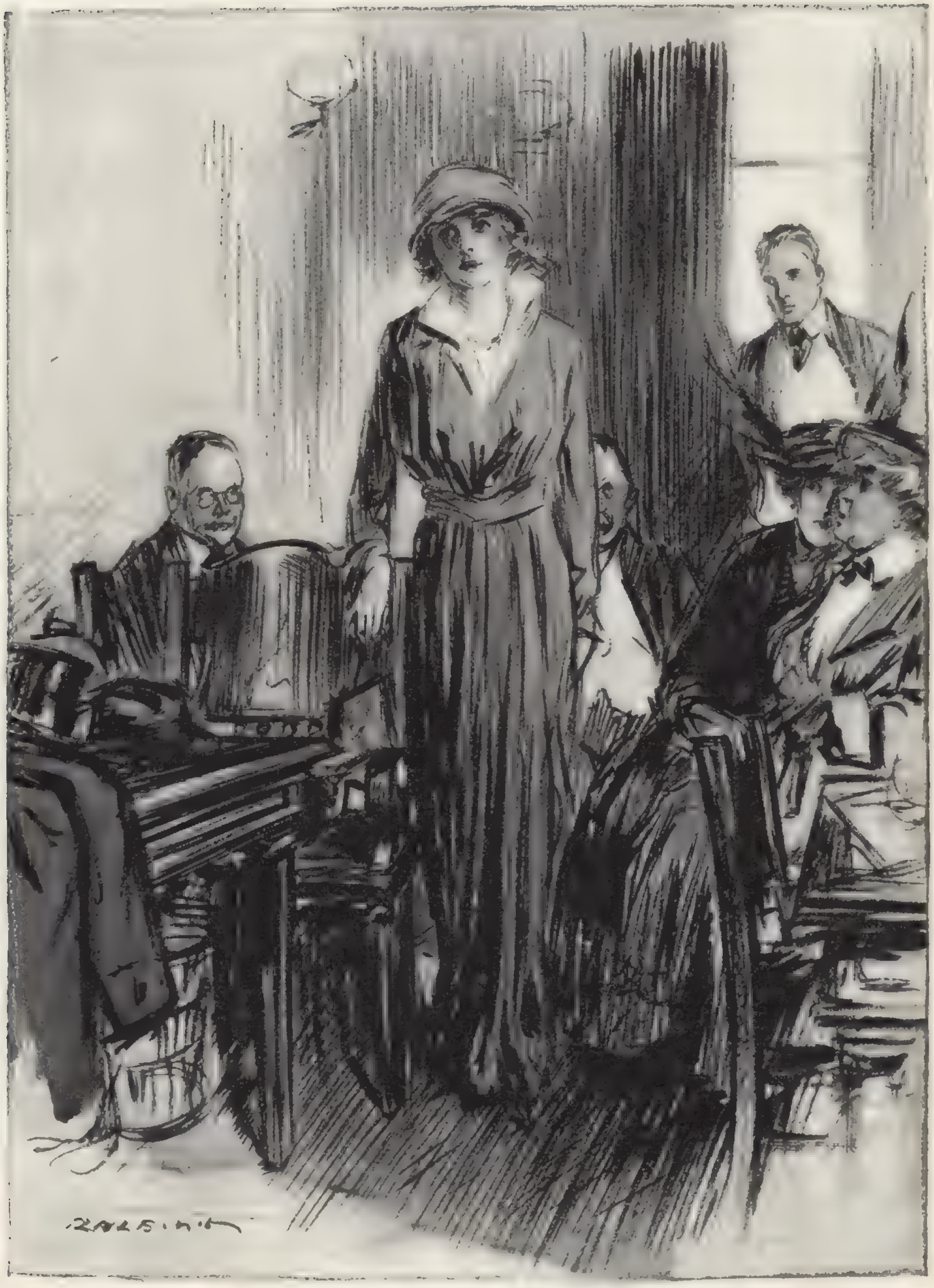
"My friends," he began, "after the young lady's eloquence, I can hardly expect you to care for mine. Nevertheless, while we are waiting for a witness unavoidably detained, I will ask you to listen to me. Let us get into shape what we have already learned.—The first thing of which we are sure is that James Ingham landed in New York on the afternoon of the third of August and drove directly to the residence of Miss Christina Hope, his betrothed. Miss Hope tells us that when he left that house their engagement was broken; that they quarreled over something which she refuses to divulge.

"Here is where I expected to present you with an astonishing bridge of facts. I had now meant to show you that Mr. Ingham, the next evening, expected an unwelcome visitor; that he left orders she was not to be admitted; that she came, that she was well known to the elevator-boy, and to all of us here present as well as to a greater public; that despite the efforts of the elevator-boy, she penetrated to Mr. Ingham's apartment, whence she was not seen to return, and that she was the only visitor he had that night. But in the continued absence of the boy, Joseph Patrick, all this must wait.

"Our next known fact is that Mr. Herrick was wakened by Mr. Ingham's playing at about twelve-thirty. You will remember that it was after eleven when Miss Hope spoke to Mrs. Johnson on her way to the post-box, and that after that no one but her mother claims to have seen or spoken with her. For about half an hour Mr. Herrick tells us Mr. Ingham played, calmly and beautifully. All was peace. But then there began to be the sound of voices talking through the music—the voices, as other witnesses have testified, of a man and a woman. And the piano begins to sound fitfully and brokenly. The man and the woman have begun to quarrel. Their voices —particularly the woman's voice—rise higher and stormier. Mrs. Willing, just across the court, hears a voice she knows, and says to her husband, who has just come in, 'He's got that actress he's engaged to in there with him.' And then even Mr. Herrick is awakened by a deliberate discord from the piano; a jarring crash, 'a kind of hellish eloquence.'

"In other words, the man, with his comparative calm and his mastery over his instrument, is mocking and goading the woman, whose shadow, convulsed, threatening, furious, immediately springs out upon the blind. Gentlemen, can you not imagine the sensations of that woman?

"Let us suppose a case. Let us suppose that a girl ambitious and lovely, but, in Miss



SHE ROSE, SLOWLY AND WEAKLY, TO HER FEET. "MR. CORONER," SHE SAID, "I WISH TO CORRECT A FALSE IMPRESSION; MAY I?"

Christina Hope's feeling expression, without position, without money, without friends, suddenly meets and becomes engaged to marry a distinguished and wealthy man. Let us suppose that she puts up with this man's exactions, with his furious jealousies, with his continual infidelities, for the sake of the security and affluence of becoming his wife. But is it not possible that when this exacting gentleman is safely across the ocean she may allow herself a little liberty? At any rate, he cuts short his visit in Europe, he flies to her from the steamer, full of accusations; it is he who breaks the engagement.

"Suppose that she follows him up, that she comes to him—at any hour, at any risk—and uses her hitherto infallible charm to get him back. Suppose she gets him back; they are alone together; she is excited and confident and off her guard. She lets something slip. Instantly the battle is on. This time she can not get him back. She becomes desperate. If he speaks, as perhaps he has threatened to, she loses not only him, but everything. For she is on the brink of the great step of her career. She is to play the leading feminine rôle under a celebrated star who does not care for scandal in his advertisements. On the contrary, he has bruited everywhere her youth, her propriety, her breeding, her good blood. She is a fairy-tale of the girlish virtues. And still the man at the piano proclaims her everything that is otherwise, and she sees that she is to lose him and all she has struggled for, professionally, in one breath.

"He sits there—playing, playing, shattering her nerves with his crash of chords, with his hellish eloquence. But with his back to her, you observe, where she stands at the window; and suddenly she sees something lying on a little table on the foot of the couch—something not unusual in a man's apartment, although we have Miss Hope's word that Mr. Ingham did not possess one.

"Well, gentlemen, the frenzied eye of this tormented girl lights on that little object, she stoops to pick it up, he turns—and then comes a pistol-shot. There is an end to the strength of a woman's nerves, gentlemen, and she has found it. She can not look upon her handiwork. She springs off the light and flees. In the confusion she escapes. Gentlemen, with the dumfounding mystery of that bolted door I can not deal unless medical science may be for once at fault—unless the wounded man instinctively staggered to the door and bolted it, staggered toward his telephone, in his bedroom, and died there. That, gentlemen, can be threshed out at the trial. In the meantime, I must ask you to remember of the lady who, events seem to indicate, is high-strung and overwrought—that she went through a long cross-examination in which she never once betrayed the fact that she had quarreled with Mr. Ingham; yet when she was confronted merely with a lady's scarf found not far from the murdered man, she screamed at the sight of it, nearly fainted, and afterward *changed all her evidence.*—Gentlemen, I rejoice to see, entering this room, our witness, Joseph Patrick."

Joe Patrick, a short, thick-set young fellow, with rough hair and a bright eye, advanced to the coroner's desk. His forehead was ornamented with a great deal of very fresh surgeon's plaster, and when asked why he was so late he replied that he had been knocked down by an automobile on his way to the inquest. Well, yes, he would sit down; he did feel a little weak, but it wasn't so much from that—he'd had some candy sent him day before yesterday and he'd been awful sick ever since he ate it. Joe was a friendly soul, and he added that he was sorry the man the coroner sent hadn't seen anybody but his mother. He was to the doctor's, then.

"But you had telephoned a pretty detailed account to your mother, hadn't you, before you left the Van Dam—on the morning of the murder—much more detailed than you gave the police?"

"Yes, sir. I guess I did."

"Well, then, give us that account."

Joe looked rather at sea, and the coroner added: "You have said, from the beginning, that a lady called upon Mr. Ingham the night of his death?"

"Oh, yes, sir! She did!"

"Well, tell us first what happened when you went on watch. You had a message from Mr. Ingham?"

"Yes, sir. He telephoned down to me. He says, 'In case any lady comes to see me this evening, you say right away I'm out.'"

"Well, and then?"

"Well, along about half-past eleven—it was awful hot and lonesome, and—and——"

"And you began to get sleepy!"

"Well," said Joe, "I guess anybody'd get sleepy; been sittin' there for four hours in that heat! Anyhow, it seemed like I'd just closed my eyes, when they came open all of a sudden and I was looking at the front door. And there, all in white—'Great Scot!' I says to myself, 'there's Miss Hope!' I don't know why it seemed so awful queer to me, unless because I wasn't really but half-awake."

It is not too much to say that a shudder traversed the court. Christina, white as death, her eyes black and strained with horror, leaned toward him in an agony.

"Perhaps you thought she was rather a late visitor!" smiled the coroner. "Well? She didn't melt away, I suppose?"

"No, sir. She came up to me, all smiles like; but you bet there was something that wasn't a bit funny in that smile. And she says to me, 'Is our friend Mr. Ingham at home?' she says. And I says, 'No, ma'am.' And she says, 'You're a bad liar, my boy! But you won't take me up, I suppose?' And I says, 'He told me not to, ma'am.' "

"Well? Go on!"

"So she says, 'Well, then, I must take myself up.' And before you could say 'pop,' she was up the stairs."

"And what did you do?"

" 'Oh, here, ma'am, ma'am,' I says, 'you mustn't do that!' She stopped and put her elbows on the stair-rail—they run right up to one side o' the phone desk, you know—and laughed down at me. She looked awful pretty, but there was something about her kind o' scared me. And 'It's all right, my boy,' she says, 'I sha'n't hurt him!' An' she laughed again an' ran on up."

"And you did nothing?"

"Well, what could I do, I'd like to know! But I grabbed at the switchboard and called up Mr. Ingham. 'Mr. Ingham,' I says, 'that lady's coming up anyhow.' An' he says, 'Damnation!' That's the last word I ever heard out o' him."

" 'That lady!' Didn't you give him her name?"

"Why, I didn't know her name, sir!"

"Not know her name! Why, you know Miss Hope—you know her name?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Well, are you crazy, then? It was Miss Hope, was it not?"

"Why, no, you bet you it wasn't! It was another lady altogether!"

CHAPTER XI

"PERSONS UNKNOWN"

The revulsion of feeling in Christina's favor was so immense that it became a kind of panic. It practically engulfed the rest of the inquest.

As for the coroner, he suffered less a defeat than a rout. Even his instant leap upon Joe Patrick was only a plucky spurt. He was struggling now against the tide.

"Yes, sir," Joe persisted, "my mother misunderstood me, all right. I said I took her for Miss Hope at the door, and so I did. But she wasn't."

"Did she look so much like Miss Hope?"

"No, sir; not when she came near. That was the thing made me feel so queer. I can't understand it. First she was Miss Hope, and then she wasn't. She gave me a funny feeling when I seen her standing there in the door, an' I says to myself, 'There's Miss Hope.' 'Twas kind of 's if I seen her ghost. An' then all of a sudden there she was, right on top o' me. An' not like Miss Hope a bit. An' that gimme a funny feeling, too!"

"Well, never mind your sensations. If she didn't resemble Miss Hope, at least how did she differ from her?"

"Why, I guess she was a good deal handsomer, for one thing. At least I expect most people would think so, though I prefer Miss Hope's style, myself. She was dressier, for one thing, in white lace like, with a big hat, an' she was pretty near as slim, but yet she had, as you might say, more figger. An' she had red hair." Joe had made another sensation.

"Red hair! Curly?"

"Well, it was combed standin' out fluffy like one o' these here halos, up into her hat. It wasn't anyways common red, you know, sir; it was elegant, stylish red, like the goldy part in flames."

"Don't get poetic, Joe. Was she a very young lady?"

"I don't think so, sir.—Oh, I guess she wouldn't hardly see twenty-five again! Her feet, sir? I didn't notice. But she didn't walk kind o' waddlin', either, nor else kind o' pinchin', the way ladies mostly do; she just swum right along, like Miss Hope does."

"But she didn't swim down-stairs again, without your seeing her?"

"No, sir."

"Now look here, Joe Patrick, how do you know she didn't? When Mr. Bird went to the phone after the shooting, he was a long time getting connected, and Mr. Herrick found you asleep at the desk."

"I couldn't have fell asleep again until after one o'clock, sir, for I had a clock right on the desk and at one I noticed the time. I was watchin' for her, she was such a queer one. I could hear the piano goin' all the while, the front doors bein' open. But after one I must ha' dropped off. Because it was about twenty minutes past when Mr. Herrick shook me up. Then I knew I'd been kind o' comin' to, the last few minutes, hearin' Mr. Bird ringin'. When Mr. Herrick grabbed my elevator I called up Mr. Deutch, an' he was quite a minute, too."

"Well, we're very much obliged to you, Mr. Patrick, for an exceedingly full account. Now this lady who was not Miss Hope,—you would know her, I presume?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" Joe hesitated.

"Out with it!" commanded the coroner.

"Why, it's only—why, anybody'd know her, sir. They couldn't help it. She had ——" He paused, blushing.

"She had—what?"

"I couldn't hardly believe it myself, sir. She had—I'm afraid you'll laugh."

"Oh, not at you, Joe! Impossible!"

"Well, she had a blue eye, sir."

"A blue eye! She had more than the one, hadn't she?"

"Oh yes, sir. She had the two o' them, all right."

"Well, then, I don't see anything remarkable in her having a blue one."

"No, sir. Not if they was both blue. But the other one was brown!"

The anticipated laughter swept the room. Even the coroner laughed.

"Well, Joe, I'm afraid you must have been very sleepy indeed! I don't wonder the lady gave you such a turn! But if only you had been awake, Joe, your friend would have had one invaluable quality—she would be easily identified!"

Thus, almost gayly, the inquest ended. There was but one verdict for the jury to bring in, and they brought it. James Ingham had come to a violent death by shooting at the hands of a person or persons unknown.

Christina was surrounded by congratulating admirers. But Herrick had not gone far in the free air of the rainy street when, hearing his name called, he turned and saw her coming toward him. She came to him exactly as she had come along the sea-beach in his dream, the wet wind in her skirts and in her hair, the fog behind her, and the cool light of clearing in her eyes. And she said:

"You're the man, I think, who thought a woman was in distress and went to help her?"

He replied, awkwardly enough, "I didn't see what else I could do!"

"You haven't been long in New York, Mr. Herrick," she replied. "I wonder, will you shake hands?"

He had her hand in his, stripped of her long glove, her soft but electric vitality at once cool and vibrant in his clasp.

"And try to believe, will you," said Christina, "that perhaps, whoever she was and whatever she did, perhaps she was in distress, after all!"

CHAPTER XII

HERRICK PAYS A CALL AND THE TEA IS SPILT

Herrick had written on his card: "Forgive what must seem an intrusion. I am asking your time on a matter of business; but I'm afraid I must call it a personal matter, too."

Christina's little drawing-room was a delicate miracle of Spartan white, with a few dark gleams of slender, formal mahogany shapes, and a couple of water-colors in white frames. On a little table a broad, shallow bowl was filled with marigolds. Herrick had time for a second's charmed curiosity at the presence of the little country flowers, and then Christina came in.

Herrick was shocked by the change in the girl's appearance. It was not only that her face was worn with anxiety, but that, in twenty-four hours, she seemed actually to have lost flesh. The lovely outline of her cheek was sunken and the jaw sharpened; if it were possible to be paler than she had been yesterday, she was paler now. Her eyes swam in the brilliance of withheld tears, and all during the talk that followed Herrick had the sense of their bright stillness being concentrated in expectation—almost, as it were, in listening—through her thick, wet lashes. She was dressed in white serge with a knot of the marigolds in her belt, and they seemed like a bright wound in the tragic pallor of her weariness.

The cause of his visit seemed more than ever an impertinence. But it must be faced, and he began to stumble out the story of his Sunday special. "There's the old argument that it must be done by somebody. Only, of course, without your sanction it will never be done by me. I've ventured to bring it to you," said he, guiltily producing the article which he had sat up all night to typewrite. "If I might, I'd leave it here; and the maid could give it to me when I called for it. You would only have to run your pencil through anything that distressed you."

Christina took the manuscript and held it a moment, thoughtfully.

"I'll tell you what to do," she said at last. "Give it to my mother. You will need it at once? She can have it read by tea-time. You may be quite easy that, if there is anything in it which can injure me, I shall break the news to you over your tea-cup that it is in ashes. Will that do?—Ada," she said to the maid, "please take this in to my mother and ask her to read it at once. She's alone, isn't she?"

"Please, ma'am, Mrs. Deutch is with her."

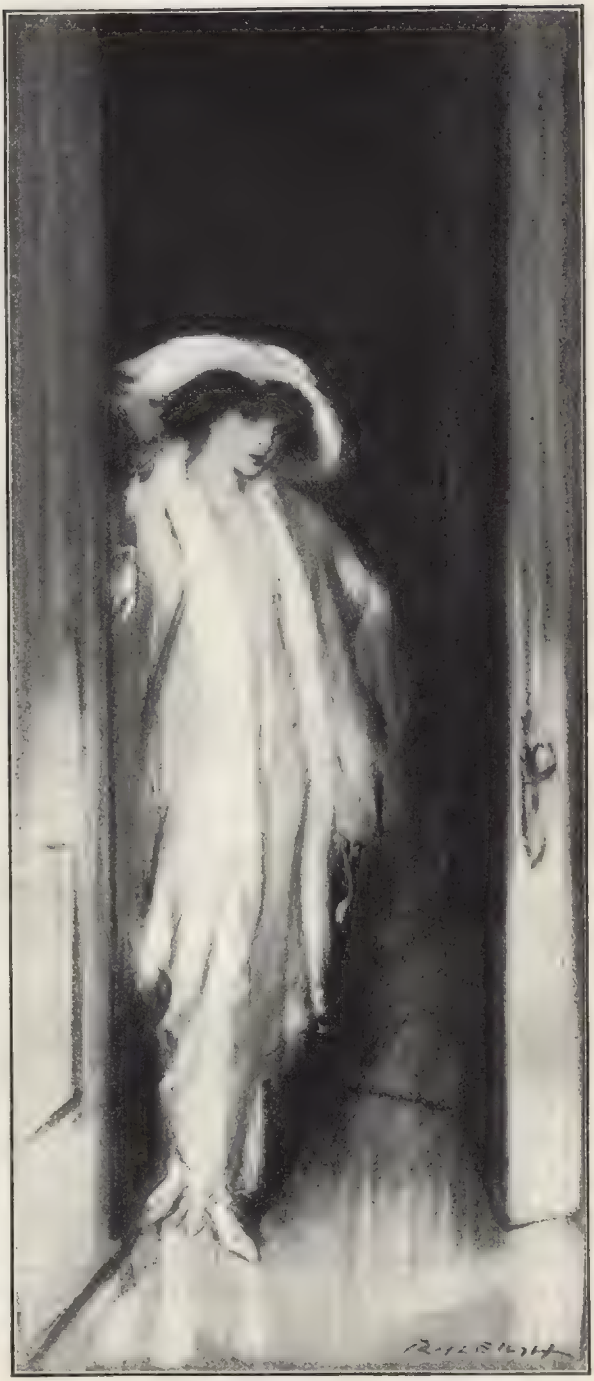
"Then they can both read it."

Herrick expressed his thanks, and added, "About five, then, I may come back?"

Christina opened her eyes full on him. "Is it so terrible here?" she inquired.

Herrick sat down.

A silence grew between them. Christina looked past him with an intent, abstracted gaze. Suddenly she said: "Mr. Herrick, why do you wish to be friends with me? I'm afraid to let you—I'm unlucky! It's as if vengeance baited a circle with me, and whenever a kindness advanced toward me the trap fell. Somehow I bring danger. It's always been so." She pushed up her hair with the backs of her hands



"'GREAT SCOTT!' I SAYS TO MYSELF, 'THERE'S MISS HOPE!'"

—a quaint little gesture that he loved. "But I'm afraid to give you my friendship. I don't know what it may do to you."

Herrick answered with a smile, "Try and see!"

She, too, smiled. And he took heart to go on. "Give me so much as an errand of yours and I'll be grateful."

"An errand?" she said, with a curious little inflection, at once slow and startled. "Yes, there's an errand that would be a true favor to me!"

"Ah—please!"

"Do you know Stanley Ingham? He has gone home to his poor mother for the week-end, but he has just telephoned me that he will be back in town on Monday morning, by the eleven-forty. He has to see the police, and he says that he has news for me. Yes, but I shall be at rehearsal; I shall not see him until he dines here in the evening. Will you meet him at the station and bring me his news about noon, to a little restaurant near our théatre? I wish so much to hear everything of this affair where there is no chance of its troubling my mother."

The compact was concluded as the maid entered with the tea things. Mrs. Hope came in, radiant over Herrick's article. Henrietta Deutch followed her, a large, handsome woman of about forty-five. Herrick perceived that not only her physical but her social stature was higher than her husband's; she certainly was neither ignorant nor fussy.

"Tante Deutch," said Christina, "this is our new friend, Mr. Herrick, who stood up for us against that man."

"I am very glad to know you, sir," said Mrs. Deutch. "Christina, my lamb, you are ill."

"No, I am not ill. But I am distracted. Sugar, Mr. Herrick? Lemon? My hand shakes; and, if the coroner were here, he would say it was with guilt. Poor soul—what a disappointment in the end!"

"Christina!" exclaimed Mrs. Hope. "Don't laugh!"

"I'm not laughing. I think the man's a dangerous enemy, and that now he is my enemy. The creature's bilious ice is just a thin crust over an inward fever of egotism. Why, he never forgot Jim Ingham's refusing his book of silly blank-verse tragedies with —well, I must say, a very saucy note. I believe he was remembering that all the time he was tracking down Ingham's betrothed —will he forget *that* defeat?"

"Now, Christina," said Mrs. Hope, "you are simply working yourself up! You really must stop it, my dear. You don't eat, you don't sleep, and you sit brooding all the time, as if you were looking at nightmares."

"I am not working myself up! First you ask me not to laugh, and then you blame me for working myself up! Well, I have learned what it is to be a hunted——"

"Now, my pretty!" expostulated Mrs. Deutch.

"You are right. Why should I fret myself over a man with a personality like a pair of scissors?—What is it, Ada?"

The little maid continued to throw out signals of distress; and Mrs. Hope, going to her relief, was heard to say: "Well, she'll use her white one." She explained to Christina: "It's only about laying out your things for to-night. She can't find your long blue cloak—you know, the one with the hood. She says—Well, Christina!"

For the hand which Christina had criticized as trembling had dropped the teapot. It broke to pieces. Everything was deluged with tea. But Christina still stood with wide eyes fixed on her mother's face.

By the time the fragments of the wreck were cleared away, Christina had begun to laugh, and when Herrick at length took himself unwillingly away he was still so agitated by the recovered sweetness of her farewell that after he had got himself into the hall he dropped his glove. The little maid who had opened the door for him let it slam as she sprang to pick up the glove, and at the closing of the door he heard Christina's voice break hysterically forth and rise above some remonstrance of her mother's.

"Yes, you do. You spy on me, both of you."

"But, my little one—" ejaculated Mrs. Deutch.

"You spy on me, you whisper, you stare, you guess, you talk! Talk! Talk! And you remember nothing that I tell you! I shall go mad! I am among spies in my own house!"

*The next instalment of "**Persons Unknown**" will appear in the June number.*

BETTER BUSINESS

by

WILLIAM HARD

ONE PRICE IN ALL STORES AT ALL TIMES

Editor's Note: *Here Mr. Hard comes close to* **you**. *In earlier articles he has been talking about patents, about inventions, about* **industrial** *progress, about how to set the* **engineer** *free to do his best and greatest for this country. Now it may be, it just* **may** *be, that you yourself never personally operated an induction-motor or a Diesel engine. But you have gone into a store and personally bought—no doubt of it—a Standard Product at a Cut Price.*

You didn't see the Bad Business there. Mr. Hard is going to talk now about prices, about buying and selling, about **commercial** *progress, about "Better Business" and "The New Competition" in the markets of this country. He begins with the retail market. He will surprise you with the unwitting part which you yourself play in it.*

KOLYNOS Tooth-Paste, and Kellogg's Corn Flakes, and the Ingersoll Watch, and Cheney's "Shower-Proof Foulards," and hundreds of other well-known and widely wanted products are *so* well known and *so* widely wanted that various retailers every now and then make up their minds to do their best *not* to sell them at all.

Why? Why, they are being cut-priced in the retail market. They are "leaders." They are too prominent. Their names are too famous. They have climbed too high. Down with them, under the counter; or, better, if possible, out with them through the door!

The more readily the public purchases them at such times, the more reluctantly the retailers handle them.

Sounds like a madhouse. *Is* a madhouse. And getting madder every day, ever since the Supreme Court of the United States wandered into it.

The Ultimate Consumer rejoices, and smells the Bargain Sale afar off, and gambols like a young goat upon the mountains. He reads the cut-price advertisements in the papers, speeds to the madhouse, buys a few "leaders" and "bargains" and a great many other things that are *not* leaders and *not* bargains, and then goes his way highly pleased with himself—and crazier than any of the patients.

This article is written to give him—*and her*—a glimpse at the interior decorations of the Bargain Scheme of Selling Standard Products—and at what it does to the production and distribution of *good goods*.

Cheney's "Shower-Proof Foulards," for instance.

A friend of the people in Boston prominently advertised his determination to sell Cheney's "Shower-Proof Foulards" across the silk counter of his store at a big cut from the regular price. Competitors of his, owners of other retail establishments, took a look at his advertisement, buzzed in

---

"Price-Cutting," as spoken of in this article, has nothing to do with potatoes or spring hats or any other commodity subject to fluctuating prices and closing-out sales. It has only to do with Uniform Standardized Products on which the manufacturer has tried to name a Uniform Standard Price.

haste for stenographers, and began dictating advertisements in reply.

Within a few days, cut impinging on cut, Cheney's "Shower-Proof Foulards" were being sold in Boston at as low as fifty-seven cents a yard.

There was just one disadvantage to the retailer in continuing to sell these goods at that price. He had to pay a higher price himself to the manufacturers. He had to take *sixty* cents of his own money and hand it to Cheney Brothers, silk manufacturers, in order to get a yard of their "Shower-Proof Foulards" to pass on to the public at *fifty-seven* cents.

As often as he passed it on, he lost three cents *plus a good many more cents representing his rent and his salaries and the rest of his cost of doing business.*

It was time to ring for ice-water and a few padded cells.

So then, right then, the punishment of Cheney Brothers began. They were utterly and shiningly innocent. They hadn't started this cut-price trouble. They had objected to it, clamorously. It wasn't their crime at all. But they were punished for it just the same.

For, right then, various retailers in Boston began to be aweary of Cheney's "Shower-Proof Foulards." They began to think scorn and disgust for the behavior of an article which had gone and got itself beaten down below the profit-level. They began to be filled with admiration and affection for the character of certain other foulards, charming foulards, on which there had been no such bargain advertising, on which the public had not yet been led to expect an unreasonably low price, and on which a profit could still be made.

That season, in Boston, the sales of Cheney's "Shower-Proof Foulards" fell off from their customary total by more than a third.

PHARMACY.
DRUGS & MEDICINES

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

THE "NEIGHBORHOOD STORE" IS A NECESSITY. IT OUGHT TO GET A FULL, FAIR CHANCE TO GROW LARGER AND FINER. IT DOESN'T. THERE ARE SEVERAL UNFAIR DISADVANTAGES AGAINST WHICH IT STRUGGLES. ONE OF THEM IS DESCRIBED IN THIS ARTICLE.

Something had been done to the Ultimate Consumer. The retailers, instead of giving her what *she* wanted to have, had been giving her what *they* wanted her to have.

When she went into her favorite store to buy Cheney's "Shower-Proof Foulards," they were no longer in stock. They had been sold out and no more of them had been ordered.

Or else, more usually, though they were still in stock, they were occupying the background and obscurity, while other foulards were occupying the foreground and the conversation of the salespersons.

The result, as the sales-record *proves*, was that thousands of persons who had customarily bought Cheney's "Shower-Proof Foulards" were induced that season to buy other foulards instead. They went in to get *one* thing. They came out with *another*. Their access to the *one* thing they *knew* they wanted had been narrowed, and it had also been planted with diverting hedges and mazed with alluring by-paths leading toward *other* things, *substitutes*.

I do not say that the substitutes were not just as good. Their goodness is not here the point.

The point is the substitution itself. If you really want foulard A and get foulard B, foulard B is a substitute.

And here we come to the seeds in the core of retail merchandizing.

The Ultimate Consumer has a right to expect that her retailer shall exercise an impartial judgment in her behalf with regard to those two foulards. But it is preposterous to think that he will do so when Price-Cutting has taken the retail profit out of foulard A. "On the whole" and "in the long run" and "by and large" and "taking one consideration with another," the mass of retailers will "push"—successfully—the

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

THE GREATEST SALESMAN IN A "METROPOLITAN STORE" IS ILLUMINATION. PEOPLE ARE GAYER AND READIER TO PART WITH MONEY WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE BRIGHT. BUT THERE ARE SOME THINGS THAT ELECTRICITY DOESN'T REVEAL. ONE IS THE EFFECT OF PRICE-CUTTING.

wares on which the retail profit still exists, and they will "knock"—successfully—the wares on which the retail profit has been destroyed.

That's not good for the public. It is very bad. And it is especially and particularly bad when you go on to the next point in it.

What had Cheney Brothers done to deserve that extremely painful contraction of their sales in Boston?

They had succeeded, as various other textile manufacturers have succeeded, in giving their products a good name. That's what they have done. They had spent some eighty years making the name Cheney mean something, and something right, on bolts of silk. That's the fault they had committed.

That was why the friend of the people made such a stir in the pocketbook of the Ultimate Consumer when he announced that he would cut a Cheney product. That was why competitors felt obliged to meet his cut and go under it. That was why the sale went on and on to its disastrous finish.

So now you see how to do it. Make a product. Make an *individual* product. Remember that. *Individualize* it. Put personality into it. Make it different from other products. Give it a name to be known by. Make that name known favorably. The public wants your product. It becomes famous. Then the Price-Cutting will begin. Then the destruction of the retail profit will begin. Then the unwillingness of the mass of retailers to "push" your product will begin. Then their eagerness to sell *substitutes* for your products will begin. Then the contraction of your sales will begin. And you will be punished for having made a uniform, standard, *individualized*, named and known product.

But that is precisely the kind of product which is the peak of modern manufacture and which the Ultimate Consumer most wants.

THE FATE OF COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP

See, then, the contending forces:

On the one side, Price-Cutting and Substitution, fortified by certain recent decisions of the Supreme Court. On the other side, the growth of Individuality in Manufacture and, along with it, the One-Price System.

It is the manufacturer of the individualized product who has tried to say to the retailer: "One Price—to All Consumers at All Times!"

He is driven to this policy. He remembers what happened to Cosmo Buttermilk Soap.

It was a famous soap in its day. Its regular price, retail, was ten cents. That was the price at which the manufacturers asked the retailers to retail it. *Asked.*

At this point some of the members of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives begin to fear with a great fear.

There is a bill in Congress saying that the manufacturer may *bind* the retailer to retail his product at a *settled* price, at *one* price, with no price-cutting tolerated. This bill was introduced by Mr. Stevens of New Hampshire.

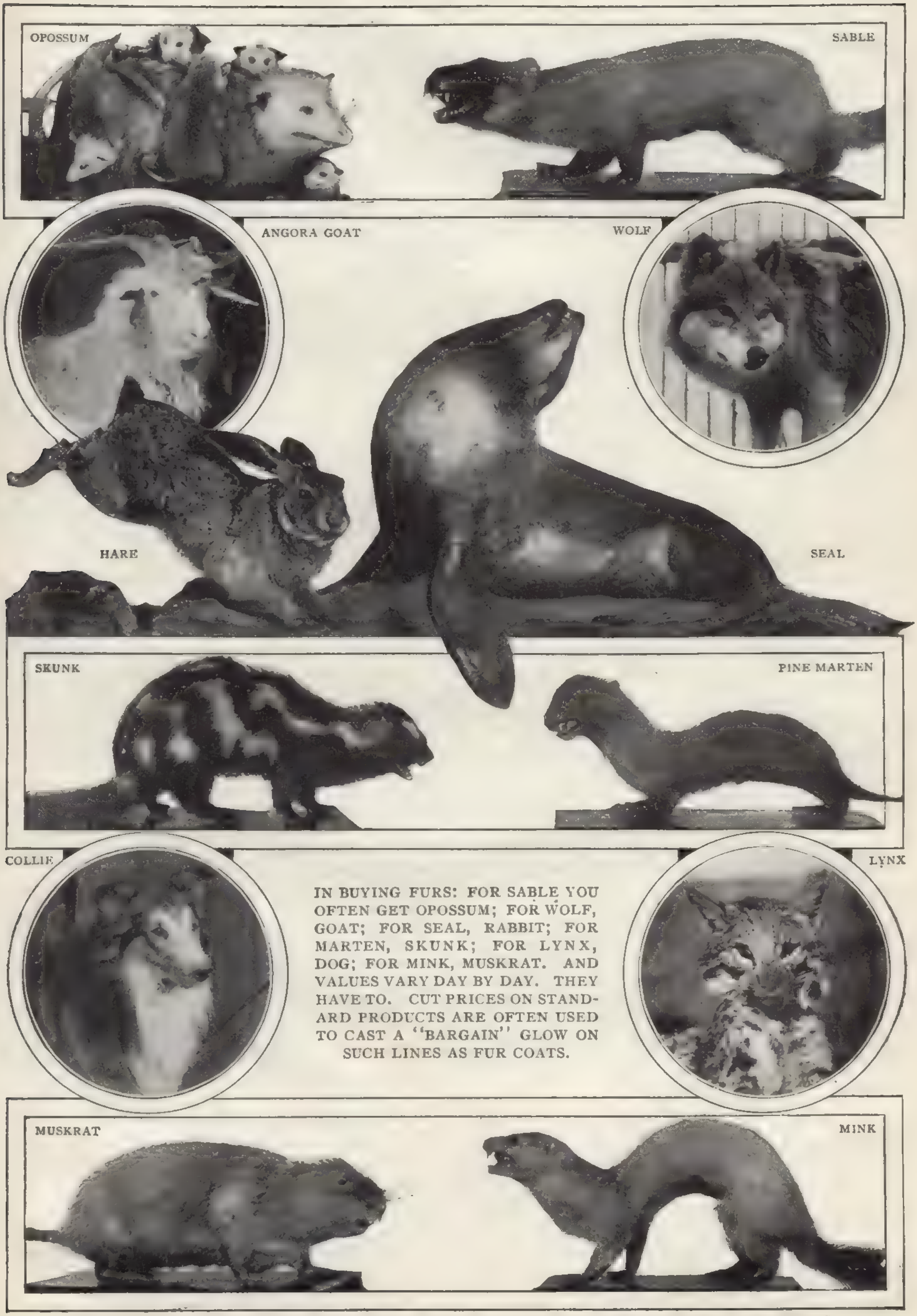
Many Congressmen are troubled, sincerely troubled. If the Stevens bill were passed, what would prevent the manufacturers of Cosmo Buttermilk Soap from *binding* the retailer to retail their soap at *twenty* cents—or at a dollar? And then think how the public would be plundered!

The poor innocent manufacturers of Cosmo Buttermilk Soap! They didn't know that the game of business was so easy. They were in it. They would have liked well enough to sell their soap at a dollar or at *ten* dollars. But they couldn't. And the reason why they couldn't was *so* simple and *so* annoying. Their cruel competitors wouldn't let them.

The world seethes with the suds of the soaps of competing soap-manufacturers. The manufacturers of Cosmo Buttermilk Soap had to get down into that competition and swim. They swam. They compared their soap with the other soaps, the countless other soaps, already on the market. They decided it could hold its own in the ten-cent class. They risked their money on their guess, and offered it at ten cents. And they won. They won by verdict of the public itself.

The public bought Cosmo Buttermilk Soap at ten cents, compared it on its own account with other ten-cent soaps, decided that it was a good soap at the price, and then came back and bought it again—and again.

Cosmo Buttermilk Soap became prosperous, *competitively;* and its name, its trademark, became valuable—so much so that its owners were offered more than a quarter of a million of dollars for it, and declined.


OPOSSUM
SABLE
ANGORA GOAT
WOLF
HARE
SEAL
SKUNK
PINE MARTEN
COLLIE
LYNX
MUSKRAT
MINK

IN BUYING FURS: FOR SABLE YOU OFTEN GET OPOSSUM; FOR WOLF, GOAT; FOR SEAL, RABBIT; FOR MARTEN, SKUNK; FOR LYNX, DOG; FOR MINK, MUSKRAT. AND VALUES VARY DAY BY DAY. THEY HAVE TO. CUT PRICES ON STANDARD PRODUCTS ARE OFTEN USED TO CAST A "BARGAIN" GLOW ON SUCH LINES AS FUR COATS.

Photographs by the American Museum of Natural History, the New York Zoological Society, Brown Brothers, Doubleday Page Syndicate, Doubleday Page & Co.

But there was a danger. The danger was in having any name at all. The danger was in being *individualized.*

Let me shift for just a moment from soap to coffee.

Here's a coffee quite nameless, lying in a bin. Well, you can't hurt it, no matter *what* price you sell it at. And the Ultimate Consumer does actually buy it at thirty-eight cents and goes her way still highly pleased with herself. She doesn't know that it also sells at *twenty-five* cents a pound.

I mention thirty-eight cents and twenty-five cents out of real life. The Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor in New York City has been inquiring at length into retail prices. Here's a coffee shoveled out of a bin and taken to a certain store. There it sells at thirty-eight. It is shoveled out of that same bin and taken to a certain other store, *owned by the same firm*, and there it sells at twenty-five. *Anonymous* coffee.

And tea. Emerging from its sack, it travels to one store and sells at *thirty-five* cents a pound. Emerging from the same sack, it travels to another store, *owned by the same firm in the same city of New York*, and sells at *seventy. Anonymous* tea.

Happy anonymous commodities! The Ultimate Consumer buys them at one price here to-day and at another price there to-morrow, and all is merry as an Oriental bazaar. She can't remember anything against them because she can't remember *them.* She looks into their blank identical faces and there's nothing to remember them *by.* They can be sold to her at a score of different prices and she doesn't know it.

But:

UNIVERSAL DEPARTMENT STORE

BARGAIN SALE

COSMO BUTTERMILK SOAP
NOW THREE CENTS

The Ultimate Consumer remembers that. "Cosmo Buttermilk Soap." "Three Cents." The name and the price.

Enter, then, lady into neighborhood grocery store.

Lady: "Cosmo Buttermilk Soap."
Grocer: "Ten Cents."
Lady (sweetly): "Robber!"
And, exit, one lost lady-customer.

Grocer sits down and writes to Cosmo Buttermilk Soap manufacturers.

> GENTLEMEN:
> You sell me your soap, like everybody else making standard articles, at price which gives me only narrow margin for profit. And now you let Universal Department Store, this city, sell your soap for three cents. If you look for any more business from me you will be looking longer than I will live. Please cancel the order I sent you yesterday. Everybody told me you was a snide firm, and now I know it. Yours respectfully
> ———.

There are millions of such letters in the files of the manufacturers of individualized products.

The price of an individualized product is as much a part of its individuality as its name. Demoralize the price and you demoralize the product.

A FOREST-FIRE IN SOAP

In Reading, Pennsylvania, there were ninety retailers handling Cosmo Buttermilk Soap. It wasn't a cut-price war. It was a mob-massacre of a defenseless commodity. The price was trampled down to three cents and kept there, an advertisement for the retailers who were doing it and a quick death for Cosmo Buttermilk Soap.

Death—because, in the end, the reputation of Cosmo Buttermilk Soap was totally destroyed. All the Ultimate Consumers residing in that city got it marked down in their minds as a three-cent product. It wasn't. It couldn't be made and sold at that price. But the public couldn't be got to go *above* that price again. Whereupon, its reputation having gone, its value as an advertisement for the retailers went too. As for the retail profit on it, *that* had gone long ago. There was *nothing* left in it. And eighty of the ninety retailers threw it out of their stores.

Reading was imitated by city after city. It was no longer a local massacre. It was a forest-fire, catching and spreading. The firm which was manufacturing Cosmo Buttermilk Soap was not old enough or strong enough to make any effective resistance. Within two years virtually the whole of its area of distribution had been burned over and left bare.

A young firm, a new product, a competitive price, the public pleased. Just the kind of thing that must be fostered forever in order that industrial and commercial progress may never cease among us. Slaughtered—by the firm's own distributors—over whom it had no control!

Cosmo Buttermilk Soap was revived—a bit. But it has never come back to as large a sale in a month as it used to have in a morning.

How can it be said to be good for the public to be blocked off like that from a product it had proved it wanted?

It was an extreme case. It was extreme in the completeness of its finish. It was not extreme in any other way. There is not a community in the United States this moment in which the sales of well-known and widely wanted products are not being contracted by Price-Cutting.

This Price-Cutting may be done by local stores or it may be done by distant mail-order houses. The result is the same. The same *old* result. Retail profit in those products diminished or destroyed. Angry retailers. Fresh drummer who comes into retail stores and says to retailer: "Now here's a product your customers don't know much about. But push it. There's a *big* retail profit in it for you." Substitutes. And the distributing channels through which the well-known and widely wanted products must reach the public are artificially clogged and choked.

MR. BABBITT—HE DID IT

It should all be blamed on great and courageous innovators like Mr. Babbitt.

Mr. Babbitt saw soap, simply soap, long bars of anonymous soap, being sawed into chunks by retailers. You took your chunk home and if it didn't behave well in the water, you blamed the retailer for carrying poor soap. You went to another retailer. But there you perhaps got the same soap. You couldn't tell. There was no name on it.

Mr. Babbitt saw his chance. He sawed his soap into chunks in his own factory and wrapped each chunk in a piece of paper and put his name on the paper. But it *was* a chance, this chance he took. For if you didn't like Mr. Babbitt's soap, you could spot it by its name instantly in every other retail establishment in the world. And you never bought it again.

Mr. Babbitt, and men like him in hundreds of other lines of business, went straight over the heads of the wholesaler and the retailer to the people. They conducted referendums. The people voted directly on their products.

For those products, therefore, these men changed the whole nature of merchandizing. If the vote of the people was unfavorable, it didn't hit the retailer so very hard. It went back full-force all the way to where the soap started, and hit the manufacturer. On the other hand, if the vote was *favorable*, if the people liked the soap and kept on buying it, they bought it not because of the retailer but because of the *name*, because of the *manufacturer*.

It was a commercial revolution. In came an era of fiercer competition than had ever before existed *between manufacturers*.

COMPETITION—IN THE FACTORIES

The manufacturers of named and known products — in hardware, in jewelry, in clothes, in toilet articles, in furniture, in plumbing, in everything—couldn't save themselves by intrigues with the wholesaler and retailer. They couldn't trust to mere "pull" and "secret arrangements" for the "pushing" of their wares in wholesale and retail establishments. Their wares had *names*. They were out in the open, competing with all other similar wares, face to face, glovelessly, for the verdict of the public itself, each manufacturer standing or falling by what the public itself finally said.

That era is the era we now live in. True competition to-day in the price of named and known articles is not in the retail stores at all. It is in the factories. And it glows and flames there with a fire hotter than was ever before kindled in the modern industrial world. It is the most competitive competition ever invented.

And it is dashed and quenched by Price-Cutting.

The Supreme Courts of Massachusetts, Kentucky, California, and Washington have said that a manufacturer may bind a retailer by contract not to cut-price his product. But the Supreme Court of the United States has also made a few decisions bearing on price-cutting. I skip the *law* of those decisions. I mention only the *effect*. The effect, throughout all interstate commerce, has been to give Price-Cutting a broader range and heartier appetite. Price-Cutting to-day is bolder than it ever was before, and more destructive. The need of a Federal *statute* about it has become urgent.

I touch on only one point of law—and that is a fact-point. To many people a contract between a manufacturer and a retailer seems to be something *against* competition. They say:

This Dr. Miles Medical Company, which went to the Supreme Court to fight Price-Cutting—it manufactures, among other things, a "Restorative Tonic." And it wants that tonic to be retailed at *one* price by all drug-stores. Well, suppose every druggist in a given community signs a contract with the Miles Company agreeing to that price. Then there is no competition *between those druggists* as to the retail price of the "Miles Restorative Tonic." Isn't this the same thing as if the druggists, all together, had formed a *combination* and had signed a *mutual agreement* fixing the price? Isn't competition killed out in one case exactly as in the other?

I don't think so. The two cases are precise opposites.

When all the druggists in a given community meet together to fix the retail price of the Miles "Restorative Tonic," they have a monopoly. They control their market. They can name a monopoly price. Let it be two dollars. What is to prevent them?

CONSPIRACY PRICE?—BY NO MEANS

But here are the officers of the Miles Company about to put their "Restorative Tonic" on the market and about to name its price. Have *they* a monopoly? Do *they* control *their* market? Can *they* name a monopoly price? There are about a thousand reasons why they can't. There are about a thousand other tonics eager for business. That's all. And the officers of the Miles Company don't say *two* dollars for their "Restorative Tonic." They say *one* dollar, and are glad to get it.

If the Miles Company entered into a secret conspiracy with all the other manufacturers of medicines in the United States and named a conspiracy price, a monopoly price, on their products, why, then, it would be a case for the Attorney-General of the United States. It would not be the case we are looking at here.

Here we are defending an absolutely competitive thing—the right of the *individual* manufacturer, all by himself, in a competitive market, to name the retail price of his own *individualized* property.

At present he sends that property, his own product, which he himself made, out into the retail market and there sees it used to injure him and to injure *and confuse* the public in at least three different ways, all equally weird.

I distinguish three families or species of Price-Cutting. You see all of them every day.

First, there is "Common or Cut-Throat" Price-Cutting.

This is simply a blind rage among retailers. It can be as bad for them as for the product they are cutting. It killed McLaughlin's "4 X" Coffee; but it killed it only after thousands of retailers had been selling it for months without a profit. They had been conveying McLaughlin's "4 X" Coffee to the public without charging the public anything for that conveying work. Which is mere madness—a frenzy spreading from one retailer to another—a circular insanity. It condemns itself at sight, and it explains why the mass of retailers are in favor of the One-Price System—in order to protect themselves against themselves.

There's no use trying to think that it is prosperity for one section of the public to have another section doing something for it for nothing. That doesn't work.

Just as it is bad for the country to have its labor, *or any part of its labor*, constantly employed at less than a fair wage, so it is bad for it to have its business, *or any part of its business*, constantly transacted at less than a fair profit. It is unscientific in principle and demoralizing in result.

McLaughlin's "4 X" Coffee disappeared in a landslide of anonymous bulk coffee. The jobbers said to the retailers: "Can you ever get the public back up to paying a reasonable price for '4 X'?" "We can *not*," said the retailers. "Now on this *bulk* coffee," said the jobbers, "you can charge a *good* price. You can charge what your customers *ought* to pay. There is no standard retail price for it. Suit yourself."

These killings and cripplings of standard products (which the Ultimate Consumer had bought with eagerness at the *regular* price) are a direct injury to the public. But the indirect injury is even more important. I call it indirect only because it does not

59
159
9
25
69
69

Photograph by Brown Brothers.

WHEN YOU SEE A LOT OF CUT PRICES ON STANDARD PRODUCTS, REMEMBER YOU ARE SEEING, IN MOST CASES, AN INJURY TO THE MANUFACTURERS OF THOSE PRODUCTS, AN INJURY TO TRUE COMPETITION, AND A FINAL INJURY TO THE BUYING PUBLIC.

come to the surface quite so soon. This indirect injury is the one that follows on *every* kind of "Unfair Competition" in *any* line of business. It is: One more force, one more *artificial* force, added to the movement leading toward Concentration of Capital, toward Bigness, toward Control by the Few.

In the bosom of the second family or species of Price-Cutting, you will begin to see that force at work.

This second variety of Price-Cutting is "Vicarious" Price-Cutting. You cut the prices of *well-known* products while you carefully do *not* cut the prices of many products which are *not* well known.

For instance, you offer to sell Kolynos Tooth-Paste at three tubes for forty-six cents. I've seen that particular price several times. A fraction more than fifteen cents a tube. The lowest wholesale price is fourteen and a quarter cents a tube. You are losing money. The public doesn't know that. But it knows that three tubes of Kolynos for forty-six cents is a bargain, and it perceives that you are a wonderful merchandizer.

You take this bargain, this tribute to your merchandizing skill, and you place it in your page advertisement in the Sunday paper. Perhaps you place it next to your statements about the values of things which have no *established known* values—say, your new offerings in fur coats. That wouldn't be a bad idea. If you're a wonderful merchandizer on Kolynos, perhaps you're a wonderful merchandizer on fur coats. Not a bad idea at all. *And it pays.* The public does actually bite on it.

As for poor Jenkins, back in New Haven, pumping Kolynos into tubes, he's only the manufacturer. Let him yelp. He made Kolynos in order to throw a bargain roselight on those fur coats.

One of the biggest New York department stores had a sale not long ago of Gillette razors at $1.95. Some more wonderful merchandizing. *Even with a special price from the manufacturer, the store lost more than a dollar on every razor it sold.* It might better (scientifically speaking) have given each customer one new silver dollar to persuade him *not* to buy a razor.

Is that really merchandizing at all? Some day the primitive barbarousness of it will appear to us clearly, and we will look at it as we now look at the haggling in the market-stalls of Cairo and Damascus.

The only reason for it, manifestly, is to get the consumer into the store and then sell him something else *besides*. It's not business. It's a guessing game. The wary consumer tries to buy *only* bargains, and make his getaway. The still warier merchant knows that he won't be able to make his getaway without falling into some other purchase. And the size and pomp of the magnificent building in which the thing is done proves that the merchant is right.

The Supreme Court of Washington did not hesitate to take judicial notice of this fact. It said: "It is a fallacy to assume that the price-cutter pockets the loss. The public makes it up on other purchases."

I will illustrate those "other purchases" next month. At present I only say that a store has no right to shed a glow of borrowed glory on its own merchandizing by setting fire to the businesses of standard-product manufacturers.

I publish on this page an advertisement of a Chicago department store in a Chicago newspaper. At the head of it you will see an interesting statement about the Ingersoll watch. It is to be sold at sixty-five cents.

Farther down you will see that bargains are also offered in Wash Goods, in Silkoline and in Gloves. But *whose* Wash Goods? *Whose* Silkoline? *Whose* Gloves? I don't know. But these commodities are all said to have been reduced in price from certain higher levels and to be now selling at certain lower levels. That's good. Let it be so. I don't doubt it. But I don't *know* it, straight off, of my own knowledge. I am unaware of the manufacturer and the brands. And I am unaware of the former prices.

Watches:

Famous Ingersoll Watches, stem wind, stem set, guaranteed perfect timekeepers for one year, sold everywhere for $1. (Main Floor.)

65c

Wash Goods

36 Inch Bedford Cord Suiting, neat stripes, yd., 14½c. Remnants Dress Poplins, 2 to 10 yd. lengths, pretty colors, 19c qualities, yard,

10½c

Silkoline:

Best Quality Fancy Silkoline, in all the new colorings and patterns for comforter coverings, drapes, etc., usual 12½c quality, to-morrow, yard,

7¾c

Wash Goods

Genuine Soiesette 32 inches wide, in all desirable colors, in 10 to 20 yard lengths, worth 25c off the piece, special, the yard,

12½c

Gloves:

Women's Full Pique Kid Gloves—heavy broad backs, self or contrasting black backs, white, tan, brown, gray, one clasp style, at

95c

See text on this page

How wise then to start off with the Ingersoll Watch! The Ingersoll Watch at sixty-five cents! *There's* something to carry instant conviction to the thrifty breast. It will make trouble, of course, for the Ingersoll Company with every other retailer in town. People who paid a dollar for an Ingersoll Watch at the store of X. Y. Jones will go back to Jones and demand a refund of thirty-five cents. They will insult Jones, earnestly. Jones will stutteringly but most truthfully try to explain that he himself had to pay the Ingersoll Company more than sixty-five cents in order to get the watch into his store to sell. It won't do any good. They won't believe him.

"Do you think," they will say, as they always say, "that the department stores do business at a loss?" They do not know that doing business at a loss is current approved practise.

In the meantime, the Ingersoll people themselves will be frantic. They will send employees of theirs to your sale to buy back as many of their own watches from you as they possibly can. They will do *anything* to stop that sale. Never mind. Laugh at them. They *do* deserve a laugh. Who built up the word "Ingersoll" so that it would inspire interest and confidence at the head of a column? *They* did.

Who owns, in law, the reputation, the good-will, of the word "Ingersoll?" *They* do. Who's getting the benefit of it right now? *You* are.

So, by easy stages, you pass into the third form of Price-Cutting. This is "Incurable or Habitual" Price-Cutting. You no longer do it just because you got into a quarrel with some other retailer. You no longer do it just for a single sudden sale. You do it as a policy, a steady policy.

At this point the relation between Price-Cutting and the recent rapid and amazing concentration of capital in the retail business becomes clear enough for anybody.

To do "Vicarious" Price-Cutting or "Habitual" Price-Cutting in a really statesmanlike and effective way, you must be big. You must be willing to lose money, if necessary, not only on a few articles but on whole classes of articles, on whole departments of your business. And you must convey the news of your bargains to the public by the pageful in a manner so conspicuous and so broadcast as to make an unrefillable dent in the public's mind. In other words, you must go in for losses and you must make these losses expensively and famously *known*.

But what is this? It is the familiar weapon of mere size against smaller competitors. It is not a competition in *commodities*. It is a competition in *money*.

I shall describe the concentration of capital in the retail field next month. The department store, drawing business away from the neighborhood store; the "chains" of special stores, with fifty stores, a hundred stores, several hundred stores, in one chain, under one management; the linking together of these chains; the appearance of chains not merely of special stores but of department stores; the growth of mail-order houses, distributing goods to all parts of the United States from one central city, doing a business—one of them alone—of about $100,000,000 a year.

I do not criticize this movement in itself and I do not criticize the men behind it. I do not attack them. I have been very unfortunate in my life. I have never met any villains. Quite to the contrary. My experience is that if any human institution is broadly thriving, whether it be the chain-store idea or the Socialist party, the men behind it, "on the whole," and "by and large," and "taking one consideration with another," are honest and sincere. If they weren't, their consciences would ruin their stomachs, and they and their doings would cease. I have observed the human conscience, especially in its effect on the human stomach, and I have great confidence in its universality and its omnipotence.

I therefore do not question the morality of the concentration movement in the retail field. Nor do I question, for that matter, its necessity. But, query: Would it have gone so far as it has if all the surrounding circumstances had been right? And would it keep on going so fast as it does if those surrounding circumstances were made right now?

But let that go over.

Here I have one final question to answer about the One-Price System for Standard Products.

Suppose the Stevens bill, now in Congress, should pass. Suppose, by that means or by any other means, it were made possible for the manufacturer, in interstate commerce, to readily *bind* the retailer to retail his product at *one* price. Might he not ask an "exorbitant" price?

Yes, he might.

LET THE PUBLIC DETERMINE PROFITS

But he can ask an exorbitant price now. He has a perfect right, always has had, and always will have, to sell his product out of his factory to the *retailer* at any price he pleases. You can't take that away from him. Nobody can prevent you from selling your hat to your neighbor for a hundred dollars, if you can get it. Nobody can prevent the manufacturer of a safety razor from selling his razor, his *own* razor, *to the retailer* for a hundred dollars, if he can get it. The question here is not the manufacturer's profit at all. It is the retail profit. Shall the retail profit be demoralized and destroyed, with all of the injuries I have shown resulting to approved products and to the public's *access* to approved products?

They say that Mr. Gillette made a great deal of money out of the manufacture of his safety razor. What of it? I was not born with any moral right to own a Gillette razor. I didn't make it. Neither did you. Gillette made it. He gave the world something it had never had before—namely, *the Gillette razor*. I have no idea whether it is a good razor or not. All I know is that it belonged to Gillette, every specimen of it, until he chose to sell it. And I stand for the right of every man, *in a competitive market*, to take what he has made and to sell it to the public *at its worth to the public*.

The public doesn't have to take it, if it doesn't want to, *in a competitive market*.

I am for leaving maximum *competitive* profits to the public itself and not—the only other alternative—to the Government.

Those who think otherwise have a right to their thought. I respect it, profoundly. But I think they ought to think it all the way through to its end, and follow Comrade Hilquitt into a truly logical position, and put a picture of Karl Marx on the mantelpiece, and wear a little red card in their vest pocket. Then we would all know where we were.

AFTER ALL, GILLETTE MADE IT

In the meantime, if you are bothered by the idea that so many people should have been willing to pay five dollars for a Gillette razor, remember that Gillette did more than any other one man to make it possible for people to buy safety razors for *less* than five dollars.

Gillette always *did* have competition. Nobody ever *had* to buy a Gillette in order to shave himself in an odor of safety. But as soon as Gillette had got well started, there was more competition than ever, twice as much, ten times as much. To-day, with the Auto-Strop, the Durham Duplex, the Gem, the Star, the Ever-Ready, the Cross, etc., you can buy safety razors at almost any price from the maximum of five dollars down to the minimum of twenty-five cents, *or thrown in with a box of cigars*.

Well, what's the answer? This:

With Gillette popularizing the safety-first-thing-in-the-morning idea, *and sticking* (*as he did*) *to five dollars*, the opportunity for other men to come along in and sell other razors at other prices was totally wide-open and totally irresistible.

What happened in that case has happened in every other case. The One-Price System is a competitive system in every respect. It arose, as I have shown, out of an intense competition between manufacturers of individualized named articles, and it *fosters* that competition.

The Kellogg Corn Flakes Company is one of the most resolute one-price firms in this country. They do their best to make you pay ten cents, never more, never less, for every package of their corn flakes. Does that save them from competition? Not at all. Just the other way. Since they began manufacturing Corn Flakes, there have been more than a hundred competing brands of "corn flakes" put on the market. Some fifty of those brands exist to-day. You can buy them at various prices, down to as low as four cents a package. The competition *at the source*, the competition *in the factory*, gives the public a complete range in product and a complete range in price.

The fact is that when a manufacturer adopts *one* retail price and makes it *known*, he debars himself to a large extent from those *price wars* between manufacturers which have been *death* to competition.

The Ingersoll firm, now: Its one-price policy is not hidden. I sometimes wish I could read something else out of the window between New York and Washington. The dollar seems to have been invented luckily to provide the American people with a ready equivalent for the Ingersoll watch. The Ingersoll firm owns the dollar as much as George M. Cohan owns the flag. There is no doubt in your mind that the Ingersoll firm intends you to pay *one dollar* for its watch.

When they first offered a watch for a dollar, there were only two opinions about them. They had gone crazy. Or they were born feeble-minded. But they said "one dollar." And they also said "No more and no less."

I know of a watch which wholesales to retailers at $1.75. In some stores you buy it from the retailer at $2.75. In other stores you pay $7.00—$7.00! And in a third class of stores you pay either of those prices, or anything in between, depending on how the retailer sizes you up.

I don't criticize that. It seems that some business *has* to be done that way.

But the Ingersoll firm thought—selfishly, I do not doubt—that it would be better for everybody concerned if they would sell their watch at one dollar to everybody, everywhere. You might be wise. You might be ignorant. You might be a child. You might be a drunken sailor. You might go for it in person. You might telephone for it. You might know the retailer. You might never have seen him before. It would make no difference. You would pay a dollar.

You would never pay *less* than your neighbor. You would never pay *more.* All customers would get the *same* treatment.

At first there was no competition. Then the Ingersoll dollar-watch success *evoked* competition. A rival appeared.

What could the Ingersoll Company do? Start a price war? Go after this new rival, who was new to the dollar-watch business, and cut his ground from under him at the start by offering the old, well-known Ingersoll Yankee watch at *seventy-five cents?* And then, with the rival stunned and counted out, put the price back to a dollar?

They couldn't. They couldn't unless they were willing to ruin their whole one-price policy. They could go *down,* it is true. They could go down below a profit level and lose money, all they wanted to. The trouble would be in getting back again. Their price was *known.* They had caused it to be known—a *uniform* price, a *universal* price. If they went down to *another* price, *that* would be known, too, universally. The climb back, in the face of public knowledge, would be a climb of the most difficult possible sort. They preferred to stay where they were.

The old sell-below-cost-for-a-while plan of meeting and throttling new competition is in one world of business practise. The One-Price System is in another, entirely.

DR. LEE GALLOWAY GIVES LARGELY ATTENDED BUSINESS COURSES IN THE SCHOOL OF COMMERCE OF NEW YORK UNIVERSITY. ONE OF HIS SPECIAL SUBJECTS IS "THE RETAIL MARKET." HE HAS EXPOSED THE EVILS OF PRICE-CUTTING VIGOROUSLY.

There are many firms now making watches in the "dollar class." Many of these watches sell constantly at *less* than a dollar. The Ingersoll Company has no monopoly of its field. Nor has any other one-price firm that I have ever heard of.

I have shown the origin of the One-Price System. I have shown its outcome. It was conceived in competition and it begets competition. Competition in quality. Competition in individuality. Every manufacturer putting his mark on his product. Every manufacturer naming his own price, competitively. Every manufacturer making a direct appeal to the public, competitively. No price-jockeying, no price-juggling, in the retail market to the confusion of the public and to the confusion of the only *true* competition that is possible in individualized *named* articles—*competition between manufacturers.*

I submit that every competitive manufacturer of such articles should be permitted by Federal law to bind his retailers against Price-Cutting. I submit that such a law, spurring Competition, is more desirable than any number of laws bitting and bridling Monopoly.

And I believe I can show that in other fields of business likewise there is a more instant need of pro-competition than of anti-monopoly legislation.

In the June number Mr. Hard's subject, in the discussion of "Better Business," will be ***The Age of Giants at the Retail Counter.***

RUM

What the organized Pro's and Con's would do about it

Editor's Note—*We have asked the various associations that are nationally organized to maintain some position on the Liquor Question to submit to us a statement of their attitude. Not their supporting arguments; but simply what they stand for, and their program for carrying it out. In the letters that follow, the writers do not uniformly hew to the line of direct statement; occasionally one reaches out for a supporting argument. But at any rate, you will gather from each organization just what it is, and what it wants.*

Next month we shall begin to print facts drawn from the hundreds of letters we have received from our readers. They are remarkable human documents, even when they are not examples of vigorous reasoning. We should like to print all of them. But that, unfortunately, will not be possible. By the way, the last date for mailing contributions to our prize contest is April 30. Still seven days in which to tell us what you know about Rum!

THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE

BY WILLIAM H. ANDERSON

STATE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE OF NEW YORK

THE Anti-Saloon League is not another temperance society, but a league of organizations. It is not designed to supplant or even compete with existing temperance societies but to serve as a basis of union. It frankly admits that such organizations as the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the Prohibition Party made the sentiment which made it possible. Its business is not primarily to create sentiment but to serve as a clearing-house for the effective utilization for immediate results of all the temperance sentiment created by all agencies. It was born in a church and is essentially a church movement, representing the effort of the church to discharge its social responsibility on this question. It is recognized by the churches of most of the leading denominations as an agency for cooperation with the others, and is either the official or the *de facto* representative of more churches, denominations, constituencies, and individuals than ever before marched under a single temperance flag.

It stands for ultimate prohibition, but is practical, seeking to go no farther and no faster than a normal public sentiment will sustain. It turns ideals into issues by bringing up a large part of the conservatives to or near the position first taken by the radicals. It did not declare for a Prohibition

Amendment to the Constitution of the United States until, by winning the more than ten years' fight in the passage of the Webb-Kenyon Inter-State Liquor Shipment Law, drafted by the representatives of the union of forces which it brought about, it had proved that the Christian temperance people, when united upon a reasonable issue, can compel Congress to respond to their wishes and even thrust aside parliamentary obstructions and override the Presidential veto. Then it made its declaration for National Prohibition as the next step in national temperance work, and prohibition became immediately an issue.

The League stands for the largest measure of prohibition which can be secured and held in any particular place at a given time. In some states that is state prohibition. In other states it is local option, which in League parlance always means option to prohibit. In New York it stands for an "Optional Local Prohibition" Bill to prepare the way for ultimate complete prohibition.

The League considers that there are two obstacles to prohibition: (1) IGNORANCE—on the part of individuals as to the demoralizing effect of alcohol on the human system, and of communities as to the economic waste and moral blight of the traffic in it; (2) GREED—of the man who knows the effect but still desires to sell alcoholic liquor for profit, and of the politician who protects the liquor-seller for graft. The first class must be *taught.* The second class must be *fought.* The League, therefore, has a double program of education and of enforcing existing legislation and securing more sweeping and more effective laws.

The League endeavors to secure the best that is possible from existing legislative bodies and to make it safe for their members to represent the moral sentiment of the community. Where a legislative body is not responsive, the League goes back to the people with the proposition that they elect men who represent them. It is omni-partisan as well as inter-denominational. It deals with candidates as individuals and not with parties as such. On law-enforcement it makes no special effort to convict individual offenders, but to develop a public sentiment such that it will be politically safe for officials to enforce the law and dangerous to refuse.

THE NATIONAL WHOLESALE LIQUOR DEALERS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

BY H. J. KALTENBACH, PRESIDENT

THE liquor trade of the United States believes that the traffic should be licensed, regulated, and controlled on a matter-of-fact, not a matter-of-theory, basis, and that the claims of the prohibitionists, who proceed upon the ideal that the American people should use no liquors whatever, should be rejected.

The trade believes that fair consideration of the question has been largely prevented because the public has treated the prohibition agitation as a controversy between the prohibitionists and the trade, and has overlooked its own responsibility for the existence of the traffic and for the regulation of the business.

The trade is convinced that prohibition in the United States has been a failure. Statistics demonstrate that the consumption of liquors has increased ninety per cent. per capita in the past twenty years, despite the large increase of territory nominally under prohibition laws. It points to European countries where there is no prohibition, and yet in recent years there has been a decrease in consumption of liquors.

The trade opposes prohibition of the sale of liquors wherever the sentiment of the people against the sale is not so complete as to prevent disregard of the law. It is opposed on the broadest public grounds to all forms of local option in which communities are controlled contrary to their own local sentiment by voters at a distance, with the result that the licensed and regulated traffic is voted out of existence despite the public demand therefor, and a licentious and unregulated traffic springs up in defiance of law and with the consent of the people.

The trade is convinced that state-wide prohibition has been a failure in every state which has attempted the experiment.

It calls attention to the fact that the prohibition states, aside from their notorious records of illicit production and sale of liquors, have the lowest church membership and highest divorce rates of the country, and that the prohibition states last year had a higher criminal average than the non-prohibition states.

The trade is opposed to national prohibition by constitutional amendment, not only because its great properties now lawfully conducted would be destroyed by constitutional fiat, but because such an amendment to the Constitution would deprive the states of the Union of the right themselves to legislate for the regulation of the liquor traffic; and for the further reason that such an amendment would place in the Constitution a police ordinance stating a rule of personal conduct for the people of the United States and would make the Constitution hated by the mass of citizens who believe in personal freedom and local self-government.

The trade believes that it is impossible to create a moral condition by mere enactment of law. Prohibition has not destroyed nor even lessened the demand of the people for liquors, and the trade therefore believes that between an unlicensed and unregulated free traffic and a licensed traffic which now pays a quarter of a billion in Federal taxes, and great sums in state and local taxes, the people should promptly elect in favor of the licensed and tax-paying trade.

The trade advocates temperance, and believes that temperance can best be secured by individual training and self-restraint rather than by ill-considered laws which the people disregard.

The trade condemns the Anti-Saloon League's announced policy of proscription and political death for all legislators and other public officers who do not unquestioningly subscribe to its plans for prohibition.

The trade believes that the Anti-Saloon League is a political-religious organization so managed and constituted as to hinder practical treatment of the liquor question, and at the same time, by its proscriptive methods and attempted coercion, tends to jeopardize the sound consideration of other great public questions.

THE NATIONAL WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION

BY LILLIAN M. N. STEVENS, PRESIDENT

THE Woman's Christian Temperance Union since its organization in 1874 has always advocated total abstinence for the individual and prohibition for the state and nation. This is our present attitude. The W. C. T. U. believes that prohibition is the logical outcome of total abstinence. We consider that a memorable impetus was given to the prohibition movement in the last moments of the last meeting held in Portland, Maine, September 10, 1911, in the mighty campaign which had been waging for six months on the question of the retention of the Maine constitutional prohibitory amendment. During that campaign it was revealed to us with more emphasis than ever before that, the world around, there was a deep interest in the question of prohibition.

On December 4, 1911, Congressman Richmond Pearson Hobson of Alabama introduced in Congress a joint resolution for National Constitutional Prohibition. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union did not vigorously press the work during 1912, because of the pending Congressional legislation on the measure providing for the Interstate Commerce Protection of prohibition states from outside liquor business.

After Congress adopted this measure as it did in February, 1913, it was unanimously decided at the next National Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which was held last October, that the influence and work of the W. C. T. U. in every locality and every state should be applied toward securing National Constitutional Prohibition.

To this end we have entered upon a great campaign.

Already more than one million people have in public meetings voted in favor of the movement for National Constitutional Prohibition, and resolutions to that effect sent out by the National W. C. T. U. are still coming in and all are to be duly presented to Congress.

Not only the National Woman's Christian

Temperance Union of the United States, but the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union also, which is composed of forty-five nations, at its last Triennial meeting held last October, declared for national and world-wide prohibition.

The W. C. T. U. is anti-liquor making, anti-liquor importing, anti-liquor selling in saloon, hotel, club, public house, private house, on railroad, on shipboard, in the Gothenburg Dispensary, or any other place, by whatsoever name it may be called. We make no distinction between distilled, fermented, and malt liquors.

Inasmuch as nine sovereign states, containing one-sixth of the population of the country, now have state-wide prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, and upward of thirty million people of other states live in localities which have outlawed liquor selling, and seven-tenths of the territory of the country is free from the licensed saloon; inasmuch as revenue from the liquor traffic is not necessary to the financial interest of a state, as is notably shown in Kansas and other prohibition states; inasmuch as science, philanthropy, reform, religion, and the business world are testifying against the liquor traffic—the Woman's Christian Temperance Union takes the position that it has ample reason to believe that within a decade National Constitutional Prohibition will be the law of our land.

THE UNITED STATES BREWERS' ASSOCIATION

BY HUGH F. FOX, SECRETARY

THE United States Brewers' Association stands for the rigid regulation of the retail liquor business, and for strict obedience to the license laws and ordinances. The open saloon presents no difficult problem in municipal administration. It is subject to the same public scrutiny as the cigar-store or the restaurant. Disorderly saloons are the result of over-competition, and have been allowed to develop in places where there has been no definite plan or principle in the granting of licenses.

A saloon license should only be issued as a matter of public convenience. To duplicate the number of saloons that public convenience requires, is as wasteful as paralleling a railroad, with the demoralizing consequence of forcing the superfluous saloon to seek new trade by offering attractions of a doubtful kind. The man who pays a thousand dollars a year for his saloon franchise is entitled to a square deal from the municipality. It isn't a square deal to sell the same franchise twice over, by starting another man in competition next door to him! The best class of saloon-keepers are found in places where a definite licensing system has brought stability to the business.

As Mr. Frank C. Laubach said recently, in the *Survey:* "The saloon, or something which will afford a comradeship as free and democratic, is becoming more indispensable every day." Of course there are disreputable saloons, just as there are disreputable restaurants and ice-cream parlors and other places that are public resorts. And they are the subject of just reproach.

The United States Brewers' Association stands for the betterment of the retail liquor trade in every particular, and its members are fully abreast of the public sentiment which demands that saloons shall be conducted properly. The trade has, in point of fact, initiated many reforms during the past five years. Witness the cooperation of the brewers with the Committee of Fourteen in New York; the elimination of saloon gambling in Texas and other states; the activity of the Brewers' Vigilance Bureau in Ohio; the attitude of the Missouri Brewers' Association in favor of Sunday closing; and of the Wisconsin Brewers' Association in weeding out the places of disrepute. During the last six months all branches of the liquor trade have combined in Pennsylvania to discipline the trade through county organizations, which take the initiative in presenting complaints of misconduct before the Licensing Judges.

The National Retail Liquor-Dealers Association has pledged itself to cooperate in the movement, and a joint committee has been formed, of the brewers, the wholesale liquor-dealers and the retailers, for the purpose of bettering conditions throughout the country. It will welcome the advice and assistance of such bodies as the National

Municipal League, and of local Civic Leagues that are organized for the purpose of promoting good government, but expects no sympathy from the Anti-Saloon League and other bodies of extremists whose purpose is prohibition, and who have no patience with the program of saloon reform.

The problem of alcoholism is, of course, entirely distinct from that of the saloon, but we believe that it is possible to make the saloon itself a real temperance factor. Even now a plan is under way to organize a Temperate Tavern League, to be made up of self-respecting saloonkeepers who will not tolerate abuses.

We believe that real temperance spells moderation, and that no progress can be made by "anti" organizations which ignore human nature, and are totally lacking in the scientific spirit of real research.

THE NATIONAL MODEL LICENSE LEAGUE

BY T. M. GILMORE, PRESIDENT

YOU ask for the attitude of the National Model License League toward what is known as the Liquor Problem, and we would say that we have no faith in prohibition as a matter of principle nor do we regard it as an aid to temperance, and more especially because all of our so-called prohibitory laws provide legal channels through which consumers may supply their wants, and we predict utter failure in the future, as we have in the past, for such legislation whether local, state, or national as a means for reducing the consumption of wine, beer, and whisky.

This prohibition movement destroys the property of the distiller, the brewer, the wholesaler, and lawful retailer; it also destroys vast revenues and it tears communities into pieces, supplanting love with hate.

It is not a fight on the use of liquor, but on those who sell liquor. It could be paralleled by a law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of firearms in a state, but providing that any one wanting a pistol or a gun might secure it from any other state and use it without interference.

This movement is not curtailing the consumption of wine, beer, and whisky, but, on the contrary, it is increasing the use of these commodities, and in these "no-license" states and counties the consumption would seem to be even greater than in the territory where the business is conducted under regulatory laws; but millions are pouring into the coffers of the Anti-Saloon League from men, women, and children, and this organization is undertaking to hold the lash over ministers, judges, governors, legislators, and members of Congress, demanding not thought, nor investigation, but obedience to the mandates of some four or five men who have headquarters in Westerville, Ohio.

Under such conditions the National Model License League, which believes that prohibition is wrong in principle and an impossibility in practise, and which stands for strict regulation, absolute obedience to law, and eternal warfare on intemperance, can only wait until the epidemic has run its course and the people realize that to prohibit the manufacture and sale and not the purchase and use of an article must encourage rather than discourage the use of such an article.

We have referred to this movement as being hysterical, and it is hysterical in many respects, but more particularly because it does not take into account the great question of compensation and the greater question of national honor. If the movement succeeds in a national way billions in properties will be ruthlessly destroyed, as millions have already been destroyed by the states.

The breweries, distilleries, and wineries have been developed by vast capital under the sanction of Federal law and the encouragement of states, communities, and commercial organizations.

Anything short of full compensation in the matter of prohibition would be a blot on our nation's escutcheon that neither time, nor repentance, nor great deeds could wipe away. Prohibition to assume a normal phase must prohibit the use, as well as the manufacture and sale of wine, beer, whisky, and other beverages, and it must also include compensation for all who may suffer financially, including the thousands of laborers thrown out of employment on account of so radical a departure of government from principles that have been recognized and accepted for centuries.

Society must recognize its own persistent demand for wine, beer, whisky, and other beverages, a demand that has enormously increased the annual consumption of liquors in the eighteen years since the present prohibition wave began its destructive sweep.

THE NATIONAL PLATFORM OF THE PROHIBITION PARTY

THE Prohibition Party of the United States of America in convention at Atlantic City, N. J., July 11, 1912, recognizing God as the source of all governmental authority, makes the following declaration of principles:

The alcoholic drink traffic is wrong, the most serious drain upon the nation's wealth and resources, detrimental to the general welfare, destructive of the inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and, therefore, all laws taxing or licensing a traffic that produces crime, poverty, and political corruption and spreads disease and death should be repealed. To destroy such a traffic there must be elected to power a political party which will administer the government from the standpoint that the alcoholic drink traffic is a crime and not a business, and we pledge that the manufacture, importation, exportation, transportation, and sale of alcoholic beverages shall be prohibited.

THE NATIONAL RETAIL LIQUOR-DEALERS ASSOCIATION

By M. F. FARLEY, PRESIDENT

IT WAS Abraham Lincoln who said in one of his temperance speeches: "It is true that even then it was known and acknowledged that many were greatly injured by it; but none seemed to think the injury arose from the *use of a bad thing, but from the abuse of a very good thing.*" And further be it known that the legalization of the Liquor Traffic in this country took place when Abraham Lincoln signed the Internal Revenue Law of 1862, placing a tax on liquor and prescribing for the regulation of its manufacture, in order to raise funds for the defense of the country.

The saloon exists:

First:—To supply the craving of human nature;

Second:—In order that the supply may be regulated and controlled. The saloon, as it exists to-day, is just what the people make it and the officers of the law permit.

Drive through the streets of any of our metropolitan cities and you can tell the character of the neighborhood that you are in by the saloons—and the names over the doors.

The saloons or gilded palaces in the aristocratic sections are there because the people demand them. The German saloon exists in the German neighborhood; the Polish, Italian, and others are located in which people of those nationalities live, and they demand these places. The dive saloons, if any, are located where the criminal classes reside and are permitted to exist by the grace of the police powers. A dive saloon has no more chance to exist where the "gilded palace" belongs than the gilded palace could exist where the conditions demand the "dive."

The saloon exists because the people demand it. No one is stationed on the outside to force people into these places. They go in of their own free will and accord. It is estimated that the number of persons that pass in and out of the saloons, in any city or village, in the course of a week, will equal the population. Therefore there must be a demand for saloons.

Remove the demand, and the saloon will go out of business without the assistance of any law.

Mail your letter for the Rum series not later than April 30

IN LOVE

by

FRANK LEON SMITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WARRANT PRYOR

MR. ALFIE LARKIN tucked his revolver under his left arm, took a cigarette from the silver box on the table, hung it carelessly between his lips, and lit it, carefully shielding the match flare behind his palms. A few long puffs satisfied him that it was a good cigarette. He placed a handful of its fellows in his pocket, then picked up his electric flash-lamp, gripped his revolver, and renewed his inspection of Mr. Matthew Searles's studio apartments.

The moon, shining weird and ghostly through the big skylight, enabled him to avoid the sprawling easels, chairs, and tables, and he moved as quietly as the shadow of a June cloud. Mr. Larkin could stroll across the keyboard of a piano without instigating a sound wave, so talented were his feet. But for the filmy swirl of smoke from his cigarette, it would have seemed that he had ceased to breathe. His was a profession that frowns on noise, and anyhow he was so considerate of his unwitting hosts that he hated to disturb their slumber.

Had you seen Mr. Larkin on the street you would have said that his business hours were of the conventional nine-to-five variety. There was nothing in his appearance ordinarily to indicate that his working day was from midnight to four A. M. A well set-up young man in taxpayers' attire, neat, well pressed, and brushed—he seemed in no way different from an insurance solicitor, book-agent, landlord, or other men whose duty it is to pay many visits and come away with more than they had when they started out. But over his eyes to-night was a long pair of automobile goggles with amber windows of isinglass, in each of which was cut a small cross. Through the intersection of these cross-slits he could see perfectly, while enjoying the incognito benefits of the broad amber panes.

There was music in his soul—sad, melancholy music, and he sang a plaintive little strain as he flitted about the studio; but he sang safely under his breath. He had never happened to call on an artist before, and the strangeness of the big studio with its top light caught his fancy. The canvases bearing the name Matthew Searles interested him for a time. He even stopped his song for a moment as he inspected an October landscape. But inasmuch as he stood within a few inches of the painting, the broad brush-strokes appeared raw and crude. He resumed his song and passed on, wondering idly that a mature male should waste valuable time painting such a daub.

Quite unconscious of the judgment passed on his masterpiece, Mr. Matthew Searles slumbered peacefully in an inner room. Mr. Searles had his own ideas of the luxury of sleep. To prevent the morning light from awakening him before he was ready to get up, he was accustomed to wind a black silk muffler over his eyes upon retiring. Thus he overlapped night on day.

When Mr. Larkin, in the course of his

WHENEVER POSSIBLE HE READ ALL THE PERSONAL LETTERS THAT LAY HANDY. "NEVER CAN TELL WHAT I MIGHT TURN UP IN A LETTER," HE REASONED.

tour, entered Mr. Searles's bedroom and beheld the black bandage round the sleeper's head, he was properly startled. For a moment he was ready to get out as quickly as possible, thinking that a brother burglar had preceded him and had been rough with the owner of the place. Then, when he saw that the muffler was a blinder and not a gag, he stifled a guffaw. This was too easy. Mr. Searles was breathing softly, regularly, in calm, dreamless slumber, and could be relied upon to keep the peace for hours.

Systematically Mr. Larkin inventoried all the pawn-worthy articles in the room. When he came to the artist's writing-desk he paused and stared reflectively at the mass of papers and letters. Curiosity was a weakness with Mr. Larkin. He found almost as much pleasure in feasting his eyes on the infinite, ever-varying miscellany of possessions in the homes of his hosts as he did in selecting and appropriating the most valuable of such articles as were portable. And, whenever possible, he read all the personal letters that lay handy. "Never can tell what I might turn up in a letter," he reasoned.

Several letters written in feminine hand on heavy blue stationery caught his eye. He glanced at Mr. Searles and saw that sleep still claimed him. Softly he switched on the shaded lamp over his desk. Then he seated himself and picked up a blue-tinted note. The reading matter proved interesting to him. He scanned the note swiftly, caught up a second, and unfolded it. His next move was to rummage about the desk and produce a pencil and a clean sheet of note-paper. Laboriously he copied certain passages from the letters. Again he glanced at Mr. Searles, and as he was about to resume his work he noticed an unfinished epistle, crumpled and discarded, on the floor. Smoothing out its folds he spread it before him. A frown creased his forehead. He dropped the letter and stared at the sleeper for a few moments.

Then, walking swiftly to the bed, he prodded the artist in the ribs with his revolver. Mr. Searles awoke with a start.

"What does r-e-c—" Mr. Larkin began; but Mr. Searles sat up suddenly and attempted to tear the bandage from his head.

"Steady, George," Mr. Larkin soothed, as he rested the muzzle of his revolver on the other's cheek, that its cold periphery might be appreciated. "What does r-e-c-i-p-r-o-c-a-t-e mean?"

Mr. Searles had never before been awakened in the early watches of the morning for the purpose of defining a word for an unbidden guest.

"What the devil!" he sputtered, and again raised his hands to the bandage.

"Nix—nix," counseled Mr. Larkin sternly. "Be nice, George, and you won't get hurt. Don't start anything you can't go through with. Now leave the blinder be and answer me, what does that word mean?"

"Say, who in blazes are you?" demanded Mr. Searles.

"Hawkshaw, the detective," Mr. Larkin returned facetiously.

"Are you trying to kid me?" demanded Mr. Searles.

"No, indeed," was the calm reply, and Mr. Larkin sat down on the bed.

The artist was in a quandary. If this visitor was one of his pals, playing a practical joke, it would never do to appear impressed. On the other hand, if a burglar was sitting on his bed, and held a loaded gun, why, politeness was the only open course. He decided to bluff it out until he learned something of the visitor's identity.

"Beat it, Sam," he growled drowsily, and dropped back on the pillows. "Take off that beard. We all know you."

"Huh?" inquired Mr. Larkin.

"Toddle along home, Sammy, before I get peeved. I'll get sore at you in a minute, busting in on my sleep this way."

"Haw-haw!" chortled Mr. Larkin.

His accents were quite strange to the artist, who experienced a bottomless feeling at the pit of his stomach.

"What can I do for you?" he asked as calmly as possible.

"You can tell me what that word means, George."

"My friend, you have made a mistake in the address. Mr. Webster lives just around the corner. You can buy his book at any——"

Again Mr. Larkin rested his revolver against the artist's cheek. "That little circle ain't the letter O, same as you find in 'nothing'. Neither is it the hole in a doughnut," he said roughly. "What you feel on your phiz is the cold iron gums of a beautiful, blued-steel gat. With this wepping I've often shot the teeth out of a flea at fifty yards."

Mr. Searles shivered. "Remove the weapon," he said nervously. "I prefer that you confine your dental work to insects."

"You've got some hoss sense, George," commented Mr. Larkin, as he lowered the gun.

"My name isn't George," said Mr. Searles testily.

"What is it then?"

"None of your business," returned Mr. Searles, and his jaw bulged belligerently.

"Aw say," said Mr. Larkin aggrievedly, "that ain't any way to talk. Tell me, Old Timer, what'll I call you?"

So ingenuous were his tones that Mr. Searles grinned in spite of himself. "My name is Matthew, if you insist on talking to me in addition to smashing into my place," he said.

"All right, Matt. Now tell me what does that word mean?"

"First tell me to whom I am speaking," asked Mr. Searles, who was beginning to feel more at ease.

"Alfie is the name they generally sing out at meal-time. I'm a big, husky Russian with a long red beard."

"Very well, Alfie. Now what was the word you refer to?"

"R-e-c-i-p-r-o-c-a-t-e."

"What?" queried Matthew, pretending not to understand.

Alfie spelled it out again, and yet again before it dawned on him that he was being joshed. Then he laughed softly. "All right, Matt, you don't have to tell me if you don't want to. Oh, mebbe you'd like to know I'm setting your blankets afire," he announced, and, drawing his thumb across the straw matting, he produced a sound something similar to that which accompanies the scratching of a match.

"Hey!" cried Matthew. "Don't do that!"—and he sat up quickly.

"Steady, old top. I won't burn you up this time. Now come through with the info."

"Reciprocate? Let me see," said Matthew reflectively. "Well, if I came into your room at two A. M., dug you in the ribs, held a knife against your throat, and asked you what interchange meant, and scared you stiff, that would be reciprocity. I would be said to reciprocate."

"Huh?" queried Alfie.

"If you went away from here without stealing anything, and I refrained from setting the police on your trail, that would be reciprocity. To reciprocate means to make a fair exchange, to return the favor and so on."

"O-h-h," said Alfie, with a long, slow nod; "I see."

Bending forward to catch the light from the lamp over the desk, he finished reading the letter containing the word which had puzzled him. Matthew, resting comfortably on the pillows, wondered what his mysterious visitor was doing. At length Alfie dropped the letter to the floor.

"Matt, you're in love, I see," he said suddenly.

Matthew's mouth flew open. Then he blushed to the southernmost edge of the bandage. "How do you know?" he asked, with an embarrassed grin.

"You've got five pictures of the same queen hanging on the wall," returned Alfie simply.

"Don't you think she's a peach?" demanded Matthew eagerly, as he raised himself on one elbow.

"H-m-m. Y—e—s," admitted Alfie.

"Well, if there is any doubt about it, take a look at that big profile view hanging by the window!" cried Matthew hotly. "Just turn on the light and look, that's all."

"There, now, steady, Matt. She sure is some girl," said Alfie soothingly.

"You bet she is—one in a thousand—one in a million, I mean. She's different, that's all. She has more personality to the square inch——"

"Are you going to marry her?" Alfie interrupted.

Matthew sighed. "I—er—er have just had a quarrel," he faltered.

"Is the stuff all off?"

"Well—both of us are pretty stubborn"—Matthew began.

"Ar—r-r-rh!" Alfie broke in. "It was your own fault, wasn't it?"

"No!" said Matthew positively, and then: "Oh well, I don't know. She misunderstood something I wrote in a letter and thought I meant there was another girl, and when I attempted to explain—hang it, you can't get anywhere in a letter! It just makes matters worse. And I read so blamed much between the lines——"

"Huh?" queried Alfie.

"Why, I imagine things in a letter that aren't there—leap at conclusions, you see."

"Ehyeh," said Alfie, and was silent for a moment. "Why don't you see your lady-friend and tell her the real dope?" he asked finally.

"That's a good idea," Matthew burst out. "But I don't know; it would look as if I admitted I was in the wrong if I——"

"Say," Alfie interrupted, "after all this chatter, you really expect to marry the girl, don't you? Five years from now you think—somewhere in the back of your bean—that this kid will be your wife, don't you?"

"Yes," Matthew confessed.

"Well, why don't you chop all these two-cent grouches and use some sense?" Alfie demanded.

"I guess you're right, Alfie," said Matthew slowly. "Well, the whole trouble is her folks. They've got all kinds of money, and they think that an artist is next door to being a hobo."

"Ar-r-rh—you ain't going to marry the whole family, are you?" asked Alfie contemptuously.

"You're right, I'm not, Alfie," Matthew declared. "I don't care a rap about them, but for the girl's sake——"

"Does she seem to—wait a minute—er—er—re-ciprocate?" Alfie stumbled.

"I think she really cares for me as much as I do for her," said Matthew soberly, "but confound it, Alfie, I can't take her away from a luxurious home, and—well, I earn a fair amount of money, but it will be a long time before I can give her half the nice things she has now. As a matter of fact, I have never satisfied myself that I can earn my own living right along, to say nothing of assuming the additional expenses—I say, Alfie, it's a pretty serious proposition, the way times are now. But somehow I have always had the feeling that if she would marry me I would dig in and work like a fiend with the sky for a limit. She is the only girl I've ever met who has any understanding of my game, or any appreciation for it. She is—" etc., etc., for five minutes.

Alfie listened attentively. At length he broke in on Matthew's discourse to ask: "Did you draw those pictures out in the big room?"

"Yes—painted them, you mean."

"Do you get real money for 'em?"

"That's how I win my bread."

"How much coin do you think you ought to have before you get married?"

"Well, I used to think that a fellow should have three or four thousand dollars at the very least, but now I've got the idea that if he really cares for the girl, and she cares for him, they should start in right away with what he happens to have."

Alfie seemed deeply impressed. For a moment he was silent. Then he rose from the bed and emptied his pockets of a collection of Matthew's possessions. Dusting his hands softly, he resumed his seat.

"Matt," he began, "you ought to go out and marry that kid before she gets away from you."

"Alfie, I believe you're right," Matthew declared.

"You've got a cinch 'side of the outfit I'm stacked up against," Alfie went on. "But I'm wise to one thing now. If you can make a living painting pictures, I can pull through at my regular trade and—I'm an electrician when I'm home," he concluded suddenly.

"Yes?" Matthew inquired, as he raised himself on one elbow.

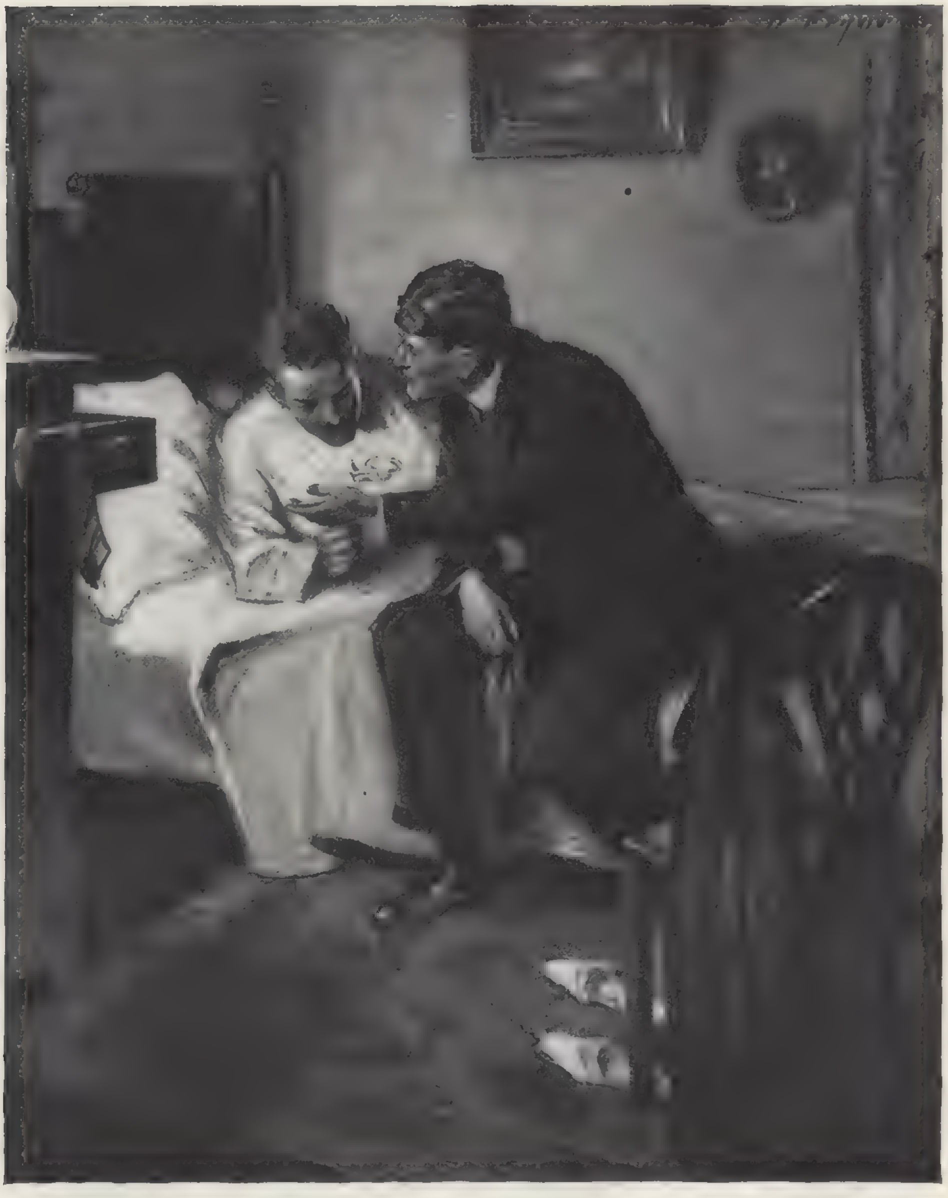
"Sure. No one has got anything on me. No one knows but what little Alfie is snug in the hay right now. Anyhow, my kid is sore at me because I didn't write to her the other day. But I never know what to say in a letter—that's why I fell down on the job. Believe me, Matt, it won't happen again. I'm always on the lookout for soft stuff to write down. I'll be able to throw out a pretty good letter yet. Anyhow, her old man has a grouch on me, because he can see how things are between her and me, and he wants his girl to marry some geek with a wad of bank fruit."

"What do you care about him?" Matthew demanded.

"The old man? Him? Arr-rh—why, if I ever land a good one on his dome they'll have to dig my fist out with a cold chisel. Only, y'see, he owns the bar at the corner of—well, never mind, but he takes in a mint of money over the mahogany every day. Why, he has to put in a new brass foot-rail every month, they get wore out that fast. Anyhow, the kid has everything she wants and I——"

"Well, you don't want to marry all her family, do you?" asked Matthew.

"Cert'nly not. But don't y'see, her old



"LOOK AT THAT," HE SAID EXCITEDLY, AS HE THRUST THE WATCH NEAR MATTHEW'S NOSE. "CLASS, EH, WOT?"

man is a pretty big noise, ownin' a bar and——"

"Does she care for you?"

"I'm pretty sure she does, yes—I know blamed well she does," said Alfie earnestly.

"Are you sure she is the right girl for you? Does she take any interest in your work—er, your work as an electrician?"

"You bet she does!" said Alfie enthusiastically. "Why, she knows I've got ideas in the back of my bean—she calls me the Boy Inventor. Why, she's different from all the rest—there ain't another one on the map like her."

"Well, Alfie, why don't you marry her?"

"I'm going to," said Alfie quickly. "Wait a second——"

He pushed his goggles up on his forehead, yanked out his watch, pried open the back, and then tore the black muffler from Matthew's head.

"Look at that!" he said excitedly, as he thrust the watch near Matthew's nose. "Class, eh wot?"

Matthew rubbed his eyes and gazed at the picture of a very pretty girl that was pasted in the back of the watch.

"H-m-mm, y-e-s," he slowly admitted.

THE WAY OF IT

BY

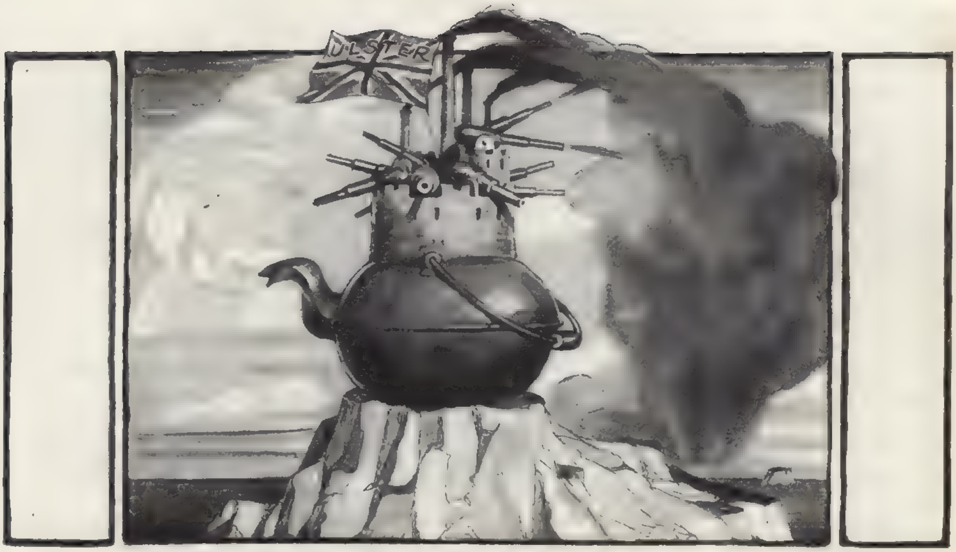
MARY NORMILE

CAME riding by, one merry morn,
Fine with the pride and pomp of May,
Heralds, who shrilled on silver horn,
"My Lord Love rides! make way!"

I thrust peach-blossoms in my braids,
I waved a crimson branch on high,
Trilled a tune I learned of happy maids—
But Lord Love passed me by.

The wet winds beat against my thatch,
A gray sky frowned above,
When one laid hand upon my latch,
Crying, "Open, it is Love."

I let him in; my hearth was cold;
I thought, he will not bide a day.
"Relight your fires, sweet, as of old,
For Love has come to stay."



The TROUBLE with ULSTER

The only Objection to Home Rule—Answered

by

G·K·CHESTERTON

Editor's Note: *Here is Mr. Chesterton's interpretation of the Home Rule situation in Ireland. He has cabled it to us in response to our cable asking for a short, quick comment. Despite the necessary haste, the article is in Chesterton's best vein. In order to relieve him of historical and explanatory details, we have had Mr. Joseph Edgar Chamberlin review the events leading up to the present revolt in Ulster. Mr. Chamberlin is a trained observer and brilliant writer, and the Irish imbroglio is a subject thoroughly familiar to him. These two articles, by two distinguished authorities, will give you a clear picture and a keen analysis of a great crisis that is just now at its climax.*

FOREWORD BY JOSEPH EDGAR CHAMBERLIN

THE world is looking on at a great change, a great readjustment, in the mother-land of constitutional government.

This British crisis is evident in several remarkable circumstances.

One of these circumstances was the resignation of several British army officers because they had been ordered, or feared that they would be ordered, to move with their troops in a manner to coerce the province of Ulster.

Another circumstance is the open warning by the leaders of the great conservative party in England that they will countenance and perhaps assist armed resistance to a bill giving Home Rule to Ireland, if that bill is passed and includes Ulster.

Another circumstance is the persistence of the House of Lords in rejecting a bill which three times in succession has been passed by the House of Commons by a large majority.

Another is the threat of the minority party in the House of Commons (but the majority party in the House of Lords) to attempt a revival of the King's veto, dead since the reign of Queen Anne.

Finally, as a most surprising and serious symptom, we have the signing by more than a hundred thousand men in the province of Ulster, of this covenant or oath:

"Being convinced in our consciences that Home Rule would be disastrous to the material well-being of Ulster, as well as of the whole of Ireland, subversive of our civil and religious feeling, destructive of our citizenship, and perilous to the unity of the Empire, we whose names are underwritten, men of Ulster, loyal subjects of His Majesty King George V., humbly relying on the God whom our fathers in days of stress and trial confidently trusted, do hereby pledge ourselves in solemn covenant, throughout this our time of threatened calamity, to stand by one another in defending for ourselves and our children our cherished position of equal citizenship in the United Kingdom, and in using all means which may be found necessary to defeat the present conspiracy to set up a Home Rule Parliament in Ireland. And in the event of such a Parliament being thrust upon us, we further solemnly and mutually pledge ourselves to resist its authority. In sure confidence that God will defend the right, we hereto subscribe our names. And further we individually declare that we have not already signed this covenant."

In obedience to this oath, the covenanters have organized, equipped, and partially armed a force of more than eighty thousand volunteers, commanded by men who have been officers in the British Service.

This extraordinary situation has come about in this way:

Ever since the old Irish Parliament voted for the union of Ireland with England, in 1800, by what the historian W. E. H. Lecky called the most enormous corruption in the history of representative institutions, the majority of Irishmen have set themselves against the union as hard as they could, by rebellious attempts now and then, by agitation for the repeal of the Act of Union, by agitation for Home Rule with a new Parliament for Ireland.

They have been getting nearer and nearer to Home Rule all the time, as it was apparent that they must do when the Catholics were emancipated in 1829, and as it became still more apparent that they must do when Ireland finally, under Parnell's leadership, organized its Home Rule sentiment into a solid block of members in the House of Commons, governed wholly by the interest of Ireland, and turning their vote from one side to the other in return for support for Home Rule.

No cabinet can govern in Great Britain without a majority in the House, and it may become practically impossible to get or keep such a majority without the assistance of the Irish party.

All this England has threshed out in several parliaments, and a government favorable to Home Rule has hung on with a majority of not less than 126 in the House of Commons for the last eight years. Home Rule seemed certain, even at the cost of "reforming" the House of Lords.

THE ULSTER IRISH

But, at this stage, enter Ulster.

Who are the Ulsterites?

They claim to be a separate people from the other Irish. Undoubtedly they are of another "nationality." They are descendants of Scotch and English settlers in the extreme northeast of Ireland. Native Irish were displaced from the land to settle them there. Irish were also displaced elsewhere in the country; but the English who came in farther south and west were everywhere amalgamated with the real Irish.

In Ulster, it has been different. The Colonists swept up the land very clean of the native Irish in the first place. They were mostly Scotch Presbyterians, and retained the full rigor of their faith. They received certain government favors which had the effect of making them rich, while the other Irish became poorer. Nobody denies this. Their linen industry was encouraged by British legislation, because England had practically no linen industry, whereas all other manufacturing industries in Ireland were in effect suppressed.

The Protestant Ulsterites have kept distinct from the rest of the Irish. They preponderate in four only of the nine counties of Ulster. They preponderate in four only of the thirty-two Irish counties—that is to say, in one-eighth of the counties of Ireland.

But in relative wealth, man for man, they are far ahead of the regular Irish, and politically they are not exactly as one-eighth to seven-eighths, but rather as one-fifth to four-fifths; for the Unionists—the Irish party that does not want Home Rule—have eighteen members of the House of Commons to eighty-five Nationalists—the Irish party supporting Home Rule.

These Ulsterites are not only a very thrifty, but a very tenacious, people. Their position as a fighting remnant always has intensified this quality in them.

Their leader, Sir Edward Carson, put it this way in a speech which he delivered in May, 1913: "Our right to remain citizens under the Imperial Parliament is a right that is a vital one, and, in the words of President Lincoln, it justifies and gives us a moral right to do anything that is necessary, even to the use of force."

But the Nationalists, the Home Rulers, the great Irish majority, the seven-eighths of the country of Ireland, declare that they do not want to reduce the Ulstermen's rights in any way. They say that they could not, under the Home Rule bill, oppress Ulster if they wished to, because the army and navy would remain in the hands of the English, and the police and education would be administered by the provinces.

So here the question stood, with Ulster organizing resistance, and the Liberal government going on with its preparations to enact Home Rule in spite of the House of Lords, when the storm of the officers' resignation and the tangle in the Cabinet came during the last days of March.

The government ordered certain movements of troops in the direction of Belfast. These movements it declared to be "of a precautionary character, intended to give additional protection to stores of arms which were scattered about the country." This was taken by the Ulsterites and the Conservatives of England to be a movement against Ulster itself of a coercive nature. The word went abroad that there was an intention to arrest the Ulster leaders. Unionists believed that the crisis had come. And then certain army officers, of strong anti-Home Rule proclivities, began to resign. General Gough, commander of the Third brigade, and many officers of that brigade, threw up their commissions; though General Gough and other officers afterward withdrew their resignations and were reinstated.

From what then came out at London, it appeared that the Liberal leaders had taken fright. It looked as if the army were about to be totally disrupted. The government really went so far as to inquire what army officers in Ireland were residents of Ulster when at home, with a view to excusing them from service there; and one member of the government, Colonel Seely, Secretary for War, exceeded the warrant which he had received from his colleagues in giving assurances to the rebellious officers. His resignation has proved him out of harmony with his associates. He has paid the penalty of over-officiousness. In consequence of the entanglement, Field Marshal Sir John French, Chief of the General Staff, resigned his commission, emphasizing the "revolt" of the army.

King George was accused in Parliament of forcing the minority's apparent surrender to the officers. This was a false rumor. The Liberals acquit the King of all attempt to interfere. In this direction the British constitution is not jarred.

THE LEADERS

The immediate storm was stilled by the resignation of Colonel Seely, and by Mr. Asquith's ready assumption of the portfolio of war. Mr. Asquith has chivalrously gone before his constituency, to be reelected without doubt, and at this writing the Liberal government seems stronger than ever.

And now the battle is resumed in Parliament and before the country. What about the men who are fighting it? The thing which counts, which prevails, in such a crisis is the substance of which men are made.

As we look at the Parliamentary battle from America, the great coalition, consisting of the Liberal, the Nationalist, and the Labor leaders, appears to have a decided advantage in ability over the Opposition leaders—the English Conservatives and the Irish Unionists.

No Disraeli, no Salisbury, no Balfour even, leads the Conservative party now. Mr. Balfour is still there, but he has no mind for leadership. Mr. Bonar Law, Opposition leader in the House of Commons, does not command a particle of enthusiasm. The Ulster men have a monopoly of the enthusiasm, and their leader, Sir Edward Carson, is the strongest Conservative.

The Liberals, Nationalists, and Labor men are more fortunate. They have a galaxy of able men. Mr. Asquith is not very magnetic, not very popular, but he is a powerful debater and a sagacious man, closely knit intellectually and morally. Lloyd George is of a more fiery type—a Welshman, radical, audacious, eloquent, offering the English people the greatest prize that has ever been dangled before their eyes in his scheme for the settlement of the people on the unused lands and deer parks of the nobility. There is Lord Haldane, lawyer and scholar, clever, far-seeing; Sir Edward Grey, another man of the old Whig type, but very able, highly respected; Lord Morley, a literary man of the first consequence, a thinker, and eloquent too; there is John Redmond, the irresistible leader of the Irish, clever, democratic, supple but determined; and among the Laborites, strong elemental men like John Ward, J. Keir Hardie, Ramsay MacDonald, Philip Snowden. These are men earnest in what they believe and what they do.

What can they do now? It is upon the threshold of this something-that-must-be-done that the nation now stands. It looks as if the wagon of compromise, pushed on and on for generations by the patient British politicians, had reached an *impasse* at last. Ireland will not have less than Home Rule. Ulster will not have Home Rule. English conservatism has taken deep alarm at the menace to the House of Lords and to the aristocratic tenure of the land.

How compromise now?

But the genius of the British race for compromise is appalling. This compromise offers at the moment: "devolution," or local self-government—Federation, perhaps, with England under an English parliament, where Scotch and Welsh Radicals and Irish Nationalists will no longer menace. England does not want to throw Ulster overboard, and at present insists upon an Ulster parliament too. But England may, for England's sake, make a Federal compromise that will leave Ulster on the wrong side of Ulster's fence.

WHAT MR. CHESTERTON THINKS ABOUT IT

WORDSWORTH, in one of those two or three great, touching phrases by which alone he saved himself from being seen forever as an old fool in blue spectacles, said something like this—that it is the gratitude of men, not their ingratitude, that really brings tears to the eyes.

It is very much the same with international sentiment between nations. They say that each nation despises every other nation. It seems to me each nation respects every other nation far too much. At any rate each takes other nations much too seriously. There are American millionaires whom hardly anybody will speak to in America who are received like royal potentates when they land in England. There are artists who have come near criminal prosecution in England who can lecture to enthusiastic audiences in America.

And this is not a stain on human nature. It is one of the few rags of real splendor that human nature has hanging to it still. Every real patriot exaggerates the power of the foreigner. Every fighting man overrates his adversary unless he has squared off with him.

It is this difficulty I have always felt in approaching the problem of Ireland. It is this problem I feel even more when I attempt to explain it to America.

There is only one argument against Home Rule. I do not think any one has ever mentioned it before. I doubt whether any one will ever mention it again. For I shall suggest it in this article and smash it in this article long before ordinary political papers have suggested it. The one and only argument against Home Rule is that a parliament has ceased to be an instrument of public liberty. All other arguments are in the intellectual dust-bin.

The old English aversion to a parliament on College Green rested on two complete ideas. It was their misfortune that they were complete mistakes. The first was that Catholicism was something that must soon fade off the face of the earth, like cannibalism. The second was Belfast: the black prosperity of the industrial system must spread over the ancient Irish provinces as it has spread in my own country over provinces in the Midlands and the North. Modern smoke has rolled over Northumbria and Mercia and Strathclyde. They thought it would roll as readily over Ulster and Munster and Connaught. They were wrong. There was in these places a permanent resistance.

The brute fact is this: Belfast has not bred any suburbs. Sydney Smith said Brighton Pavilion looked as if St. Paul's Cathedral had come down and littered; but Belfast has never littered. There is no place like it in Ireland. There never will be.

NO RELIGION TO FIGHT FOR

All that sort of opposition to Home Rule no longer exists. The cheap Irishman of the old numbers of *Punch*, who looked like a chimpanzee, no longer exists. I mean he no longer exists in *Punch*. Of course he never existed anywhere else. Also, religious bigotry is dead, which I deeply regret. Belfast would have an absolute right to fight for its religion but for the unfortunate fact that it has no religion to fight for. We all remember the story of the Orangeman who was asked by a rather refined High Church curate to give on his death-bed some sign that he died in the Christian faith, and who used his last lungs to cry, "To hell with the Pope!"

I should never object to that. I should rather doubt whether the Pope would object to it. It was real religion as far as it went; but a religion is only real as long as it is believed. The Orangeman had no more theological right to damn a pope than Dante had, but they both did it. What is vital to our discussion is this—that all that religion is dead in Belfast exactly as it is dead in Birmingham.

I don't mean that they believe in anybody else's religion: I simply mean that they don't believe in their own religion. I have not the faintest objection to their saying "To hell with the Pope!" I have not the faintest objection to their not believing in the Pope. I only point out this pertinent fact, that they do not believe in hell any more than they believe in the Pope, and therefore that pontiff is, logically speaking, pretty safe after all.

In other words, the religious quarrel of North Ireland is really dead; the racial quarrel never existed; but the remains of the fact and fiction are still formidable, because the one very vivid democracy which will challenge us to tread on the tail of a coat will still challenge us to tread on the tail of a question. The religion of Belfast is as dead as a man in his coffin, but the Irish are liable to be lively even about a man in his coffin. I think their word for it is "wake," and it is a very important wake just now. In the existing condition of our country it is extremely difficult to wake up the living, and we want something to wake the dead.

I repeat, there is only one argument against a parliament at Dublin. That is the argument against a parliament at Westminster or a parliament anywhere else. It is that we are giving back to the Irish an old, spiked, useless gun. It is that we are doing some such thing as we did when we surrendered our claim to our French possessions long after we had ceased to have any possessions, let alone any claim to them. It is as if we sent suffragettes to France to dispute the Salic law that existed in the Middle Ages. It is as if we sent Socialists to Palestine to pick up all possible traces of the unquestionably communal system of Moses. In short, a parliament is like a heavy horse-pistol—it is simply a nuisance to the modern man. This is the only intelligent objection to Home Rule that anybody ever thought of.

THE ONE OBJECTION

I thought of it, and it is wrong. The real answer to this real objection—the only real answer to this the only real objection—is that there is no alternative to a parliament in Dublin. The nearest thing I can think of would be a real king in Ulster, with a real red hand which grew redder in battle, and a real shield blazoned with it, which he carried in battle. But even then he would have to be an O'Neill, which might be a nuisance.

Some time ago a small tin shed which happened to be opposite a small chapel in the suburbs of London placarded itself suddenly as a pagan temple. It said it wanted to "continue the work of Penda"—a chieftain violent in his time and essentially invisible in ours, who happened to be the last heathen prince in England—which, by the way, did not then exist. The project of reviving the really romantic royalty of Ulster is one which I abandon with reluctance. I quote from memory what always seemed to me the spirited start of a ballad told me by a Catholic priest:

'Twas a day full of sorrow for Ulster
  When Connor Mackessor went forth
To war with the tribesmen of Connaught,
  That came to take spoil from the North.
For they brought him back out of the battle,
  Scarce better than one that was dead,
With the brainball of some one or other
  Three-fourths driven into his head.

I do not know what "brainball" was. I rather suppose it was some cannibal kind of thing; but if brainball was anything in any way resembling a brain, I most warmly wish the Ulsterman of to-day could get even three-fourths of it driven into his head. I think it would fill a vacancy. I think it would supply a long-felt want. For the real fact which the Orangeman will not face is the fact I have stated—there is no alternative to a parliament in Dublin.

There is now no kingdom, no clan, no hierarchy that can dispute the authority of the great place where Grattan sat. If St. Patrick could govern Ireland it might be a theocracy; if Lord Edward Fitzgerald could govern Ireland it might be a monarchy; if Jim Larkin governed Ireland there might even be a chance of its being a democracy. As it is, Ireland must be ruled by a modern constitutional parliament, and I'll never deny that it is a disgusting doom. But still, putting it at its very worst, there is nothing else but Home Rule.

Even supposing party government appeared in Dublin, it is still apparently a choice between that and the party government which can not be dislodged at Westminster. A man may distrust parliaments and representative institutions. Rousseau distrusted them. Walt Whitman distrusted them. Cobbett distrusted them. Rochefort and Déroulède distrusted them. But any of them would have agreed to this—that a native parliament would be better than a foreign parliament, just as a native tyrant would be better than a foreign tyrant.

To put the matter perfectly plainly, we have to choose between whether a distinguished and very dangerous race is to be ruled by its own parliament, which must rule it as best it can; or whether it shall be ruled by an English parliament, which has plainly proved that it can't.

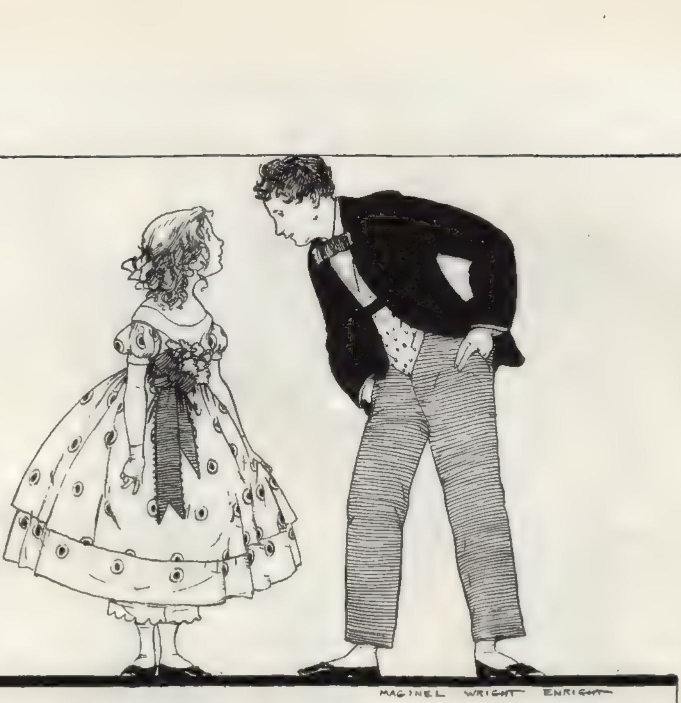
On any showing, there is at this moment much more chance that the Irish parliament might do its duty than that the English parliament ever will. I am a perfectly sincere English patriot, and I say it with a groan. Charles Dickens said in a passage that should be better known, that he hoped to make all men despise parliament as much as he did. He said so although he was a democrat, or rather because he was a democrat; but on any theory there is nothing any intelligent man could fear in a Dublin parliament which he does not simply submit to in the Westminster parliament. At the worst it would be as bad as Westminster. It could not be worse. It would probably be better, because Irishmen interrupt parliamentary debates and prove their sincerity by forgetting whether they are in the gallery or not.

THE PASSING OF KINGS

But the whole question comes back to that. There is a choice between a parliament and a parliament. There is a choice between a native parliament and an alien parliament. And I can form no conception of the mind of that man who can think it would be better to be ruled by an alien king. But the kings have been exiled—I will not now dispute whether rightly or wrongly. I am very much of a Jacobite and also very much of a Jacobin; but the kings are in exile and they will not return. There is no king of Ulster. Neither is there any king of England.

I will let you into a secret even further: there is no king of Italy; there is no king of Spain; there are no kings alive. The French Revolution killed them forever.

But there are nations alive, and every nation must be a republic unless it is to be a riot. And I say quite seriously that among the nations on earth I know no nation so likely to rule itself well as the Irish.

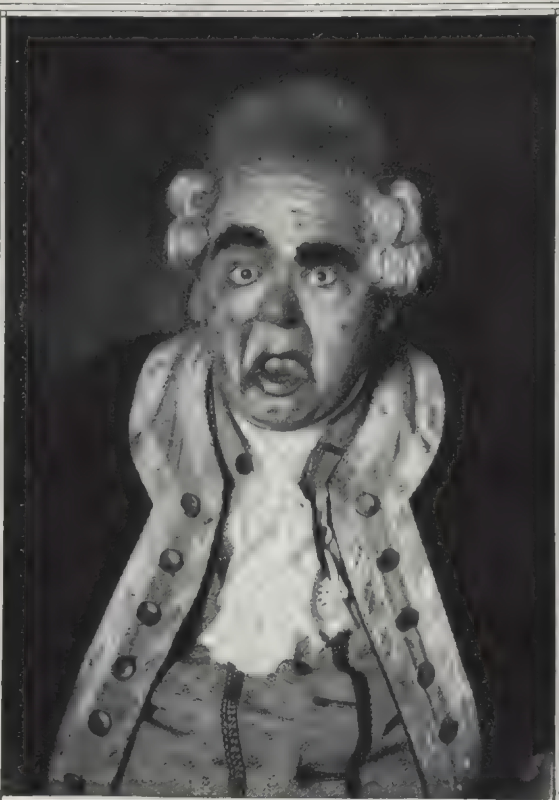


CARNATIONS

by MARGARET WIDDEMER

CARNATIONS and my first love! And he was seventeen,
And I was only twelve years—a stately gulf between!
I bought them on the morning the school-dance was to be,
To pin among my ribbons in hopes that he might see;
And all the girls stood breathless to watch as he went through
With curly crest and grand air that swept the heart from you!
And why he paused at my side is more than I can know—
The shyest of the small girls that all adored him so. . . .
I said it with my prayer-times—I walked with head held high—
"*Carnations are your flower!*" he said as he strode by.

Carnations and my first love! The years are gone a score,
And I recall his first name, and scarce an eyelash more;
And those were all the love-words that either of us said—
Perhaps he may be married—perhaps he may be dead.
And yet . . . to smell carnations, their spicy, heavy sweet
Perfuming all some sick-room, or passing on the street . . .
Then still the school-lights flicker and still the lancers play,
And still the girls hold breathless the while he goes his way;
And still my child-heart quivers in that first ecstasy—
"*Carnations are your flower!*" my first love said to me!



OTTO GORITZ AS *BARON OCHS* IN STRAUSS'S "DER ROSENKAVALIER."

NEW OPERAS

Good and not so good

by

WILLIAM MERRIGAN DALY

IS IT possible that we are coming to that utopian state in which we can let the public decide for itself what is, and what is not, good music?

Is the public, that

> . . ."beast of muddy brain,
> That knows not its own strength, and therefore stands
> Loaded with wood and stone" . . .

gradually becoming trained, horizontally and vertically, to discover for itself the truly artistic, the artistically true?

It seems so. Possibly the events of the past year point to a huge coincidence. But this is doubtful. At any rate, why not, once in a while, give the people the benefit of the doubt?

We do in matters political. In fact we overdo.

In art, the contempt of the aristocrats for the masses has been vigorously preserved. The Nietzscheans have held full sway. Art is for the cultured few, those chosen spirits of heightened sensibility and temperament, who feel only cerebrally. The masses are devoid of the finer perceptions, and think only of their stomachs. And as for knowing the True Word and its Apostle—history but repeats itself: Your true prophet is stoned and hanged for his pains.

Such is the sordid picture of the mob. Indeed a sorry environment for Beauty, Truth, Art, Life.

Such reasoning may be comforting to those who believe it. But it does not jibe with the facts. It charges up to the masses alone the failure of startling innovations in art, morals, and philosophy, whereas we know perfectly well that every pioneer in those realms has been the victim of organized malice on the part of his cultured contemporaries.

Wagner's theories and productions of his music-dramas were attacked and hissed quite as much by Hanslich and his fellow professor-critics as by the people. Dr. Max Nordau once wrote a huge book purporting to prove the asinine theory that the great men of the nineteenth century, such as Ibsen, Wagner, Tolstoy, Ruskin, were degenerates because they exhibited certain superficial resemblances to the inmates of prisons and asylums as studied by Lombroso and Company. Fortunately, Bernard Shaw thoroughly disposed of Dr. Nordau.

On the other hand, G. B. S., in his annihilation of Nordau, refers to Johannes Brahms as "that greatly gifted absolute musician and hopelessly commonplace and tedious homilist." But Mr. James Huneker, certainly our greatest contemporary critic, says of him: "A pure musician, a maker of absolute music, a man of poetic ideals, is Brahms. . . . Not Berlioz, not Wagner, but the plodding genius Brahms, was elected by destiny to receive upon his shoulders the mantle dropped by Beethoven as he ascended the slope to Parnassus, and the shoulders were broad enough to bear the imposing weight."

So much for the appreciation of pioneer artists by the culturists.

As for the taste and intuition of the masses——

Toward the end of last season, a new opera was produced without the usual lavish press-agency, with no "stars" of the first magnitude. It was written by a Russian whose name meant nothing to the American public, scarcely much more to the musicians. Lacking in theatricalism as a play, even chaotic to one who only casually glanced through the printed libretto, containing music of a strange idiom, and sounding modern even to the ears of the present generation, "Boris," a really significant music-drama, made an instantaneous appeal. This year it is the most popular offering at the Metropolitan.

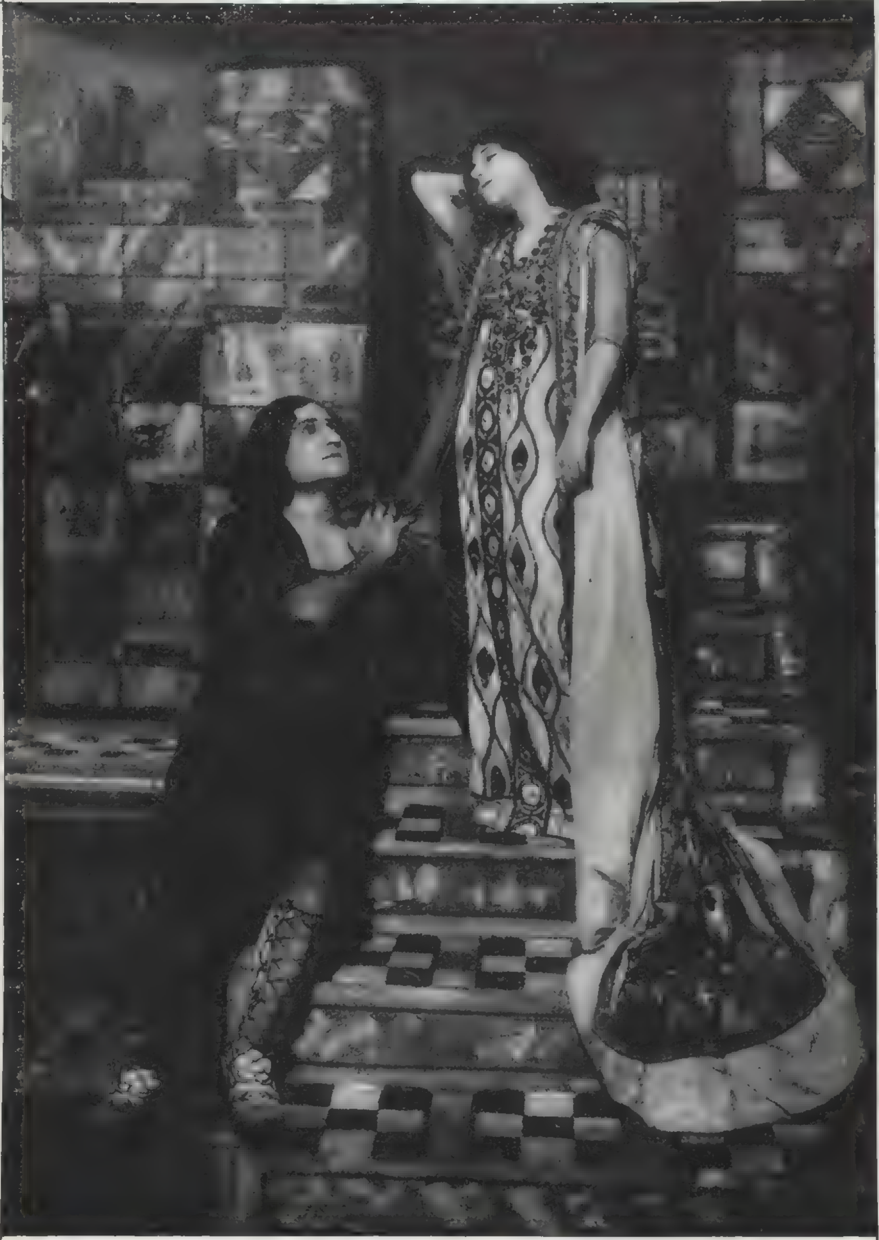
Or again, note the enthusiastic reception of "L'Amore dei Tre Re." A new opera, intensely modern, sincere, with not one bar designed to ravish the coarse public ear; unheralded, like "Boris"; a distinct achievement by a rising young composer—here again the public intuitively sensed a new note worth while.

Verily, we shall have to view more skeptically the fulminations of our arch-aristocrats. Especially if Nietzsche is going to rate Bizet's "Carmen" above the colossal tone-structures of Wagner. Richard Strauss, musical anarch that he is, allies himself in politics, we are told, with the Social-Democrats.

MUSIC FOR MUSIC'S SAKE

James Huneker, in his essay "After Wagner—What?" attempts to answer the question. As it was published in 1904, it is instructive to look back upon his prophecy, and note how perversely the musical cat has jumped. He says:

"Here then is the present situation: Wagner preaching in his music dreams; Tschaikowsky passionately declaiming the cumulative woes of mankind in accents most pathetically dramatic; Brahms leisurely breasting the turbid billows of this maelstrom and speaking in golden tones the doctrine of art for art's sake; and, finally, Richard Strauss, a *Uebermensch* himself, seeking with furious and rhythmic gestures to divert



LUCREZIA BORI AS *FIORA*, AND FERRARI-FONTANA AS *AVITO*, IN MONTEMEZZI'S STRIKING NEW WORK, "L'AMORE DEI TRE RE."

from the theatre the art he loves—who shall say whither all this will lead? After Wagner—music for music's own symphonic sake, and not for impossible librettos, acting singers, and scene-painters."

You see, opera is a hybrid form of art. Therefore, it is frowned upon by the art-for-art's-sake devotees. Wagner's genius, with his imperishable music subdued to impossible dreams for linking music and drama, has hypnotized us temporarily. We have lost our musical center of gravity. Strauss's magnificent tone-poems are calling us back to the proper function of music—a thing which Brahms could not do because of the still baleful influence of Wagner.

In face of this, Dr. Strauss deserts the cause and goes over to the other side. He composes those two astounding music-dramas, "Salome" and "Elektra"; to say nothing of diverting himself (though perhaps not his audience) with his comic operas, "Der Rosenkavalier" and "Ariadne auf Naxos."

Nor do other prominent composers resist the appeal of the footlights. Debussy, Dukas, Charpentier, Montemezzi, Zandonai—these, and many less important, continue to offer us their operatic wares.

Thus you will see that musical criticism is a most temporary affair. (And in these very words, you will notice how skilfully I cover up the rear of my own present skirmish.)

Well, if our best composers insist on writing for the stage, we shall have to go to the performance. It's too bad for those of us who are guaranteed-absolute-pure-music esthetes. We prefer, of course, to have our tones transported to us from the cold, clear peaks of Parnassus, exercising our intellects the while, untouched by the insidiously febrile allurement of the music-drama. Would that we might walk with Brahms "those pure white staircases that scale the infinite!"

In the meantime, life is painfully close, insistent, throbbing, vivid, practical, sordid, passionate, even beautiful. And here are four new operas for our consideration.

The performances at the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York, are undeniably on a high artistic plane. Here is a well-rounded, well organized, rich organization, headed by a competent impresario, Giulio Gatti-Casazza, assisted by probably the greatest living conductor, Arturo Toscanini. The repertoire includes classic, romantic, and modern opera, sung in Italian, French, German; to say nothing (which is kindly) of one opera each year in English, written by "home talent."

This pretentious musical fare is offered to a public as largely cosmopolitan as may possibly be found anywhere. Despite the fact that opera here is still too expensive—unless you care to sit up top, or stand; that there is an irritating dearth of reasonably cheap seats, owing to the ticket agencies, speculators, and *what not,* the Metropolitan audience is a typical segment of the musical public.

What do we find? First of all, the most popular music is Wagner's. There is no doubt about it. And the highest-priced "stars," the golden voices that "pull" at the box-office, do not sing Wagner. They say he *can't* be sung. Well, anyway——

This does not mean, of course, that the "stars" no longer star. Caruso still draws a full house. It is not that such artists attract less, but that music is attracting comparatively more.

Certainly nothing could serve as a severer test of public taste than a new opera. Especially if the said opera has not been assiduously exploited beforehand; and especially if it is modern and unconventional. According to your culturist-aristocrat, the people are mere sheep: they go where they are driven. They must be told what is good, and told loud and long. Therefore they will naturally dislike, through ignorance, the new and unconventional. . . .

This year the public has taken two new operas of distinction, and received them as successes. All this without waiting to be told. The other two do not so clearly bear the stamp of public approval. And rightly so.

Let us examine hastily these four new operas. I say "hastily" with premeditation, for next year a wider perspective may change our opinion, and then we shall be able to fall back upon the excuse that our judgment was necessarily hasty. Even our super-critic, James Huneker, takes this precaution in his invaluable book "Overtones," where he inscribes on the title-page that imperturbable phrase of Walt Whitman's:

> Do I contradict myself?
> Very well, then, I contradict myself.

"BORIS GODOUNOV"

"Boris" is new only in the sense that it is new to the Western world. Moussorgsky started it late in 1868 and finished the orchestration at the beginning of 1870. The drama was first produced in its entirety in 1874. It was unknown outside of Russia until 1908, when a performance of it was given in Paris, with the famous Chaliapine in the title rôle. Its first performance in America was at the Metropolitan, toward the close of last season. (Who would be a genius in the nineteenth century? Thirty-four years before your work is known beyond your country's border line! Long after you are dead! How fortunate for Strauss *et al.* that they live in our enlightened generation, in which genius has only the police, not the public, to fear.)

Modest Petrovitch Moussorgsky, the composer, was born in 1839, and died in 1881. Chronologically, then, he is not a modern. Musically he is, even to our ears, torn, racked, and ravished as they have been by Strauss, d'Indy, Debussy, and the rest of the modernists. As you listen to "Boris" for the first time you are amazed to think that it was written 'way back in 1870.

The story is founded principally on a drama by Pushkin; but Moussorgsky wrote his own libretto and rearranged many of the episodes of his model. In its outline you marvel at the simplicity, lack of coherence, and the composer's disdain for closely knit dramatic incident. The principal event occurs before the curtain rises. Dimitri, the son of the feeble-minded Tsar Feodor, has been murdered at the instigation of Boris, the brother-in-law of Feodor. Boris thus plans to gain the throne. Then Feodor dies.

The first scene discloses the populace urging Boris to assume the sovereignty. He has retired to a monastery, pretending to renounce all worldly ambitions. But he yields, and is crowned Tsar, amidst the rejoicings of the people. A young monk, Gregory, fired by dreams of ambition, and learning that he is the same age the murdered Dimitri would be if he were alive, offers himself to the people as the Tsarevitch and starts a revolt against Boris, whose rule has become oppressive. Urged on by Marina, a Polish princess with whom he is in love, he plans an attack upon Moscow.

The last scene discloses the Hall of the Duma where the nobles are discussing the uprising and are planning the disposition of the Pretender, whom they have not yet captured. Boris enters, drawn and haggard, racked by the consciousness of his guilt in the murder of the Tsarevitch. An old monk is presented who tells how sight was restored to a blind peasant during his pilgrimage to the grave of the dead Dimitri. This recital, though proving the falseness of the Pretender, only intensifies the obsession of Boris. Pursued by hallucinations, and overwhelmed because he feels the old monk has recognized his guilt, he swoons and totters from the throne. The Duma feels that the end is near, and summons Boris's young son Theodore. Boris begs the nobles to accept his son as the next Tsar, and then, in utter mental collapse, dies.

WHERE THE CHORUS STARS

This story, badly as I have outlined it, appears even more chaotic in the opera. The sequence is not preserved scene by scene, and at the Metropolitan performance Moussorgsky's order is not followed. Indeed, the composer made no attempt to tell a clear, dramatic story. (He later inserted, at the request of his friends, a love scene between Marina and the false Dimitri, in order to lend a "popular" flavor. The composer did it reluctantly—and the music is fittingly meretricious.) He offers a series of scenes in which he tries to interpret the people, their joys and sorrows, passions, gropings, and oppressions. The chorus (the people) is unmistakably the dominant force in the music-drama, and thrown against it is the sinister figure of the Tsar Boris, usurper and oppressor.

Moussorgsky is a direct descendant of the movement, started by Glinka, to found a national Russian opera. So the composer went straight to the people for his inspiration and themes. The opera abounds in folk-music, simple, colorful, and poignant.

Moussorgsky was the musical anarch of his time. Not for him the huge architectures of Wagner. He disdains the use of symbolic themes, developed harmonically and contrapuntally by the orchestra. In fact, he rather despised a highly developed musical technique and never took the trouble to acquire it. To him, such development savored of conventionalism. That he was mistaken, we may know by recalling the daring tone-poems of Strauss.

To Moussorgsky the orchestra, as the dramatic exponent, is secondary. All attention is focused on the singers, especially the chorus. In his music, he seeks the exact translation of the spoken word; and at the same time to portray the dramatic background of those hidden emotions that underlie all of our natures. Hence the simplicity and restraint of his melodic contour; the absence of development for development's sake. His orchestra is always objective. It serves the spoken word, and does not discourse on its own account.

This suggests two comments on the performance. Since Moussorgsky's music is such a careful attempt to translate the exact speech rather than to go beyond it into realms too elusive and inexpressible for mere words—the real function of pure music—why did not the Metropolitan produce "Boris" in English? If the opera could not be sung in the original Russian, surely our own tongue would serve as well as Italian. There are easily enough capable English singers in the Metropolitan forces to have permitted this, seeing that the management never intended to produce it on the "star" plan. Here was opportunity wasted. "Boris" offered a wonderful chance to try out opera in English, as distinct from American or English opera. Or was the management afraid it would get a translation as wretched as those of other foreign operas which it permits to be sold to its patrons? If so, 'twas well "Boris" was sung in Italian.

The orchestration has been edited by Professor Rimsky-Korsakov. In those days it was thought that Moussorgsky's dissonances and rough spacings would offend the ear; and it lacked contrapuntal development, which Moussorgsky disdained. So the Professor softened it here and there, elaborated now and then, toned down a few harsh color-schemes—I'm sure we are the losers. Rimsky-Korsakov is doubtless a competent musician. He knows his orchestra; although nowhere is he the peer, as one critic would have us believe, of Richard Strauss. As a creative genius, he is not in Moussorgsky's class. And Moussorgsky had a very definite idea of the function of his orchestra. Professorial editing may be all very well for the student class in orchestration; but genius should be let alone. It is respectfully suggested that some great musician, Arturo Toscanini, say, restore to us, if that is now possible, the harshness and defects of the original.

The production of "Boris" is brilliant. The scenery, imported from the Paris company, is striking and unconventional. The title rôle is played by Adamo Didur, a competent person who has done smaller parts in a most satisfactory manner. *Boris* was his first chance to dominate the stage, and he made the most of it. Paul Althouse, as the false *Dimitri*, was quite satisfactory. He is a young American, and only recently a member of the Metropolitan Company. His voice has brilliancy in the upper register; his acting and personality, while not distinctive, give much promise. The other parts are quite up to standard. The work of the chorus is admirable, in both acting and singing. The first performance was somewhat of a revelation to the Metropolitan audience. Such dramatic spirit, accurate attack, effective massing and movement, and clarity of volume are seldom met with on our stage.

Needless to say, Toscanini's directing was of his usual careful brilliance and individuality.

"Boris" must be considered the musical event of the year. It is unquestionably a work of artistic sincerity and individuality. We are much the richer for it. Americans will be stimulated to a deeper interest in Russian opera in general, and Moussorgsky's music in particular. His wonderful, colorful, idiomatic songs should find a wide popularity.

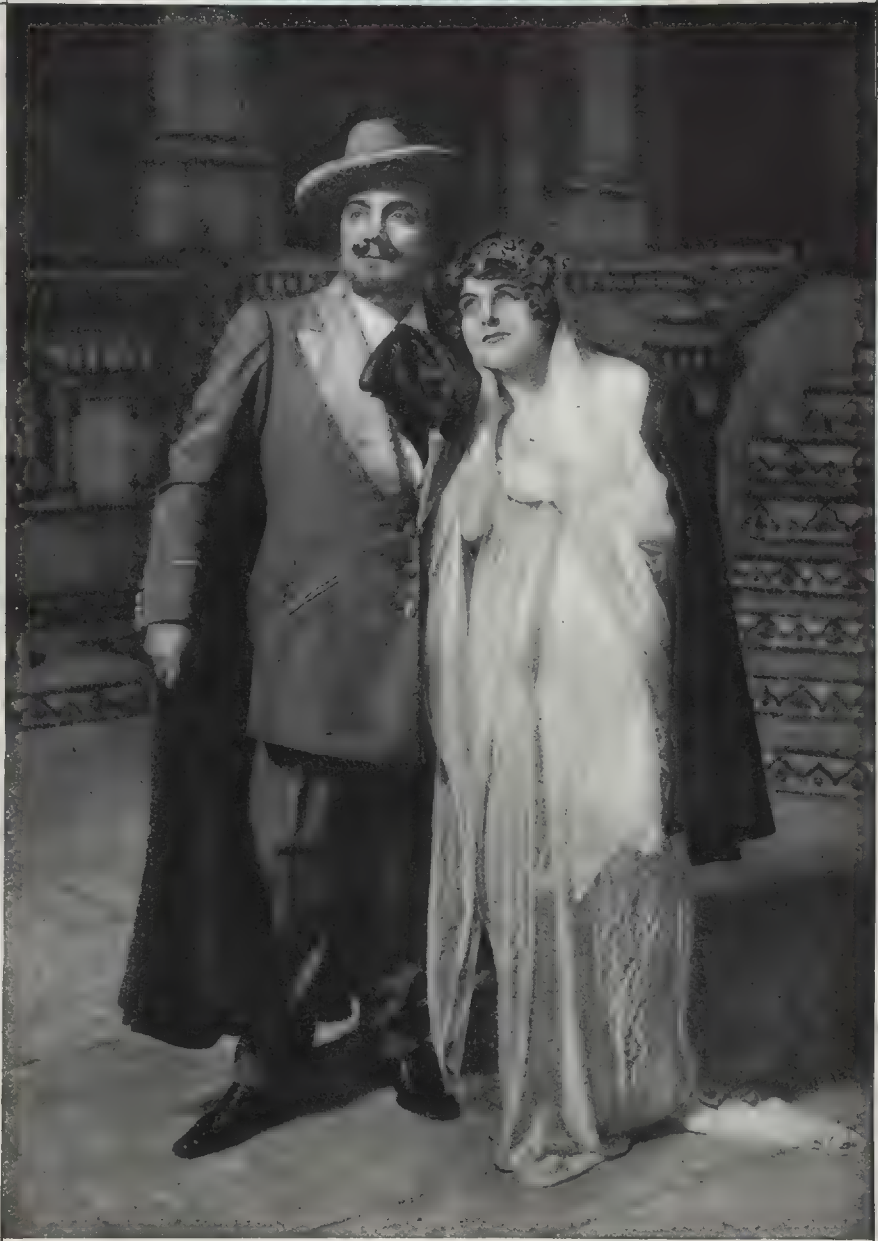
And won't the Metropolitan please consider the advisability of producing for us Moussorgsky's other opera, "Khovantschina"? Another title could easily be found.

"L'AMORE DEI TRE RE"

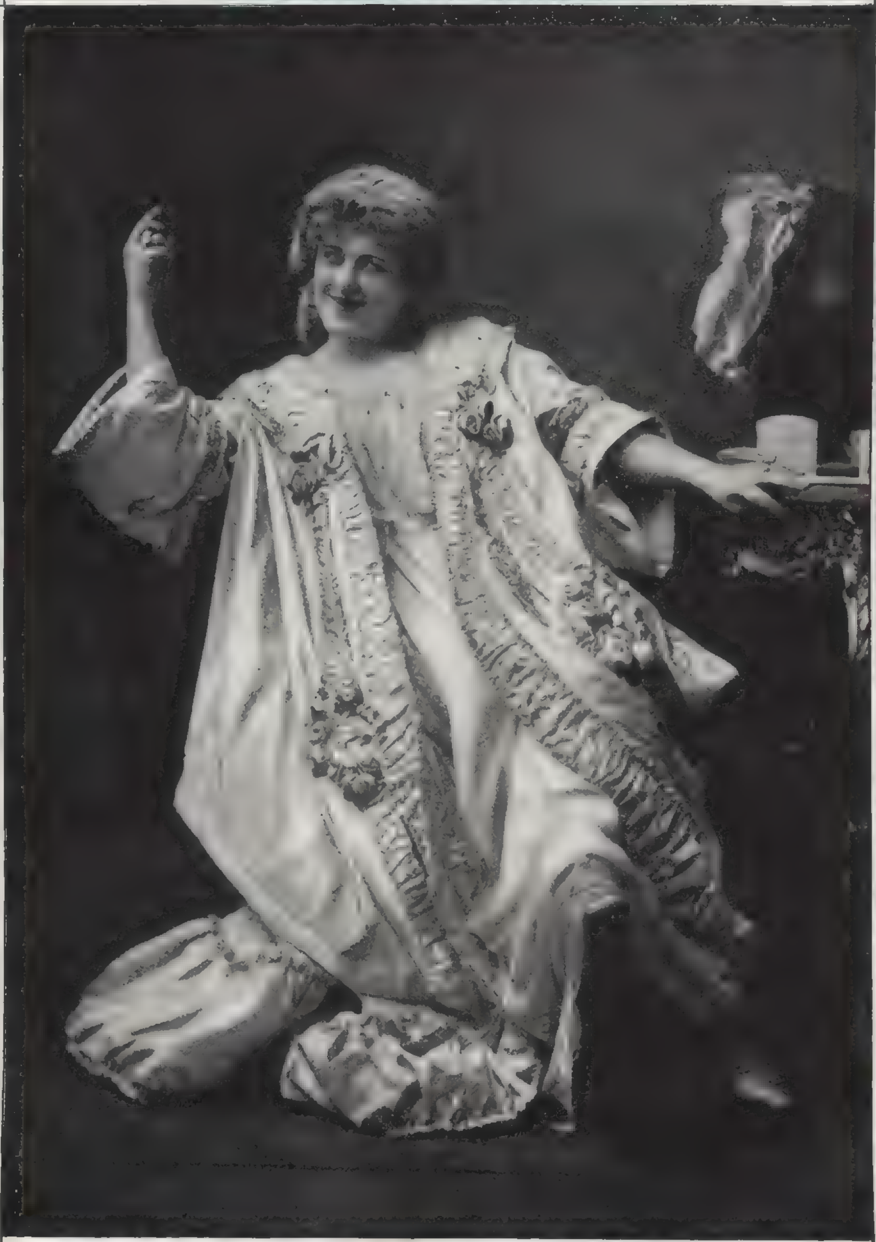
Here is a brand-new opera, by a young poet, Sem Benelli, and a young composer, Italo Montemezzi. Both are unknown to us, although quite popular in their own country.

The play is described as a tragic poem in three acts. Signor Benelli's original has been slightly altered by the composer.

The scene is laid "in the Middle Ages, in a remote castle of Italy, forty years after a barbarian invasion."



ENRICO CARUSO AS THE POET, AND GERALDINE FARRAR AS *LOUISE*, IN CHARPENTIER'S "JULIEN." A SOMEWHAT DISAPPOINTING EFFORT BY THE COMPOSER OF "LOUISE."



FRIEDA HEMPEL AS THE FIELD MARSHAL'S WIFE IN "DER ROSENKAVALIER." HER PORTRAYAL IS NOTABLE, EVEN IN THE NOTABLY BRILLIANT PERFORMANCE OF STRAUSS'S NEW OPERA.

Manfredo, the king, is away on a campaign. His wife, the beautiful Fiora, is left behind in the custody of his blind father, Archibaldo. The father is filled with misgivings, his sleep is broken; he comes upon the terrace just as Fiora's lover is departing. He does not see Avito, but he knows that Fiora has been talking with some one. He questions her suspiciously; her answers are unsatisfactory. Manfredo, the husband, returns, but the blind father does not voice his secret.

Manfredo again sets out to battle. He knows his wife does not return his ardent love. He asks of her but one favor: that Fiora stand at the tower and wave to him with her scarf as he makes his way down the valley. She is moved to pity by the fervor of his love, and begins to regret her faithlessness. Scarcely has he left when Avito enters. At first she resists him, but is gradually conquered by his ardent love-making. She remembers her promise to her husband; tries to wave the scarf; but collapses at the thought of her duplicity. Overcome by the strength of their passion, the lovers do not hear the blind father enter. Avito escapes, but Archibaldo has heard him. His earlier suspicions are substantiated. He thunders his accusation at Fiora. After her frank avowal of guilt, he is mastered by his wrath, seizes her and chokes her to death. Manfredo, thinking Fiora may have fallen from the wall, returns; the father reveals the manner of her death and her duplicity. Manfredo, forgetful of self, is broken with pity for the dead Fiora.

The body of the queen lies in the chapel crypt. Avito steals in, to get one last look at his beloved. He kisses her cold lips. Immediately a quick poison steals through his body. He starts to escape, but falls. Manfredo comes in and sees the prostrate lover. He tells Avito that the old blind king prepared the poison to find out who Fiora's lover was. Manfredo, far from seeking revenge, wants only to know if Fiora loved Avito. Without her the future holds nothing for him. He too kisses the dead lips, and the poison slowly creeps through his body. The blind king now comes in, groping through his eternal darkness. He clutches Manfredo, thinking he has caught the lover; but the husband's dying gasp reveals to him the completion of the triple tragedy.

Even the English translation of this simple, swift-moving, elemental drama exhibits a wealth of poetic feeling. And one is surprised by the dramatic restraint, both in the words and in the music. This makes for real power.

"L'Amore dei Tre Re" is not realistic like "Louise"; nor psychological, like "Julien" on the one hand, and "Boris" on the other; nor yet is it a massive, passionate utterance like "Tristan." If one must find a comparison, it is more nearly like "Pelléas and Mélisande" than any other opera. And yet it is vastly different.

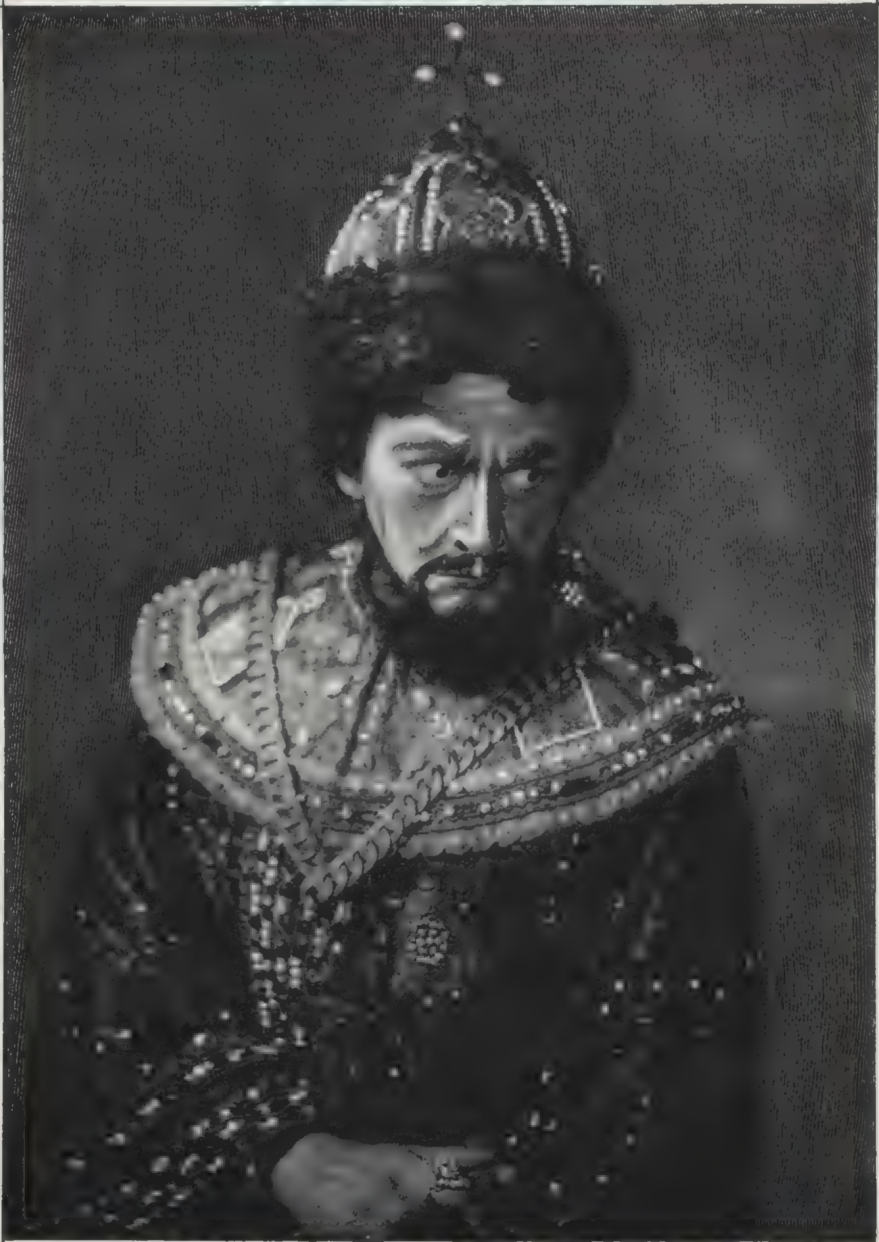
A NEW COMPOSER OF NOTE

Montemezzi has not borrowed the whole tone-scale of Debussy, at least, not for any extensive use. It has more dramatic power and intensity than "Pelléas." The composer is not content with conveying a fleeting mood, a diaphanous picture, a vague subjectiveness: his music is too vigorous. But he does not follow Wagner very far. His is music for the drama's, not for its own, sake. It follows the text, heightens the emotional intensity—but not to the Wagnerian extent. As in "Boris," it is objective. The use of thematic material for development is not great; in fact, this is one of its faults. The composer often starts a theme of promise, builds it up a bit, and then suddenly drops it. There are several let-downs of this character.

The music as a whole lacks definiteness. It is neither impressionistic, climactically architectural, thematically complex, nor melodiously simple. There is no individual idiom. But there is a wealth of harmonic ingenuity; and the orchestration discloses a master of color and contrast.

More virile than "Pelléas," it is not so individual. It reveals to us a young composer of taste, imagination, and technique, lacking somewhat in fertility of invention, but promising much with each new piece of work. Montemezzi and his fellow-countryman, Zandonai, lead us to expect great things of the new music of Italy.

The Metropolitan must be congratulated on the performance; or, rather, Toscanini must be. It is reported that he learned the score in a few weeks. This does not seem humanly possible, the orchestration is so complex. But then, one sets no limit to Toscanini's capabilities. The opera as a whole is most evenly cast. New York was



ADAMO DIDUR IN THE TITLE RÔLE OF "BORIS GODOUNOV." A STRIKING IMPERSONATION BY AN ARTIST WHOSE WORK HAS ONLY RECENTLY BECOME WIDELY APPRECIATED.

introduced to a really romantic tenor in Ferrari-Fontana (the husband of Margarete Matzenauer). His success was instantaneous. Oh, that we might hear him as Tristan! Lucrezia Bori, as the beautiful Fiora, *was* beautiful, sang and acted with a perfect conception of the rôle. Amato as Manfredo, and Didur as the blind king, were at their expected high standard.

To me there is no more powerful scene—powerful because of its potential repressed emotion—than the end of the second act where the blind king, after telling his son of the dreadful deed, carries off the dead *Fiora* on his shoulders, *Manfredo* walking on ahead. It is not surpassed in modern opera.

Unfortunately for the public, Ferrari-Fontana had to leave the city before the season was over. But next season "L'Amore dei Tre Re" will undoubtedly rival "Boris" in popularity.

"JULIEN"

There remain two more new operas—"Julien" by Gustave Charpentier and "Der Rosenkavalier" by Richard Strauss. These need not keep us long, even if they do keep the audience too long.

Such formidable names as Charpentier and Strauss naturally arouse expectations. New work by the creators of "Louise" and of "Salome" and "Elektra" might perhaps mark another milestone in the progress of new music. Their new operas received much gratuitous and paid publicity, and both had brilliant openings.

But the public is not warming to them. Their popularity is as yet doubtful and factitious.

"Julien" is not really the sequel to "Louise." That striking, picturesque work is a realistic music-drama. "Julien, or A Poet's Life" is described by the composer as a "Lyric Poem, in a Prologue, Four Acts, and Eight Tableaux." The characters include both Julien and Louise of the earlier opera, but there the similarity ends.

This new work is a study in psychology, completely surrounded by scenery and partially helped by music. There is no story, no drama. It is a preachment of pessimism. The Poet dedicates himself to the worship of Beauty. He is warned that his enthusiasm will result only in failure. Then are pictured for us the various stages of his failure—Doubt, Impotence, Intoxication. The last scene discloses Julien, overcome with remorse at his inefficiency and convinced of the uselessness of Life and Effort, surrendering to the lures of lust and debauchery.

We are warned in the libretto that "to gain a sympathetic comprehension of the work, the book should be studied carefully before the opera is heard." An analysis of the numerous scenes would require too much space for this review, and, anyway, the above outline will serve to show its general character.

Here, then, is a strange mixture—an allegory without dramatic incident, a series of pageants with interpretive music. In such a case there is only one thing for the composer to do—write music which will stand of its own excellence. "Boris" might also be described as a series of pageants; but there is a strong dramatic undercurrent throughout, intensified by dramatic music. Scenery is no substitute for drama. In Wagner, we have both music and drama; when the drama weakens, the music still carries us on. The same with "Louise." In "Pélléas," the music is purely objective, and serves only to heighten the emotional mood of the drama across the footlights.

"Julien" will not stand, I believe, because the music is not of sufficient subjective importance to carry the allegory. If it is intended to be purely objective, the combination will be ineffective, because of the lack of drama which the music serves. As it is, it is not distinctly one or the other. You can not compare it with "Louise," because here the music serves a different purpose. But it does fail to equal the individuality and emotionalism of the earlier work. Often it falls far below the intensity of the text. There is a striking poverty of invention in thematic material, and little attempt at structural development. The harmonic scheme, while not a bit imitative, is not really distinctive. It exhibits ingenuity but not inspiration. On the whole, the musical profile is weak.

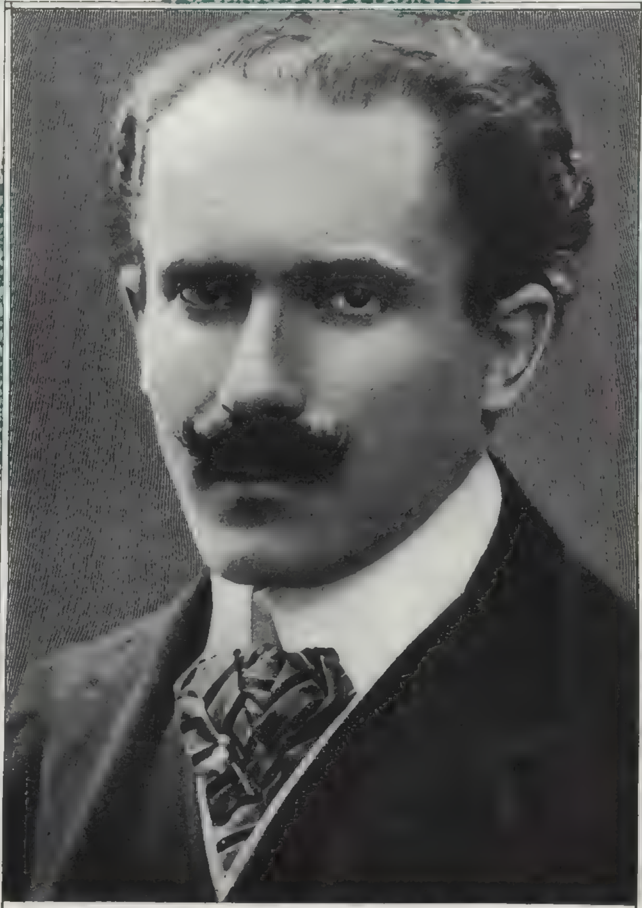
Much of the chorus music is beautiful, and yet sometimes it is banal. The final act is Charpentier's best. A wild merrymaking scene, Paris in its most fantastically gay mood; a choral and orchestral revel of changing tableaux and rhythms.

The second act is also distinctive. Julien, worn out by long suffering and disappointment, is discovered in a Slovakian village, where he "passionately recites the failure of his attempts to convert a wretched world to a belief in the beauty of love and the love of beauty." But his hearers understand him not; they are bowed too low in toil to see visions. The music here is Eastern in idiom, the orchestration picturesque, the chorus work characteristic and effective. And *Julien's* scene with the young girl is really beautiful.

But isolated excellences do not make an opera. Charpentier has made the mistake either of choosing the wrong vehicle (the stage) or of writing undistinctive music. How Richard Strauss would have whirled through this psychological study in a tone-poem or in a music-drama, as he did in "Salome" and "Elektra"!

Charpentier's orchestration is a swift succession of glowing colors, rich, picturesque, imaginative. It often makes the music appear much better than it really is.

The performance as a whole reaches a high standard. The chorus work is excellent—just as we were led to expect after Mr. Setti's handling of "Boris." The scenery, which plays so prominent a part, is not always striking or smoothly handled. What it lacks in artistry it makes up in sumptuousness. Mr. Polacco's conducting is vigorous, and quite equal to the mass of intricate detail.



ARTURO TOSCANINI—THE MAINSPRING OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE MACHINERY.

Caruso sings the title rôle. It is reported that he is very fond of it; but his characterization is not always happy. He is not exactly suited to a portrayal requiring so much imagination and subjectiveness. As he is on the stage during practically the whole performance, his admirers will be much pleased—and occasionally ravished by his voice, when he chooses to let himself out. Miss Farrar assumes five rôles—*Louise, La Beauté, La Jeune Fille, L'Aïeule, La Fille.* Her grisette of the last act is terribly realistic and effective. Her other impersonations, however, are quite uneven.

"DER ROSENKAVALIER"

It doesn't seem possible that Strauss wants us to take this seriously, even as a comic opera. It sounds like a huge joke. He must pardon us, too, if we appear slightly irritated; it is all at our expense. (This statement includes the price of the vocal score, the expense of the production, and the cost of a whole evening that could be spent much more profitably.)

"A Comedy for Music in Three Acts, by Hugo von Hofmannsthal; music by Richard Strauss, Op. 59."

The comedy of it is doubtful. Much of it is undeniably witty. Much of it is just heavy German humor, mixed with rank horse-play and interspersed with ribald jests. (One good old laugh was neglected: The comedian did not fall on his silk hat; but that, I suppose, was due to the fact that in those days such headgear was not in vogue. He did, however, succeed in falling off the chair.) The main figure is a lecherous, fatuous old rake, quite disgusting even when he is funny. The characters next in importance, the *Princess von Werdenberg*, and the young noble, *Octavian*, can scarcely be called "sympathetic," with their clandestine love and sentimentality.

The story I shall forego telling. If you hurl at me the terrible epithet, "Puritan!" I can reply that taste in such matters is superlatively relative; and this is neither the time nor the place for an inquiry into the origin and development of current ideas on Immorality.

As a play, "Der Rosenkavalier" is mostly dull when it is not vulgar. And it is almost one hour too long.

The music? Oh, yes, it is by Strauss. You can tell that eight bars after the opening note. Only Strauss could have written the Octavian theme. Only Strauss would demand so much of the orchestra. One is amazed at the difficulty of some of the wood-wind passages. And all to such small purpose! The horns occasionally bleat out soprano E, and the trumpet once reached high ♭D. The velocity of the strings is incredible in places. I'm sure the men in the orchestra appreciate the value of such strenuous practise.

But we already know what Strauss can do with the modern orchestra. His technique we take for granted. We have been led to expect more than this from the creator of "Ein Heldenleben," "Don Quixote," "Tod und Verklärung." I do not say that there are not really beautiful moments in "Der Rosenkavalier"—the duet between *Sophia* and *Octavian* in the second act, and the trio in the last act. And there are scattered bits throughout—music that only Strauss can write.

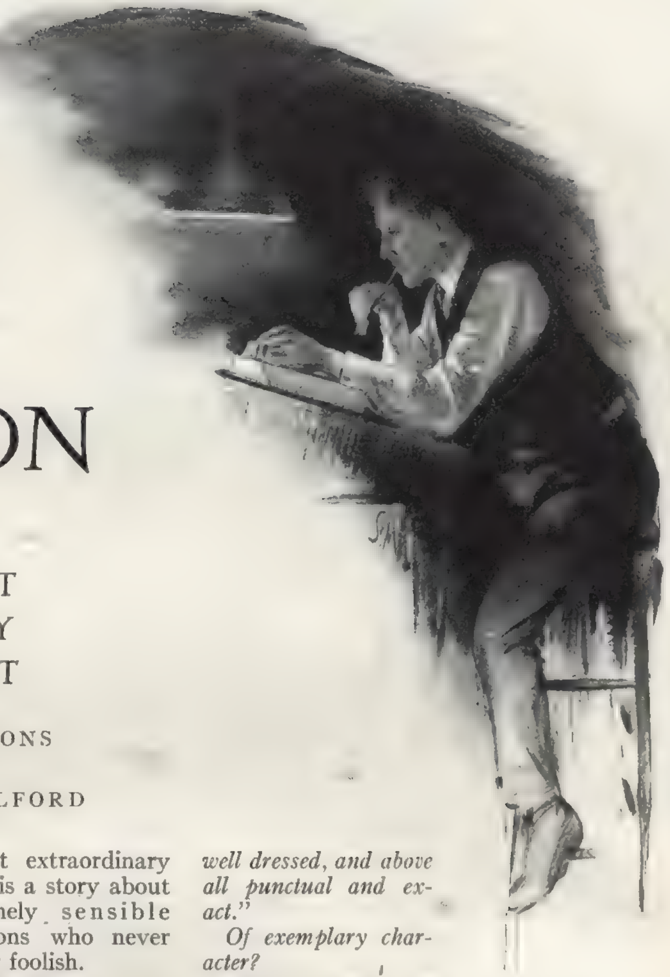
There are several waltz themes, to the delight of the audience. We may even expect one of them to be whistled on Broadway. They fit the text—often cheap and tawdry, occasionally delightful.

The music as a whole does not have the large melodic contour of "Die Meistersinger"; perhaps this is due to the unsuitability of the text. (How astute of Wagner to write his own librettos!) The good in each act is so broken up by the bad that the total effect is disappointing. The very most is made of some themes that deserve only slight treatment; there is not always artistic selection. And at times the horse-play on the stage is outdone by the horse-play in the orchestra.

No, Mr. Strauss, you will have to do better than this. You have set your own high standard; and your genius is too great to be wasted in such efforts. For the matter of that, we have our own Victor Herbert who can write really good comic operas if only he will take enough time and not try to turn out four each year.

It seems, though, that Dr. Strauss is not yet contemplating a return from his musical vacation. He intends to write a ballet. Of course, it will be a wonder. We shall be patient, though, and await his return to that province of music in which he is the supreme master.

Speaking of music, do you know the inside story of the Federal League? Joe Tinker tells about it on page 577 of this number.



The BUTTON

by
LEAVITT
ASHLEY
KNIGHT

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
STOCKTON MULFORD

THIS is about extraordinary people. It is a story about two extremely sensible young persons who never do anything foolish.

Billy's heart was set on only one thing; to wit, fifty dollars a week as an expert accountant. He knew that this pinnacle was not to be attained by a twenty-one-year-old youth. "But maybe by the time I'm thirty I'll make it," he thought, as he pushed himself desperately against the stiff ebb-tide of bargain huntresses pouring up Sixth Avenue on a sparkling June morning.

Billy was on his way to the office of Ensign & Allen, auditors, in search of a twenty-five-dollar-a-week bookkeeper. He whistled as he went, for he was quite confident that he would measure up to the severe specifications of Ensign & Allen's advertisement:

"*Must be of exemplary character, neat, well dressed, and above all punctual and exact.*"

Of exemplary character?

Billy lived in a down-town boarding house, to save carfare. He lived down-stairs, to avoid tipping the elevator boy. He lived down to his income of fourteen dollars a week. And he lived down the odium that this frugality had once stirred up against him among the flashy quill-drivers and key-thumpers of his acquaintance.

Neat?

Every Sunday morning Billy would bring first aid to the injured wardrobe. Before the church bells had ceased tolling, trousers would be creased; gasoline would wash away sins of a week at the quick lunch; and the verdigris would be rubbed off brass collar buttons.

Well dressed?

Billy was a disciple of the full-page advertisements which show us youths, clothed only in courage and Podger's Suitings, outstripping in Life's race all those witless multitudes whose multitudinous legs are encumbered with the pants of Podger's competitors. Billy, in short, was a good dresser. Twice a year he bought a blue-serge sack, a blue tie to match, and six collars—not to mention two pairs of three-dollar shoes.

Punctual and exact?

Billy was famous for his immaculate ledger-sheets and his irreproachable record on the time-cards. No amending penknife had ever scratched his pages, and no cashier had ever cut his pay for coming late or leaving early. As for punctuality. . . . . .

Near the corner of Twenty-third Street, Billy glanced up at a clock. It marked the hour of twelve-ten. Now, Ensign & Allen had requested all applicants to call at twelve-twenty-five sharp; and Billy suspected that this precise and unusual hour had been set as a test of the punctuality of the job-seekers. Ensign & Allen's office was eight minutes' walk from Billy at that instant, if the clock was accurate. But was it accurate? It hung in a cigar-store, and cigar-stores do not deal in time.

Billy pulled forth his watch, a trusty heirloom.

Just then a thick, hungry mass of women swirled around the corner, their eyes on shop windows and their souls on luncheon. A vast, fat thing in blue silk bore down upon Billy, bearing in her obelisk arms an ill-wrapped toy cart. The protruding handle of this vehicle hooked itself into Billy's long, cheap, outstretched watch-chain. The fat thing in blue tugged, Billy clutched his precious watch, the chain snapped, and then the toy cart viciously side-swiped Billy. The young bookkeeper felt something about his attire give way. But he thought only of the broken chain and the fifty cents its repair would cost. He moved on.

"Excuse me!" somebody was saying pleasantly, almost against his ear. "But one of your coat buttons is gone, and another is hanging by a long thread."

Billy quickly verified this rumor, then raised his dismayed brown eyes to its source. There stood—or rather drifted in the press of humanity—a very, very pretty young lady with an armful of bundles and a face full of sympathetic smiles.

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Billy, as he seized the dangling button. "I'm queered with Ensign & Allen now! They want somebody well dressed. And look at me!"

"I am looking at you," said the girl soberly. And she did it so earnestly that, without forethought, Billy told her that he was hunting a job and needed the twenty-five-a-week awfully.

"Just seven minutes leeway to reach Ensign & Allen's," he groaned. "And I haven't time to go home and sew these buttons on. It's too darned bad."

The girl was looking him steadily in the face. Then: "I guess you're—well, the right sort. Come along!"

"What?" Billy stammered.

"Take some of these bundles. We'll get along faster." She passed him six small, soft ones.

"Where are you going?" Billy halted stubbornly in the raging crowd.

"I?" The girl smiled innocently. "Why! I'm going to that department store across the street and buy some needles and thread and buttons, and fix your coat. *You* needn't come, if you're afraid. Give me the coat, and stand out in front in your shirt-sleeves——"

"Oh!" Billy went weak in tongue and knee. Then, hugging the six soft parcels, he trudged servilely beside her into the store. He preserved some semblance of self-control and nerve until they reached a long, littered counter at the rear. There eight shop-girls giggled and whispered personal remarks, as his guide and guardian angel plumped him down on a wobbly stool and ordered her emergency supplies. Billy went red and fidgeted squirmily.

"Hold still!" commanded Guardian Angel sternly. "You make me prick my finger."

"Can't we go somewhere else?" Billy whined, and looked away from the terrible shop-girls.

"There isn't time, and you know it. You'll have to run, as it is—" she shot back briskly, while her slim fingers sped. "Be reasonable! It makes no difference how you feel, so long as this is the right thing to do. What's a minute of misery compared with a twenty-five-dollar job?"

"That's so!" Billy admitted. And with a swift uprush of new-born courage, he stared his eight tormentors out of countenance. "You're the first sensible girl I've met."

The thread was stout. Her fingers could not snap it after the last stitch on the top button. So some bright teeth shone against Billy's blue serge; and, as they nipped the linen strand, two bright eyes caught his own. "I don't do this for every buttonless young man I meet." She spoke as drily as if she were reciting statistics. "But—well, you looked sensible. And—there aren't many sensible people, so the few I meet I try to encourage and help."

"I'll probably need your assistance again," Billy twinkled sedately, and hauled forth his memorandum-book. "Your name and address, please!"

"Mary Welldon, 899 Bell Street, New Rochelle." The words sounded like a reply to a census taker. Not like that, though, was the sly little peek she took at him, while punching her paraphernalia into her handbag. Nor the quick clap of her hands, as she cried excitedly: "Oh, run! Fast! You've just six minutes——"

Billy ran.

The girl watched him vanish into the street. Then she turned to an eavesdropping clerk and exclaimed with a laugh: "And he never thanked me!"

Billy shot into Ensign & Allen's only eleven seconds late, which did not matter, inasmuch as old Ensign was out of town and young Allen did not saunter in until one o'clock and Billy was the first applicant to arrive, as well as the only one whom Ensign & Allen's chief bookkeeper knew. So Billy won his stool in the famous office.

The very first thing he did after this victory was to send the following telegram to Miss Welldon, of New Rochelle:

> Got job. Owe you first week's wages, as salvage. Shall I send cash or thirty pounds of candy or books or what? Reply at once collect. BILLY.

And, ten minutes later, he dispatched this one:

> Excuse signing Billy. Everybody calls me that. William Thorne, Third Ass't Bookkeeper, Ensign & Allen, 255 W. 28.

After lunch, this reached the happy young man:

> Do not understand medical language. Please come out Sunday and explain salvage. But don't tell mama how we met.

"Well, if she isn't a queer one!" Billy whistled. "Bumps into me on the street. Sews on buttons. And an hour later invites me to call! I wonder if—um—she's all right. Guess I'll go and see, anyhow. It'll be more fun than watching autos and babies in Central Park."

At the close of a two-hour call, during which Papa Welldon gave Billy a genuine fifteen-cent cigar and Mama Welldon cut a wonderful carnation for Billy's buttonhole, Billy fumbled nervously at a fresh crease in his Sunday trousers and said: "You've given me an awfully good time, Miss Welldon. There's only one thing more I wish you'd do for me. Tell me how you had the nerve to ask a stranger to call."

"Why!" The girl studied a sofa pillow minutely. "You seemed sensible. I like sensible people, and I know too few of them. That's all!"

"My goodness!" Billy gasped. "I didn't know a girl could be as sensible as that!"

"And I didn't think you would be so sensible as to say that! Won't you come out again next Sunday?"

This is how Billy became a wild adventurer. Every Sunday he took his life in his hands and rode to New Rochelle on the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. And at the Welldons' he played the most dangerous game in the world, the game of being entirely sensible. But not so boldly as little Miss Welldon!

The Welldons lived in a pretty little house on a 100 x 150 lot. Miss Welldon told Billy that Papa was wondering how he would pay off the three-thousand-dollar mortgage on it.

"He makes a hundred dollars a week," she added. "I should think he'd be able to buy ten houses——"

"It's an awful lot of money!" Billy's eyes widened. "But—I guess he gives your mother a pretty good time——"

"Papa's a perfect dear that way!" the girl spoke up warmly. "He lets Mama have five dresses every year, and two weeks in the Adirondacks. And once a month during the summer we all go off for a jaunt in a hired touring-car. Mama belongs to three clubs, and we give three parties every winter."

"She doesn't have much time to do cooking and washing, does she?" Billy wrinkled his brows.

"Silly boy! Mama hasn't touched a frying-pan or a scrubbing-brush since I can remember."

"Why! That's like being a millionaire."

"Yes, it's nearly as bad!" blurted the girl.

"As bad?"

"It has spoiled Mama. She's got the good-time habit, poor dear! If there isn't a concert or a bridge-party, or a motor-trip or a lecture to enjoy on an afternoon, she's positively ill! I hope I'll never get in that state. But she's doing her best to bring me to it. She won't let me work around the house. I mustn't cook. That's Bridget's duty. I mustn't sew or darn. We pay a seamstress to do that. It's awful——"

"You can sew and darn for me!" Billy whispered. "I'll bring you a fine big bundle of punctured socks—and other things, next Sunday."

"Oh, you dear fellow!" The girl's face shone.

Up the Welldons' prim cement walk marched Billy, on the next Sabbath morning. Down the walk danced little Miss Welldon and soberly snatched from her visitor a plump bundle.

"My! My!" cooed Mrs. Welldon, from the front porch. "What can it be? Posies?"

"It's a lock of hair!" conjectured Mr. Welldon, winking at Billy's freshly barbered head.

But Miss Welldon said not a word. She marched into the house, brought out a work-basket, sat down, snipped the string off the bundle, and calmly brought to light an appalling mass of veteran Gents' Furnishings.

At the sight of them, her mother rose stiffly. "This is a very coarse joke, Mr. Thorne." She pronounced each damning syllable with an audible tightening of her lips. And into the house she stalked. As for Mr. Welldon, he laughed confusedly and asked Billy what it all meant.

Little Miss Welldon told.

"You see—" poor Billy tried to hide his discomfiture under a feeble jest—"it was a needle and thread that brought us together. So we're going to let them keep us together—" And thereupon he tattled, quite forgetting that Miss Welldon had asked him not to. Out came the whole story about the lost button.

"Good Lord!" Papa Welldon sputtered at his daughter, "you picked up a stranger on Sixth Avenue and invited him to your home? And now you— Really, Mary! We've stood for lots of your queer tricks. But this is too much!"

"Do you think," Mary asked him quietly, "that Mr. Thorne drinks or steals or——"

"He seems to be a nice young fellow," Mr. Welldon broke in hastily, while poor Billy's ears burned like torches. "But I can't imagine what he thinks of us or of you, for doing such an — er — irregular thing——"

"Well now, Mr. Thorne, what *do* you think of us?" Mary turned to Billy, smiling all but invisibly. "Begin with Papa. Do you think he is a very improper fellow for a nice girl like me to have as a father?"

"Mary!" her father called out in terror.

"You're all very nice," blundered the tactless Billy. "And you," he looked adoringly into the girl's eyes, "are the nicest of the whole lot——"

"There!" Mary clapped her hands. "If everybody likes everybody else, what is there to quarrel over? Only some leaky socks and ragged shirts! They——"

"Excuse me!" Mrs. Welldon appeared at the door. "But we must be running along to Pelham Manor. Some friends of ours, Mr. Thorne, have asked us to run up the shore with them in their motor. Sorry to hurry you off, but——"

Mr. Welldon started indoors, somewhat uncertainly. But Mary turned on her mother with flashing eyes.

"Mr. Thorne and I shall stay here. You run along, Mama!"

"Now don't be absurd, child! What would the neighbors think?"

"Don't you believe it is more important to consider what I would think if you dragged me off?" Mary asked very gently, while the miserable Billy pretended to be inspecting a horse-chestnut tree in the front yard.

"Well, my dear little girl," interposed Mr. Welldon, in pathetic bewilderment over the sudden turn of events, "what would you think if we did drag you off?"

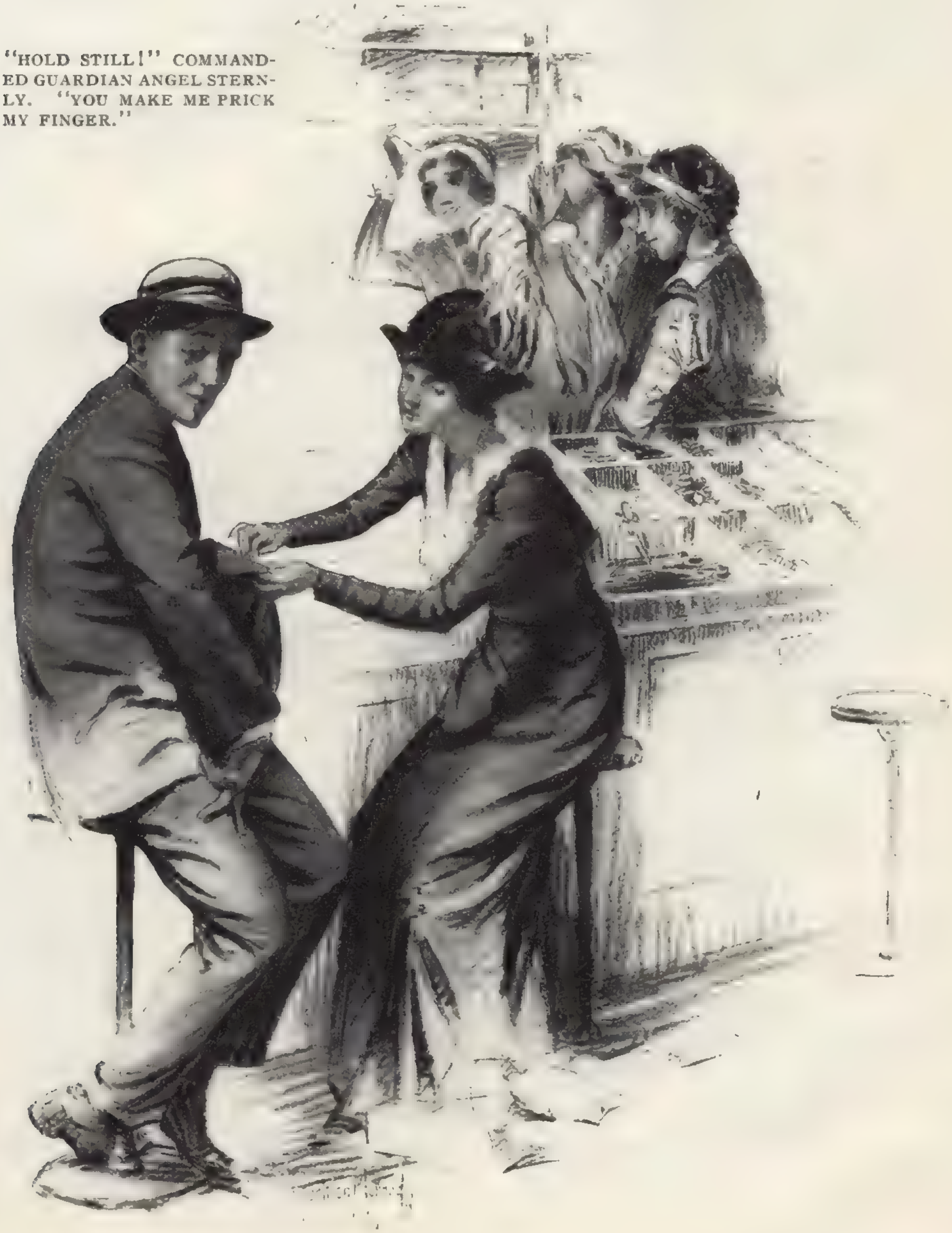
"I'd think what anybody with wits would think," answered Mary firmly. "I'd think that you were trying to get rid of Mr. Thorne. And I won't stand it! I won't!"

"For Heaven's sake, child!" Mrs. Welldon almost screamed, "don't make an exhibition of yourself——"

"Please don't notice her, Mr. Thorne!" Mr. Welldon turned piteously to Billy. "She's excited."

"Of course I'm excited!" Mary flashed. "Why shouldn't I be? I've found a sensible young man who doesn't think I'm cheap or shallow, just because we meet on Sixth Avenue without an introduction and fall in love——"

"Oh! Ooooooh!" Mrs. Welldon's bejeweled hands clasped over her heart. "This is too horrible! Horrible! A scrub



"HOLD STILL!" COMMANDED GUARDIAN ANGEL STERNLY. "YOU MAKE ME PRICK MY FINGER."

bookkeeper! What do you mean by luring my daughter into——"

"I never did, so help me God!" Billy cried fervently. "But I'd have done it gladly, if I'd dreamed that she cared for me."

"You're a dear, Billy!" Mary marched across the porch to him and caught his hands.

Thereupon, under the outraged eyes of Papa and Mama, the scrub bookkeeper kissed a very sensible young lady.

An awful silence ensued. Then Papa Welldon marshaled his wits and took full command of the painful situation. "My dear," he said to his weeping wife, "tell the Phillipses that we can't join them. We must go in the house and talk this whole matter over—very thoroughly——"

"And very sensibly!" put in Mary, as she publicly squeezed her sweetheart's imprisoned hand.

"It comes down, then, to dollars and cents," Mr. Welldon wound up. "You seem to be a good sort, Billy. But—how much money have you saved?"

"Two hundred and eleven dollars, sir," came from honest Billy, and he dropped his eyes as guiltily as if, by that confession, he had implicated himself in murder, forgery, and blackmail.

"And you earn?"

"Twenty-five a week."

"Well, my boy." Mr. Welldon's gray head wagged sorrowfully. "Take it from a man who has been through the mill! It's a fair gamble to marry on a lean salary, if you've a wad in the bank. Or to marry on a fat salary and with nothing laid by. But, believe me, to marry with neither fat salary nor a husky bank-book isn't even good, honest foolishness. It is——"

"No man is going to make a washwoman of my Mary!" wailed Mrs. Welldon. "She's well bred, and she's going to live as a well-bred woman should."

"Of course she is!" Billy nodded vigorously. "I haven't asked her to marry me on twenty-five a week. But some day," Billy continued joyously, "Ensign & Allen will pay me more, and in the meantime I'll be saving every cent I can." Then to Mr. Welldon: "How much do you think I ought to have, sir, before we marry?"

"One hundred dollars a week!" Mrs. Welldon broke in spitefully.

"Fifty a week will do, if you have a thousand or two in the bank." Mr. Welldon squinted one dreary eye over some mental arithmetic. "When you have reached that mark, come and take this odd child off our hands."

"You're a dear Daddy-man!" Mary hugged him impetuously. "But I think Billy and I shall look into those figures. Billy boy, won't you take a day off next week and look at flats and furniture with me?"

"You—you aren't going to elope, are you?" Mrs. Welldon whimpered.

"No, Mama!" Mary smiled, as at a child who can not understand. "We are only going to be sensible—as usual."

Billy took an afternoon off, shortly after this scene; and Mary led him into apartments, grocery stores, and other adventures. At half-past five, the superintendent of the Elysian Fields, a brand-new house in West 197th Street, was quarreling with his plumbers, who had inadvertently installed a bathtub in a dining-room on the fourth floor. So he grumpily refused to show through the building the two forlorn and fagged young persons who came inquiring after his cheapest four-room flat.

"First floor rear, to the right. Door's unlocked," said he.

Thus it came to pass that little Mary staggered into a naked parlor sticky with fresh, cheap varnish and rankly damp with new-spread plaster; staggered in and flung herself sobbing on the splintery yellow-pine floor.

"I can't budge another step, Billy!" she whimpered, all her courage gone. "We've walked fifteen miles up and down streets and stairs. I'm going to lie right here, while you go over those awful figures we've jotted down."

Billy began to drone off the figures from his memorandum-book. Figures on dining-room chairs. Figures on towels. Figures on rugs. Figures on gas, cravats, corsets, shoes, cheese, sets of Thackeray, club rates on magazines, rolling-pins, prunes, linoleum, bedspreads, cough-drops, bacon, and one or two hundred other things which every housewife buys and every househusband grumbles over. As he droned, Mary scribbled additions and subtractions on the floor of the Elysian Fields.

"The least we could manage with, Billy," she declared, "is $24.33 a week—unless we take those three rooms over by the Williamsburg Bridge—you remember, the one where we can take a lodger, if we wish——"

"That settles it, dear," Billy groaned. "We'll have to wait until I'm earning more money——"

"Oh, nonsense!" Mary pouted. "I don't mind scrimping for a couple of years."

"But you'd have to do all your own work——"

"That would be fun."

"With not so much as a dollar between us for the movies and boat-rides?"

"I've had enough boat-rides to last me ten years, silly!"

"But you don't want to be a drudge, Mary," Billy protested.

"But I do want to be a button," the girl smiled mysteriously.

"Diagram, please!"

"People," she began solemnly, "are like garments. You know, Billy dear, that the best cloth in the world won't make a good coat all by itself. It needs buttons, doesn't it? You found that out, that morning we first met, didn't you? Well! It's the same with life, Billy. Man is the cloth, woman is the button. Man furnishes the stuff that protects against wind and weather. And woman, Billy, holds the edges of the stuff together. She makes ends meet. Now that's what I want to do. I'm a natural born button, dearest. Please let me be one!"

"The very first minute that it's safe and sensible!" Billy promised as he kissed her.

They went back to New Rochelle and rehearsed all their woes and their arithmetic with Papa and Mama Welldon.

Mama had just returned from a Maeterlinck tea at Larchmont, tired and peevish. Papa was in the midst of a maelstrom of household bills, chief among which were Mama's luncheons, a ninety-dollar divan, and a month's taxi-cabbing in New York. Mary's ten little piggies were almost squealing to be let out of her hot shoes, and Billy's eyes ached.

"I hope you see what fools you'd be, if you were to marry!" came from Mama, on the divan. "And, whether you do or not, you're not going to make fools of yourselves. I'm not going to talk about it any more. Mary dear, bring me my smelling-salts. I'm worn to a frazzle."

"Mother's right!" Mr. Welldon joined in wearily. "Now be sensible children! Wait a couple of years."

"I guess you're right." Billy's voice shook, and he glanced piteously at Mary, who was limp and drooping in a rocking-chair. "Don't you think so, too, Button?"

"I'm too tired to think anything, Billy. You decide."

And Billy, prodded a little more by Papa and Mama, decided to wait until Ensign & Allen were paying him fifty a week.

Two years slipped away. Or, rather, they slipped away for Papa and Mama Welldon, and bumped away for Billy and Button. Mama had a perfectly glorious time, and Papa paid for it (by giving up cigars and later by selling two lots over on Long Island.) Mama was loving and thoughtful of her daughter. She took her everywhere, even to Nova Scotia, as a guest of a rich friend who had invited only Mama. Mary moved in the very best hundred-dollar-a-week circles of Westchester County. But it was her mother who kept her moving, who made her play golf, bridge, and fast and loose with her pocket-money.

The girl took no joy in it all. And the reason was Billy.

Billy was out, with blood in his eye, for those precious fifty dollars a week. A few weeks after that momentous interview in the Welldons' parlor, Billy had politely requested Ensign & Allen to raise his wages. Ensign & Allen had patted the young man encouragingly on the back, told him he was making good, and would some day be worth fifty dollars.

"Go study up some of the higher branches of auditing," they advised, "and we'll give you a try at them some day. Maybe next year we can raise your pay. But not sooner."

It was this that made a young lady in New Rochelle nip her firm red lip cruelly. At the news her white face suddenly tumbled into an ancient shirt on her lap, and poor little discouraged Button sobbed out all the misery in her hopeful but ever baffled heart. When she stopped sobbing, back in jumped all the mean misery, and along with it some of the wretchedness that she saw in Billy's trembling chin.

"Stop crying, Button!" Billy choked. "I'm going to make good. I'm going to work nights and learn everything." And he went out with more blood in his eye.

Another month, and another Saturday afternoon: the hour when Billy was wont to march up the Welldon walk, bearing a bundle of ragged raiment. But this time no Billy. Instead, a belated telephone message. He was laboring over a tangled account and couldn't come.

"You don't mind?"—over the wire.

"Of course not!" insisted Button. "It's all in a day's work. Do a fine job, dearie!"

Billy did a fine job. Ensign & Allen raised him to thirty dollars, on the strength of it. And a few weeks later an automobile dealer turned over his books to Billy personally; and Billy, by dint of night slaving and black coffee, earned an extra fifty.

What a hug Button gave him when he whooped the glad news to her! And how excited Billy was!

"When the man handed me the money," he confessed, "I wiped my red-ink pen on my sleeve. See!" He exhibited the blotch. "Can you take it out? It would cost me a dollar at the cleaner's——"

"Of course I can!" Button fairly tore his coat from his shoulders. "And I can do lots more for you, if you'll let me. See here, Billy!" She grew suddenly grave, "Won't you let me? I'm tired of dawdling away my life at Mama's teas. I'm sick of reading the *Dry Goods Gazette* to Papa. *I want to get into the game!*"

"What's that?" Billy was honestly puzzled.

"It's simply this. You're working and scheming, day and night, to make money for us to marry on. And what am I doing? Waiting for you to make the money. Nothing more! Just waiting, waiting, waiting! Oh! It's enough to drive me foolish, Billy!"

"Have you forgotten those figures on lampshades and prunes and linoleum and cheese and gas and so forth, Button?" Billy asked gently.

"No," Button retorted, "and I haven't forgotten that I'm a natural born button. I don't mind skimping along, Billy, if only I can get into the game of making ends meet."

"Well, I'm not going to make a scrubwoman of you!" Billy protested stoutly. "And that's what you'd be, on thirty dollars a week. Why, I couldn't look the fellows at the office in the face!"

"So you think more of their opinion than of my happiness?" quavered Button.

Thereupon ensued a brief but lively quarrel, which began with excitement and naughty names and ended with cold, cold statistics on the cost of high living, and with Papa Welldon to the rescue of Billy. Button was defeated.

Of course, they kissed and made up. But Button stayed home more than ever, shunned Mama's parties and jaunts, held her firm lips a little firmer, and darned Billy's socks in an ominous silence.

As for Billy, he plunged into his studies with terrific fury, and the heat of it set fire to his enthusiasm. He was no longer a twenty-five-dollar man plodding toward fifty-dollarship. He was, as he called himself, a ledger fan. He sat up until one o'clock in the morning, wrestling with the intricacies of municipal accounting. He lunched with three young experts who argued fiercely over the merits of the loose-leaf system and the new-fangled single entry. And once he wrote a letter about the latter to the *Auditors' Monthly*, which was published and commented upon editorially.

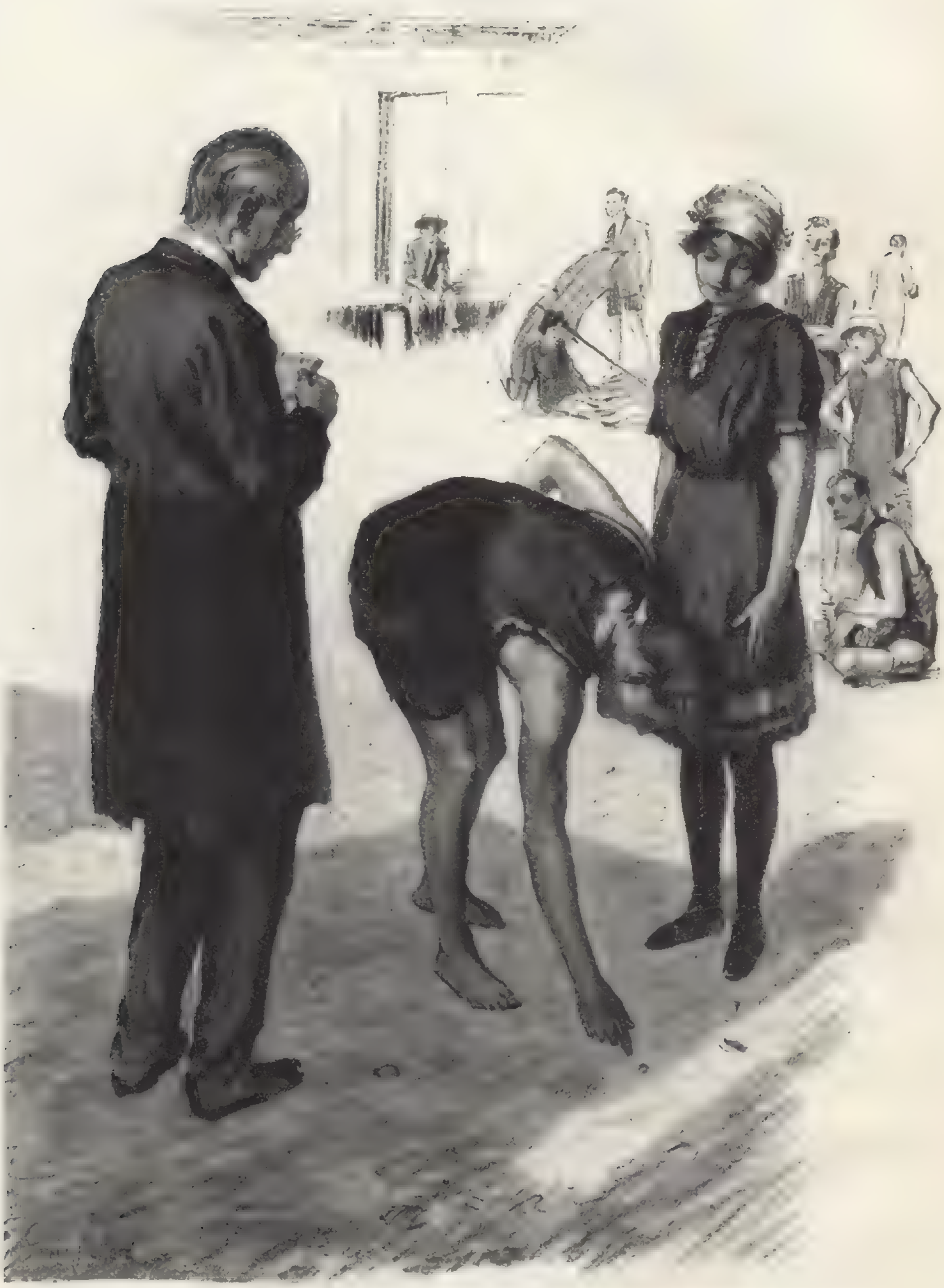
The three young experts and some others met on Sunday afternoon in a grill-room and talked shop. After Billy's letter, they urged him to join them, which he did with the sacred joy of a man who has been admitted to heaven. After that, Billy spent only one Sunday out of four in New Rochelle; and that one he spent mostly in explaining to Button the grave defects of the new-fangled single entry.

Little Button listened gravely, even asked questions that showed she was understanding at least a third of Billy's remarks. But, after Billy had left, she watched him from the front window and cried all over her mother's real lace curtains.

Thus matters ambled along, until the second anniversary of Button's rescue of Billy on Sixth Avenue.

A little before noon on that day the telephone rang for Button.

"Hello!" came Billy's voice, all excited. "Great news, Button! I've got 'em on the run at last. They're going to send me off on a big job. It's Ensign & Allen I'm talking about, you know. A big corporation in St. Louis just telegraphed for a man. Want him to go over all their accounts for the past five years. Been some crooked business in the cashier's office, and we've got to trace it and straighten things out. Ensign & Allen have put me on the job. I'm leaving for St. Louis on the express tomorrow morning at eight——"



TWICE HE DROPPED THE RING WHILE TRYING TO SLIP IT OVER BUTTON'S FINGER.

"Oh, joy!" Button almost sobbed. "How—how long will you be gone, Billy?"

"Nearly a year, honey." The words came hesitantly. "But when I get back, I'll get my fifty a week sure. And then, dear girl—well, you know, eh?"

A short silence, and then from Button, somewhat uncertainly: "You're coming out—right away—to say good-by?"

"To-night, Button——"

"Come this afternoon. I must talk some things——"

"Can't manage it, honey. Got some work to clean up——"

"You are coming on the 2:20, Billy. It's my—last, my only wish."

"Oh, well!" Billy's irritation sounded clear, above the buzz of the long-distance wire. "Beastly awkward. But if you insist."

"Confound the women!" Billy growled to himself, as he hung up the receiver. "They think business is a joke. Something that can be postponed for a cooing match."

"No, Billy, I don't think business is a joke." Button shook her head at him, as he sprawled beside her on the crowded bathing-beach that stretches out from New Rochelle into the wider reaches of the Sound. "I think it's very serious. More serious than you suppose. And I brought you down here, away from Mama, so that I could tell you this without having her hypnotize you——"

"Eh?" Billy started. "Your mother hypnotize me? What's the joke?"

"She's been hypnotizing you these two years," Button marched on militantly. "She's a coatsleeve button, and she has made you believe that I ought to be one. A sleeve button, Billy, looks like a real button. But it isn't. It doesn't bring the edges together and make ends meet. It's an ornament, nothing more. That's my mother, Billy. My father is an old-fashioned man. He thinks a wife ought to be dressed and housed and candied and bejeweled and posed. He thinks a wife ought not do anything worth while. She likes it. But I won't be any man's sleeve button!"

"But, dearest," Billy protested stoutly, "I don't want you to be!"

"Then marry me right away, and take me to St. Louis with you!" The girl seized his hands.

"Now, see here, Button! You know I'm not earning enough yet for that——"

"You're earning more than enough. What you want to do is to earn so much that I will never have to make ends meet. You want me to be your sleeve button. You want me to keep a hired girl and loaf around in a kimono mornings and play bridge and——"

"Call it loafing, if you will," Billy interrupted sweetly, "but it's better for you than breaking your back and fagging yourself and getting to be an old woman at thirty-five. I've been thinking a lot in the last two years, Button. I've learned what a little way a dollar will go, and I know your father and mother are right about that fifty a week."

Button turned her tense face from his and contemplated the throngs of bathers gamboling in the gay blue tide. Then, with gaze still averted, she said: "It wasn't for that I've been darning your socks and sewing on your buttons, these two years, Billy."

Billy chuckled. Then he hopped to his feet, caught her bare arms, and whispered tenderly: "Let's not quarrel in these last hours together, sweetheart. Come on in for a nice swim out to the buoy and back——"

"You go, Billy!" Button looked up at him with very sudden sweetness. "I want to do some thinking."

"Oh, I'll stay here then——"

"No, please, Billy. I'd rather that you went. Here—I'll keep your key." She spoke so earnestly that he had no choice. So in he plunged, kicking his heels for pure animal joy. When he was half-way to the buoy, Button rose quickly and entered the bath-house.

In a few minutes she came out. And soon afterward up dashed Billy, all adrip, chattering, and blue at the fingers, from the chill of the early-summer water. The prudent Button sent him straight in to dress.

He dived into his room. A few paces off Button clasped her hands tautly, while an ear-piercing yell of rage rang from the room, and Billy bolted out again.

"Oh! Great Caesar! Some darned kids have—Oh! And my pants, too! Ooooh! Hurry, Button! I'm in an awful fix!"

"What's the matter, Billy?" Button considered the horizon minutely.

"Somebody has cut every button off my clothes—and holes in my socks and—other things. They're all ripped and ruined—and my only other suit is packed in my trunk and already checked to St. Louis. And my train leaves before the stores open—And anyhow, I can't even get back to New

Rochelle. Oh! If I get my hands on those dirty jokers——"

"Billy, you're mistaken." Button quavered, a little frightened by the terrific bellowing of Billy and by the crowd of bathers the tumult had drawn. "Boys didn't do it. I did!"

"Huh?" came from the utterly stupefied Billy. The noise was made with the tremolo stop pulled all the way out. For poor Billy was shivering dreadfully. "You?" This was a mere gurgle and gulp.

"Yes, Billy." Button had recovered her nerve now and spoke quite boldly, heedless of some whooping youths behind her. "I've put things back to where they were two years ago——"

"Huh?" again from Billy, tremolo.

"I've just taken back my presents, that's all. I've unsewed what I've sewed, and undarned what I've darned. I'm going to be sensible. I've been foolish, Billy. I've let you say how I shall live and when I shall marry. I've let you keep me from playing the biggest game in the world. You want to work your way up in the world and get to be clever and experienced and well off; and, when you've done that, you will give me some furnished rooms and a bank-book and an account with the milliner. Then I shall be expected to sit around and look pretty at your expense. Well, I just won't do it, Billy Thorne! So it's all off. Good-by! I—I hope you like St. Louis!"

She turned to go.

"Wait!" yelled Billy. "Run home and get needle and thread! Please, Button! Please! I mustn't miss that St. Louis train. It would queer me. It's my big chance in life!"

"It's my chance, too, Billy. You've put me off for two years, and now you want to put me off for a third, and then make a doll of me. But I won't be dolled——"

"I give in, Button!" Billy collapsed with something like a sob.

"Wait a few minutes, dearest!" Button cried. And down the road she flitted, clutching in her two hands a choice assortment of coat buttons, vest buttons, trousers buttons, shirt buttons, and others too buttony to mention. She turned into the first house and telephoned.

Ten minutes more Billy's teeth chattered behind the bath-house door. Ten minutes more Button sat on the sand in front of the bath-house, encompassed by the mystified and snickering youth of New Rochelle. And she kept up her courage in the face of them, saying to herself: "I'm going to be sensible! I won't be a sleeve button! I'm going to have what I want!"

At last up dashed a touring-car, and out sprang a clergyman.

"This is most extraordinary, my dear Miss Welldon!" he declared wheezily. "Here's my wife's work-basket and her wedding-ring. If I hadn't known you for fifteen years, I'd never have come—much less brought them."

Button seized the work-basket. "Now come out, Billy!" she commanded. "And get married!"

Forth in his chill bathing-suit crept Billy, his lips all shriveled and blue, his knees smiting each other. Twice he dropped the ring while trying to slip it over Button's finger; and his chattering teeth chopped his words of promise into small pieces. After it was all over, the chauffeur swathed the bridegroom in a laprobe, packed him into the car, and on the way back to the Welldons' the bride plied her needle faster than ever before in her sensible life.

They caught the St. Louis train, and lived happily forever afterward. All of which proves our first statement: that they are both very sensible people.

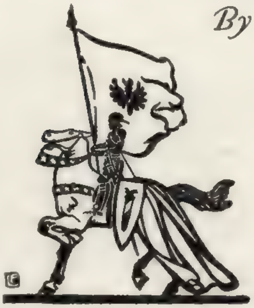
EVERYBODY'S readers are already at work writing a series of articles on "What We Know About Rum." There is still time for any one who hasn't started, to get into the running. $2500.00 is to be paid in salaries to 596 writers. For details, see the announcement in the April EVERYBODY'S and also Page 655 of this number.

In this issue—begin on Page 655—we are publishing some opinions representing the attitude of organizations which take sides strongly for or against Rum.

"Let's Pretend"

By

VIRGINIA RODERICK



IN THE last week of May the city of St. Louis expects to take a review lesson in her own history—a lesson perfectly disguised as play.

The playground lies at the foot of Art Hill, in Forest Park—a vast natural amphitheatre, half encircling a lagoon. Beyond that width of water—a hundred and twenty feet of it—a huge stage is erected. Great totem-poles mark the front width. Trees cluster at either side. An immense sounding-board bounds it at the back. Steps lead down to the water. All about it lie the slopes and open spaces of the Park.

In this colossal setting, on four successive days, the Pageant Association of St. Louis will present a pageant and masque, commemorating the 150th anniversary of the city's founding. Or, rather, *St. Louis* will present it. For 7,500 St. Louis people are included in the cast. Multiply that by the number of people in a family; add the personal friends of the performers; add the membership of the athletic, dancing, business, and religious organizations that furnish representatives; the host of workers who supply costumes and carpentry—and you see that this is indeed St. Louis's own festival.

The Big Idea itself originated at home, with Miss Charlotte Rumbold, secretary of The St. Louis Public Recreation Commission and Mr. Dwight F. Davis, Park Commissioner. But—an item much to St. Louis's credit—when it came to selecting technical artists as Masters of the Pageant, the association sacrificed local pride and chose from the whole country. Thomas Wood Stevens, head of the School of Drama in the Carnegie Institute, writes the pageant, Percy MacKaye the masque, Joseph Lindon Smith cooperates with Mr. MacKaye in the staging, and Frederick S. Converse, founder of the Boston Opera Company, composes the music.

In its articles of incorporation, the association enumerates among its purposes:

> . . . to reproduce dramatic episodes in the history of the city of Saint Louis—to produce dramas, masques, episodes, plays, and other performances for the enjoyment, enlightenment, education, and benefit of the citizens of Saint Louis and elsewhere; to promote public recreation, the civic theatre, the civic drama, and other civic purposes.

Visualize what is to pass on that big stage and see how "enjoyment" and "enlightment" are to be secured:

Late in the afternoon, when 62,000 people are waiting in the amphitheatre, the "dramatic episodes" of St. Louis history will begin unfolding:

The Mound Builders are back again, ceremonially erecting a huge mound under the direction of their priests. Indians of a later period set up wigwams and perform a corn dance, shifting to a war dance at the approach of hostile tribes. The Spanish gold-seekers of the sixteenth century, led by De Soto, cross the scene. Then, by the river way, come the first Frenchmen—Joliet and Père Marquette, impressive and romantic figures; and presently La Salle.

After a spoken interlude, action begins again with the coming of Pierre Laclède and his stepson, Auguste Chouteau, who lay out the town and prophesy its greatness—"Laclède's Village," it is called.

The Spanish return, this time with troops, to occupy the town. Then—in the year of the Louisiana Purchase—there is the "day of the three flags"—Spain yielding to France, the Fleur-de-Lys sinking before the Stars and Stripes.

Another interlude, and—as twilight falls—the pioneers come in sight: Lewis and Clark, Daniel Boone, and a great company of people, horses, boats, wagons following. In the final movement the village—a city now—is rent into factions by the Civil War. But the last word is peace.

That is the general progress of the pageant:

a vitalization of that past which for any community is a clue to its character, a key to its future. To see one's ancestors reenacting their stirring history is more effective than to read about them; to *be* one's ancestor, in a spectacle conducted with dignity and beauty, should give the keenest thrill of realization.

Schools all through the country, understanding more and more that a child learns most by *doing*, are using the pageant to make history and literature vivid. The same psychology holds good for a whole community, with a definite application to its immediate problems. For a fresh pride in past achievements and noble ancestors is empty unless it means a fresh zest for making a community better.

In the early dusk, a musical interlude makes emotional transition to the masque, which is staged with every device of artistic lighting. Its task is to interpret symbolically the history which the pageant has set forth in a concrete series of episodes; to interpret its big social meanings. The theme is "the fall and rise of social civilization." Cahokia, a symbolic figure for the highest aspirations of the Indian race, fights against the Wild Nature forces. Saint Louis, great type figure of the white man's civilization, crusades for the establishment of a harmonized society.

Music, poetry, lighting, mass movement join to make the spectators understand and *feel* the history they have learned by daylight.

It is a more elaborate dramatic form, you see, than the historical processions which are a form of pageant—the Hudson-Fulton parade, for instance. St. Louis is, indeed, undertaking the most ambitious dramatic festival ever attempted in this country.

The idea, of course, is thousands of years old, reaching back to medieval pageants. But it is only in the past six or seven years that an interest in pageantry has been revived—in England first, then in Canada and in various states.

Clubs, universities, and private groups have presented dramatic spectacles of great beauty: There was the masque at Cornish, New Hampshire, where the reincarnated gods of Greece helped Saint-Gaudens's neighbors to offer him a golden bowl. The Art Institute of Chicago reenacted the history of the Italian Renaissance in a pageant of definite dramatic form. In the great redwood grove in California, the Bohemian Club annually gives an outdoor play of brilliant artistry.

Various propaganda have made effective use of the pageant: for instance, Mr. MacKaye's Bird Masque, designed to foster care for birds; and "The Pageant of Darkness and Light," produced in connection with great city missionary exhibits.

A dozen American cities have given pageants: some historical, some purely literary. Chief among the historical ones, was the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the War of 1812 by Philadelphia. Five thousand people took part in the processional pageant which depicted the course of Philadelphia's history.

But when it is all over and the city has laid off her ancestral costumes, what is the net "enlightenment" and "benefit" and "education"?

Aside from the history lesson, which should carry a quickened sense of social continuity and unity; aside from the tremendous "benefit" of the advertisement, there should be an increase in the spirit of cooperation. If performers from the foreign sections join in a big show for their city with that city's pioneer descendants, the melting-pot is bound to bubble a little. Other barriers go down—or should: between rich and poor, employer and employee; city organizations unite for a time in a common purpose.

St. Louis is extending the principle of cooperation even beyond her own citizenship. To the capital of every state in the Union invitations have been sent to furnish a representative who shall be not merely a guest but a participant in the pageant, riding with the Knight St. Louis toward a perfected social organization. "If we play together we will work together"—the inspiration of St. Louis's activities—is a sound bit of psychology.

Still more deeply significant is the strengthening, through such exercise as community pageants, of the impulse toward democracy in art. Perhaps at last we are tired of taking our recreation vicariously; and of accepting what is handed out to us through a commercialized art. Surely participation in pageantry is a step toward the "Civic Theatre"—to use Mr. MacKaye's memorable phrase; toward organization by the people of the arts of the theatre for their own service and profit.

The SECOND

DOCTOR DOLLAR'S STAR PATIENT

LADY VERA brought her own sunshine out of the weeping dusk of that October morning. To veil embarrassment on either side, Dollar had switched off the light by which he had just read the line scribbled on her card; but there was no sanction for his nervous sensibility over the little picture he beheld next moment.

An audacious study in Venetian red—a tripping fashion-plate with a practical waist—it was only Vera by virtue of the radiant face between the donkey-eared toque and the modish modicum of fur. And though the radiance was lovely as ever in his eyes, and lovelier still as a surprise, this frivolous modernity was pain and puzzledom to Dollar until their hands met and the one in the tight glove trembled.

"It is no use beating about the bush," said Vera Moyle, and there was no sort of tremor in her voice. "Do you mind telling me exactly what you know of a Mr. Mostyn Scarth?"

"Mostyn Scarth!" cried Dollar. "Do you know him?"

"Only too well!"

"I was afraid of it."

"But I want your opinion and experience of him first. I believe you saw something of each other in Switzerland?"

"We did," replied Dollar weightily. "He was supposed to be looking after a young temporary lunatic, who was of age, rich, and not irresponsible in the eye of the law. Scarth induced the boy to leave him vast sums of money in a will, and then made two distinct attempts to murder him."

"In Switzerland, when you were there?"

"I was sent for after the first effort; the second was made under my nose."

"And yet you did nothing?"

Lady Vera's indignation was not confined to the absent miscreant; her demigod came in for his share.

"There was not much *to* be done," he protested humbly. "We were in a foreign country; the evidence wouldn't have been overwhelming under our own law. I let Scarth know that I had found him out, got the boy out of his clutches—pulled *him* together all right—and laid the whole case before Topham Vinson when I came home. He consulted his law officers; they thought I had so little to go upon that our man wasn't even marked down for surveillance by the police. I had to keep my own eye on him when he turned up in town again. Scarth made that easy by immediately getting on my tracks, and discovering in Mr. Croucher another old friend who had his knife in me. They tried between them to pervert my chauffeur; then I lost sight of them; and it was then I wanted to put you on your guard, but you were never in, and my letters seemed to miscarry."

"They didn't," said Lady Vera, with frank contrition. "I am ashamed to tell you why I never answered them; but I will, in a minute. So it was Mr. Scarth you meant when you told me the other day that poor Croucher had fallen into such bad hands?"

"Poor Croucher! Yes, it was; and there really is no comparison between them. One was born in the scarlet, so to speak, but the other's the only really educated and quite cold-blooded villain I have ever met."

Vera Moyle sat forward in the patient's chair, in the easy attitude of two years ago when she had come to tell him that she had killed a policeman in a suffragette raid, and to plead for aid in securing the release of Alfred Croucher, imprisoned for her unintended crime. The same firelight, now, illumined the same steadfast look of moral and intellectual honesty. She was the same candid creature, about to tell him the whole truth about some fresh trouble, and extenuate nothing that concerned herself.

"I don't want to waste many words on Mr. Scarth," she began, in the least vindictive of human voices, "but I ought to

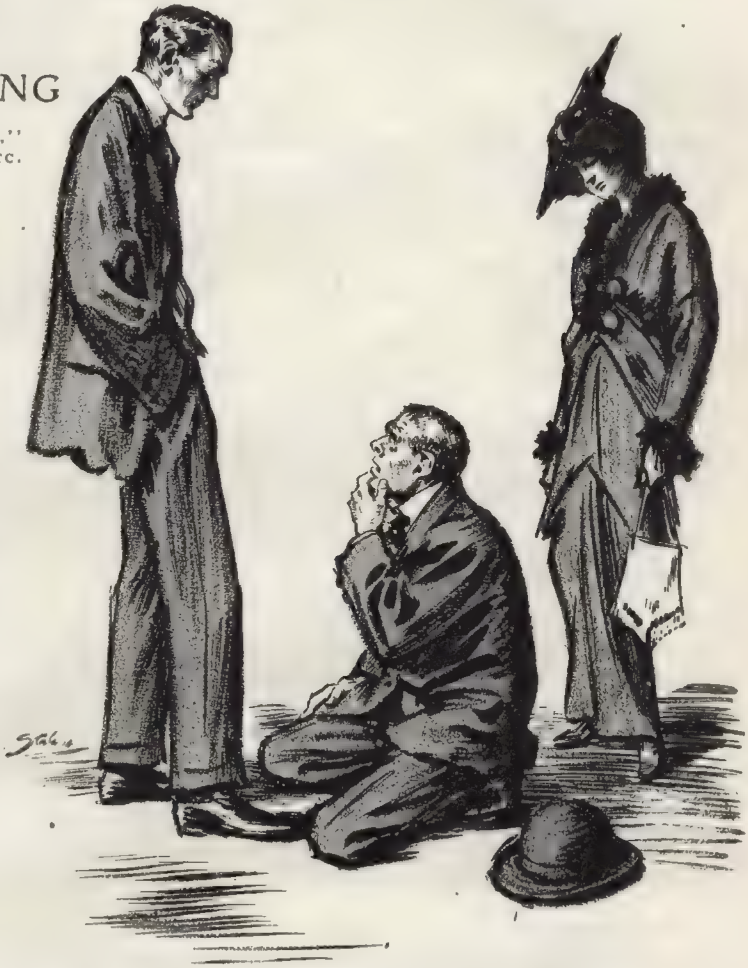
MURDERER

by

E W HORNUNG

AUTHOR OF "RAFFLES," "WITCHING HILL," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
FREDERIC DORR STEELE



"ALL RIGHT!" SNAPPED DOLLAR, TO HER INTENSE RELIEF. "I'LL TAKE YOU IN, CROUCHER, FOR BETTER OR WORSE."

tell you that I quite liked him until the other day. I met him before I met you, at a country house where he was supposed to be tutoring the boys, but was really the life and soul of the whole party. It was extraordinary how he ran everything and everybody for those people; we were all devoted to him, and he says I asked him to come and see us in town; but he never came until near the end of this last season. Then he made up for lost time; he's capital company, as you know, and we had him to dinner, and my eldest brother asked him down to stay in August when I was there. That was when we saw most of each other, and Mr. Scarth asked me to marry him——"

"Good heavens!"

"Of course I didn't like him well enough for that, though he *had* put me against *you!*"

"How?" said Dollar grimly. She was still peering into the fire; but he flattered himself there was more than firelight in the flush that almost rivaled the Venetian red of her dress.

"He knows what I did two years ago."

"Croucher, of course?"

"He said it was you—that you gave me away to him in Switzerland!"

"And you believed him?"

"He made it just credible. He said you told him in confidence; he showed me a letter in which you reminded him not to let it go any farther."

"A forgery!"

"I see that now; but it was a very good one, written on your club paper."

"The man's an expert forger. Anybody can go into a club to write a note and steal some stationery. If only you had tackled me about it!"

"I promised I wouldn't. I could hardly believe it of you, all the same—not that you were the first to tell him. But—but it did put me off—in spite of everything—and that was only in July."

"Just when I was trying to see you, to put you on your guard!"

She gave him her eyes at last, and they were wet but beaming. "I doubted it still more from one or two things he said when we had our little scene in the country; but I *knew* there wasn't a word of truth in it before *you* said a dozen words to me the other Sunday! It was all a plot to keep us apart—to get me under his thumb."

"Did he threaten you when you—had your little scene?"

"Not in so many words."

"He will! That's where I shall come in."

"His position was that I and my secret would be safe only with him."

"As it never was with me?"

"That was it; but now he knows that I don't believe him. I told him so when he called last week."

"So you have had another little scene?"

"I cut it short at that."

"And there the matter ended?"

"Between him and me."

"Don't make too sure. You don't know your Mostyn Scarth as well as I do. I wonder what his next move will be!"

The wonder lit the doctor's face with eager interest, but brighter still was the answering light under the toque with the asses' ears of watered silk.

"I don't know about his next, but I can tell you what his latest move is," said Lady Vera. "He has taken to dodging me all over the place, to see if I don't commit another crime! He was one of the alleged detectives at Pax Monktons Chase!"

"Never!" cried Dollar, taken fairly by surprise.

He had forgotten almost every feature of the affair in question—a suffragette attempt to burn a country house—except how magnificently Vera Moyle had come out of it, with her own hand putting out the flames that her friends had lighted.

"I happen to know it," said Lady Vera, with some little embarrassment. "I had it from—the other detective."

"Not—" and Dollar stopped to frown—"not Croucher himself?"

"Yes."

"He has dared to speak to you!"

"For the very first time since that night in the train; now do listen, and be fair to the poor fellow. He was never as bad as you thought him; you say yourself that he's a saint compared with Mr. Scarth." Dollar felt too savage to smile at this free version of what he had said. "Well, they have fallen out, and Croucher's in a bad way altogether; and he has turned to me for a helping hand, but not for money or anything of that kind."

"Not the least little hint of blackmail?"

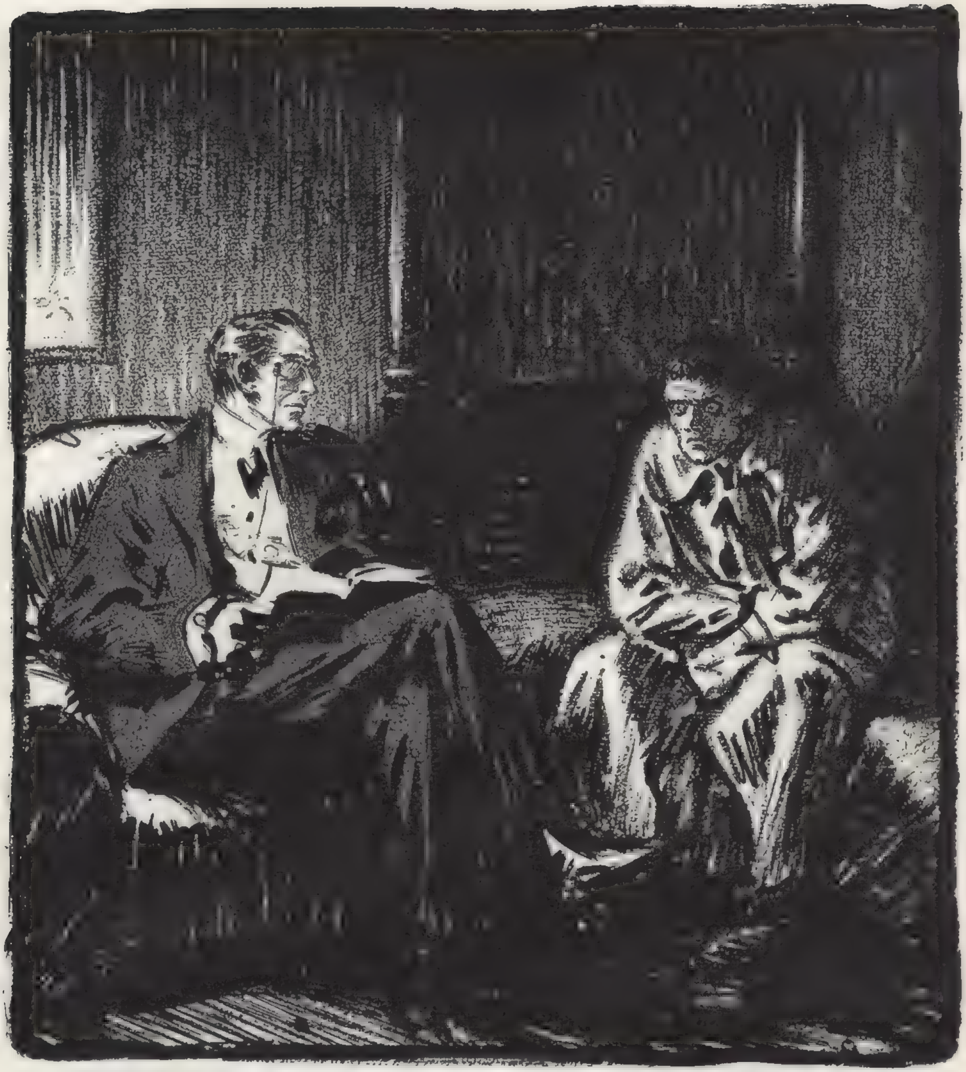
"Not a word or a sign of anything of the sort, except that he asked me to forgive him for the other time, and of course I did."

"Of course you did, though he actually robbed you under arms!" cried Dollar as sardonically as he felt he must.

But he was let off with the warning of a frown that would have escaped attention on a face less consistently serene than Lady Vera Moyle's.

"You forget what he had been through first," said she gently. "Within forty-eight hours of execution, for something he had never done! However much you frightened him at the time, he might have gone on blackmailing me without your knowledge, and that's the last thing he's trying to do now. But I want you to do something for him! You say yourself that he has fallen into the worst of hands—well, I want to get him out of them. You once told me that, when you had him here before, you found yourself trying to make a decent being of him, and beginning to feel that you might almost succeed. Doctor, I want you to try again, for my sake! He is frightfully sorry for what he did before, and he has been very badly used by Mostyn Scarth. He looks ill. I want you to save his life, and more than his life! Dear man, do take him in again, and give him one more chance, to please me!"

Her voice had broken, and her tears had flowed as he had never known them flow before, and he had waited grimly while she recovered her voice and dried her eyes. But he could not answer grimly when in her turn she waited for him to speak. In her frivolous little blazing skirt, in the toque that he liked even less; overdressy as he dared to think her in his simple heart of



IT WAS HORRIBLE, TO HIS MIND, THAT ONE WHO RAN EVERY RISK OF BEING MURDERED SHOULD SIT THERE GLOATING OVER "THE SHADES OF MERIT" IN MURDERS.

hearts, she appealed to him the more profoundly for those very vanities, so far from vanity were the letter and the spirit of her intercession.

"So you really came to see me about Alfred Croucher?" said Dollar, but very gently, without the faintest accent of reproach.

"It was about both of them, but chiefly about him," she admitted. "Of course, I wanted to check his account of Mr. Scarth. If you had given him a good character, that would have been the end; but you gave him a much worse one than I expected. Croucher seems almost immaculate by comparison."

"And where is Mr. Croucher at the moment?"

"Walking up and down outside."

"Until we call him in?"

"If only you will let me!"

She was on her feet, to take him at his word as soon as spoken; but he said that was Barton's job, and, wondering aloud how Barton would like it, went out presumably to see. He was not gone long, and in another minute Alfred Croucher was cringing before them like a beaten cur.

But few curs whine as this one did that morning, while the Crime Doctor listened and their little lady winced. She was right about one thing: he did look ill; his cough was not altogether put on. He had been "tret somefink crool," he declared, but without entering into particulars, for which Dollar did not press; but on the character of Mostyn Scarth there were no such reservations. Croucher denounced that monster with the white hatred of a holy warrior, casting up his eyes with all manner of passionate and pious invocations.

"Only take me away from 'im, before it's too late!" he implored, reluctant murder in the whites of his rolling eyes. " 'E's a bad man, a very bad man, 'e is! The 'appiest days o' me life was wot I spent in 'ere eighteen munf ago. It seems more like eighteen years—'ard. I never should've quit but for Shod, wot's got a good long stretch for 'is pines. 'E's another bad man; but for 'im, you 'ad me in the 'oller of yer 'and, an' might've made a man o' me in no time."

"Yet you went straight from me to threaten and rob the lady who sent you here!"

It was a dangerous opening, but Croucher did not take it. In ignoble emotion he fell upon the knees of a flash pair of trousers, which still showed the track of an ineradicable crease, and once more sued for the mercy and forgiveness already vouchsafed to him. And Lady Vera turned from the sly, leering, blinking, darting eyes to a pair turned hard as nails, and the harder for an oblique inner twinkle all their own.

"All right!" snapped Dollar, to her intense relief. "I'll take you in, Croucher, for better or worse. We'll make it for better, if we can; but do get to your two legs, man, instead of fawning on all fours. Are you free to stop as you are, or is there anything you want to settle up first?"

"There's me rooms," said Croucher eagerly. "There's nothink worth fetching from 'em, but I shouldn't like to bilk the people, 'speshly w'en 'er lidyship's gawn an' give me the money. Gawd bless 'er!"

Dollar precipitated the creature's exit, on the verge of fresh saurian tears, of which there were further signs for his benefit on the mat. He might be a bad man, too, might Mr. Croucher, but he wasn't as bad as Mostyn Scarth. And in that modest claim, at least, there was a bitter sincerity which received its due in a nod of keen acknowledgment.

"I never did think you were more than a second murderer, Croucher!"

"Wot's that?"

The whites of those quick, furtive eyes were showing quite horribly in a moment.

"Only a technical expression, Croucher, meaning the minor malefactor." And he returned rather slowly into the eager presence of Lady Vera Moyle.

"I suppose I mustn't fawn, either," she said, in the softened tone of one of her rare rebukes. "But *do* you think you can make anything of him—this time?"

"I hope so; but I shall be very glad to have him back even if I fail again."

"Why?"

The Crime Doctor gave her another of his oblique smiles. "I shall be all the better able to watch Scarth's next move," he said.

II

Over against the back windows of a nice new street of tall red houses, beyond the high red wall enclosing their common strip of shrubs and gravel, runs a humbler row of windows in connection with a mews. In one you may still catch a coachman shaving for the box, but more likely a chauffeur's lady engrossed in her novelette; and on the next sill are pots of geraniums, while the next but one keeps the evening's kippers nice and fresh. Most of the windows have muslin curtains, and in some the lights are on all night. Last October there was only one without any kind of covering except a newspaper stuck across a broken pane.

It was the scandal of the row. A battered billycock lay rotting on the roof above; strange fragments of song were always liable to burst from within, as of a gentleman roystering in his sleep, and at times a bristly countenance would roll red eyes over the backs of the red houses, beginning and ending with the flats at the bottom of the street. If, simultaneously, a dark, handsome face appeared at a top flat window, the chances were that both would vanish; but it would have been difficult to detect the passage of an actual sign.

On the return of Alfred Croucher, shaven and collared, from the audience just described, he went so far as to wink and wave from the window that disgraced the mews to the one that crowned the flats. And Mostyn Scarth was at his elbow before it could be lifted with the bottle brought in to celebrate the occasion.

"Just one!" said Croucher, pitching his mongrel whine in the key of comic extravaganza. "I deserve all ten fingers for what I got to tell yer!"

"Not a drop, my Lazarus!" said Scarth. "When do you move in?"

"To-day—now."

"You shall have the whole bottle when you come out. You may want it. What about that stamped notepaper?"

"Couldn't lay 'ands on a scrap."

"Well, I must have a sheet or two as soon as you can stick them in the post; three or four would be safer, and at least a couple of his envelopes, in case of accidents. Now tell me everything that happened; and perhaps you *shall* have a drink before you go."

There was no light that night in the window with the broken pane pasted over with newspaper; next day it was mended properly, and the sodden billycock removed from the roof, before Alfred Croucher awoke from his innocent and protracted slumbers in the Crime Doctor's patent chamber of perpetual peace.

His first impression was that some mysterious miracle had been performed expressly for his behoof. He must have been drunk to have slept so sound, and yet he had none of the disagreeable sensations which a long experience associated with the ordinary orgy. He felt profoundly rested and refreshed; never had he lain in so luxurious a bed; and the air was faintly scented, subtly soothing, and there was plenty of it; yet not a sound except the gentle stirring of his own breathing body between the sheets. His palate was clean and cool beyond belief.

He opened his eyes, and saw a plain room sharp as crystal to the sight—not the bronze bedchamber that he suddenly remembered, but the same place steeped in purest sunshine.

Then he knew where he was, and precisely why he was there; and it was the mental equivalent of what Mr. Croucher called " 'ot coppers," only this made him hot all over. He might have been in a fever; he hoped violently that he was. He remembered his cough, and began to practise it. A determined paroxysm revived his spirits; he was not fit to get up, and other people would just have to wait until he was, and serve 'em jolly well right! Other people couldn't get at him there; yet one other person could, and did, to Mr. Croucher's mingled discomfort and relief. The doctor duly kept him in bed; but there was too much of the doctor; and yet the time hung heaviest when he was not there. The patient had lost his liking for a book. His mind would wander when he read. It would follow the doctor down-stairs to his consulting-room, or across the landing to the room in which he slept. The man haunted him. It was better to have him there in the flesh, than to see him as Croucher continually saw him when he was not there at all.

Better, again, to talk of some things than to dwell on them night and day, especially when those subjects seemed to possess an equally awful fascination for the Crime Doctor. Of course, they were in his line; that accounted for the doctor's morbid taste, and the patient's most terrible experience accounted for his. There was nothing unnatural in their talks. They had the thing in common, only from opposite poles of experience, which enormously enhanced the mutual interest. If there was one subject they were bound to have discussed, being what they both were, it was the subject of the Sixth Commandment.

"Of course you think about it," said Dollar, dismissing an incoherent excuse on the second day. "It must haunt you; it's only natural that it should. All I should like you to do, since you never committed one, and are the last man in the world to commit one now, is to take a rather lighter view of that particular misdeed."

"A lighter view!" repeated Croucher, goggling; and he added, with a shuddering inconsequence: "The lor o' the land don't make light of it!"

"Literature has been known to," rejoined the doctor, with as little apparent point. "But you are not the reader you were last year; otherwise there's a little thing, 'On Murder Considered as one of the Fine Arts,' that I should like to lend you."

"One o' the fine wot?" said Mr. Croucher, uncertain whether to grin or frown.

Dollar went for the book and read a few extracts aloud. They appeared to afford him extraordinary enjoyment; they were altogether over the bullet head on the pillow.

Croucher could only gather that some people seemed to imagine it was good sport to commit a murder. Funny fools! Let them try a fortnight in the condemned cell for one they never did commit, and see how they took to that!

But he could understand them that knew nothing about it writing a lot of rot like this. What beat him was that the Crime Doctor, of all people, with all his uncanny knowledge of the subject—that even he was able to view the worst of crimes in a light which would never have dawned on the independent intellect of Alfred Croucher. It was horrible, to his mind, that one who ran every risk of being murdered should sit there gloating over "the shades of merit" in one murder, and over others as "the sublimest and most entire in their excellence that ever were committed."

What was more horrible, however, was the hollow note of Mr. Croucher's own laughter, and the furtive gleaming of his restless eyes, while his body twitched between the sheets.

He asked for the book when Dollar rose to go, and was discovered, after an hour or so, bathed in perspiration.

"It ain't all like them funny bits," he assured the doctor, with an open shudder. "There's a bit I struck about a servant gal on one side of a door an' a bloke wot's done the' ole bloomin' family in, on the other. My cripes! I 'ad to 'old me breff over that!"

"On which side of the door were you?"

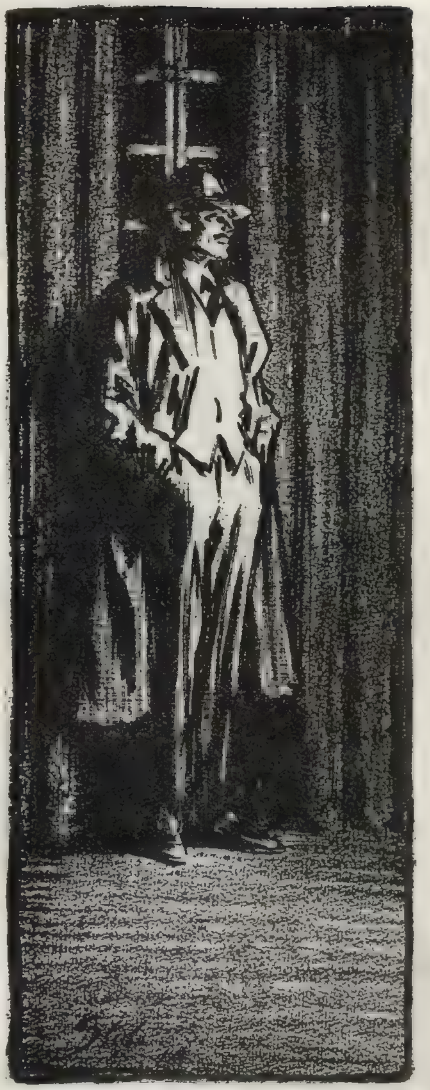
"Wot's that?"

"In your mind's eye, my good fellow!"

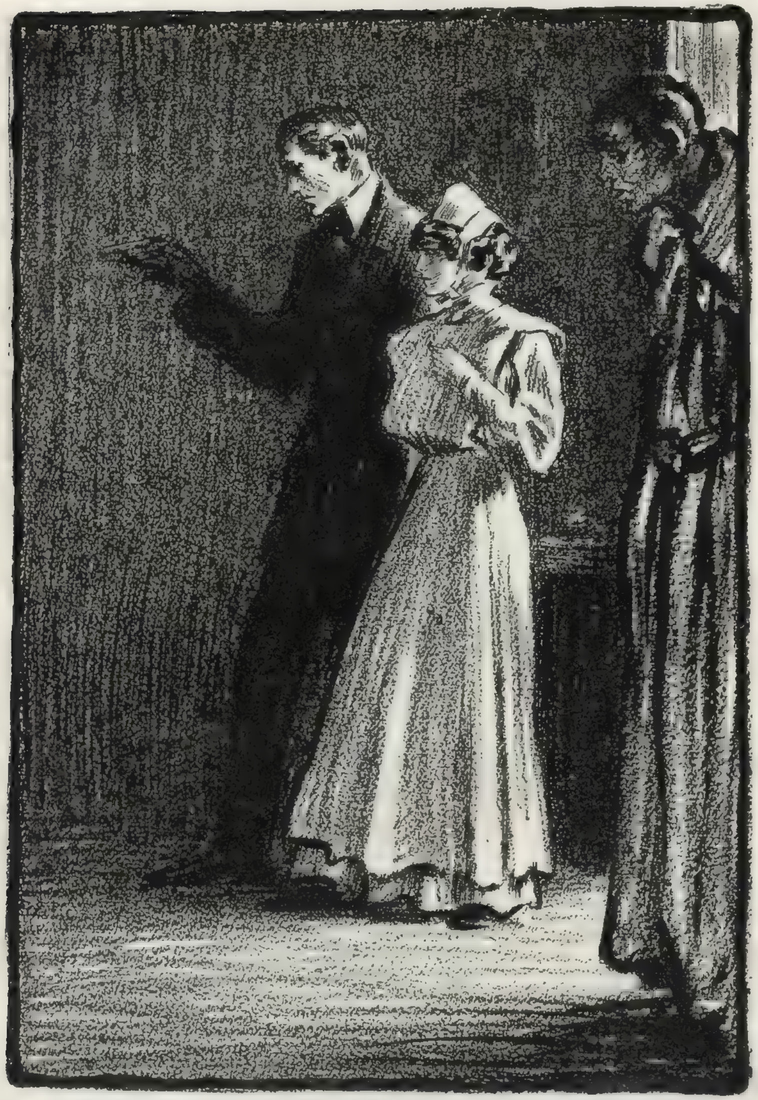
Mr. Croucher had seldom found it easier to tell the truth, and he made the most of his opportunity. "I felt like as if I was the gal," said he. "I shouldn't wonder if I dreamt I was 'er to-night!"

"Ah! I always find myself on the inside," said Dollar, with extraordinary gusto. "I'd much rather have been the girl. She had the open street behind her, and the street lamps; he had only his own handiwork in the dark, and hardly room enough to step out of the way of it. She got away, too, whereas he had to make away with himself. But I always would rather be the victim. He doesn't know what's coming, and it's not a thousandth part as bad as the other thing when it does come. I'm sorry, Croucher! You shouldn't have asked me to leave you the book. But there's nothing like looking at a thing from all sides, and it may console you to know that you've perspired over the best description of a murder ever written."

Yet that was not the last of their morbid conversations. They would hardly be five minutes together before the noxious subject would crop up, nearly always through some reluctant yet irresistible allusion on the pa-



"SO I'VE CAUGHT YOU BOTH OUT, MY
THING AT ME, AS IF I



VIRTUOUS FRIENDS!" SAID HE. "AND YOU DARE TO PRESENT THAT WERE HERE FOR A FELONIOUS PURPOSE!"

tient's part. The doctor might come in overflowing with deliberate gaiety; there was something about him that set the bulbous eyes rolling with uneasy cunning, the cockney tongue wagging in its solitary strain, as it were under protest from the beaded brow.

On one occasion Dollar was the prime offender. It was the day after Croucher's introduction to De Quincey, and the first bad night spent by anybody in the Chamber of Peace. He declared he had not slept a wink, and was advised to get up and go for a walk.

"Alone?" said Croucher, in a low voice.

"Why not? This isn't prison, and I never hear you cough. *You* are not going to die just yet, Croucher!"

"I 'ope nobody is, not 'ere," said Croucher, with a horrid twitch. "I feel as it *might* buck me up—a breff of air on a nice fine day like this."

His eyes rolled undecidedly, and the oil ran out of his voice. "But it ain't no fun goin' out alone," he added dubiously.

"Haven't you any friends you could go and see?" inquired Dollar.

"No!" cried Croucher, with an emphasis that pulled him up. "I—I might write a letter, though—if you could spare me a bit o' paper wiv the address."

It was a very short letter that Alfred Croucher wrote, but a remarkably thick envelope that he himself took to the post, after looking many times up and down the street. And at the pillar-box, which was not many yards from the door, he again hesitated sadly before thrusting it in.

In the afternoon Dollar took him out in the car, and then it was that for once the poisonous topic was not introduced by Mr. Croucher.

"See that house?" said Dollar, pointing out one of the most modest in the purlieus of Park Lane. "There was no end of a murder *there* once. Swiss valet cut his master's throat, made what he flattered himself were the hall-marks of burglars, and had the nerve to go into the room to wake the dead man up next morning."

"Fair swine, eh?" said Mr. Croucher, with all the symptoms of disgust.

"A very fair artist, too," rejoined the disciple of De Quincey. "That wasn't his only good touch. He cut the old gentleman's throat from ear to ear, and yet there wasn't a spot of blood on his garments. How do you suppose he managed that? It's a messy operation, Croucher; you or I would have made a walking shambles of ourselves."

"How did he manage it?" asked Croucher, in a sullen growl.

"By taking off every stitch before he did the trick. How about that for a tip?"

Croucher made no reply. His teeth were clenched like those of a man bearing physical pain.

They were nearly out of town, and Dollar had discoursed upon autumn tints and the nip in the air before being abruptly interrogated as to the "fair swine's" fate.

"Need you ask?" said he. "The poor devil was too clever by half, and made a big mistake for each of his strokes of genius. He was taken, tried, condemned, and all the rest of it."

"They always seem to forget somefink," said Alfred Croucher, another long mile out of town.

"The first thing being that the best murders oughtn't to look like murders," the criminologist agreed. "They ought to look like accidents, or suicides at the most. But it takes a Mostyn Scarth to cut as deep as that."

"Wot mikes yer fink of 'im?" cried Croucher, in a fury at the very name.

"Well, among other things, the fact that he saw us off in the car just now. Do you mean to say you didn't see through the false beard of the gentleman who was picking up his umbrella as we turned into Wigmore Street?"

III

Never again did Alfred Croucher venture out alone, even as far as the pillar-box. Not another letter had he to post, though he received one, wrapped round a stone, once when his window was open, and literally devoured every word. He did go out, but only with the Crime Doctor in his car, for an hour or two in the afternoon.

More than once they got out at Richmond Park, sent the car across to one of the other gates, and followed at a brisk walk, shoulder to shoulder, with Croucher often peeping over his, but Dollar never. The walk was sometimes broken for as long as it took Croucher to smoke a pipe in one of the beautiful wooded enclosures which are the inner glory of the most glorious of all public parks. There, under red canopies of dying leaves, their feet upon a russet carpet of the dead, the smoker would rest in a restless silence, because the one subject which had made him eloquent was now taboo. Even in the Chamber of Peace there was no peace for Alfred Croucher, and but little sleep, though the doctor had walked him off his legs and would sit beside him till all hours. So the literary and conversational treatment had been altered once for all, and now the patient would hardly read or speak a word.

Late one night, in the second half of the month, the Crime Doctor, seated like a waxwork in a chair that never creaked, had just made sure that his man was asleep at last. He decided to steal out and write some letters, and take them to the post himself before locking up, and was getting by inches to his catlike feet, when some sense held him bent like a bow. It could hardly have been his hearing, in his own sound-proof sanctuary, between double windows and triple doors, and the four most silent walls in London. Yet suddenly he was all on edge, listening with nerves laid bare by forced vigils in that slumbrous room; brown as an Arab in its weird coppery lighting; the silver patch in his hair changed from a florin to a new penny; the whites of his eyes like broad gold rings; their one flaw augmented by an infinite fatigue.

The inmost door was opening, so softly, so slowly, at deadliest dead of night!

It was a woman who entered like a ghost, and he knew her step, though he could not hear it even now. And though her cloak and head-dress were those of a trained nurse, he knew, rather than saw, that the wearer was Lady Vera Moyle.

"Hush!" she was the first to whisper, and very softly closed the last door, through which he would have hurried her down-stairs. Already her soundless movements, her air of vast precaution, puzzled him even more than her presence or her dress—but he still had anxieties on this side of the door.

"Just asleep," he whispered, pointing to the bed. "Bad time I've given him, poor brute, but a better one coming, I do believe. Did you come to see how he was doing?" Even in the stained light she looked so beaming now, so frankly triumphant, he made sure that was it. "I'd have written, only I thought you were abroad. Who let you in?"

"This!" And she held up a new latch-key.

"Where did you get it?"

"Specially cut for me." Every line in his face was a note of blank interrogation. "Mostyn Scarth has another—cut specially for him! I've had him watched."

"Vera!"

"*I* was watching for *him*—from the nursing home opposite—suffrage friends of mine."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"You had enough to do."

He shook his head. "Well?"

"He's somewhere in the house."

"This house?"

She nodded. "Hiding—in your room, I think."

"I'll soon have him out!"

"Wait!" She had eyes for the amber bed at last. "Are you sure he's asleep?"

Dollar stole across and back. The great frame was breathing gently and evenly as a child's. "But he's a terribly light sleeper; we mustn't disturb him, if we can help it."

"Disturb him!" She clutched his hand for the first time. "I wish to God I had never brought him to you! There's a plot between them, doctor—I know there's some plot!"

"There *was*, of course," he said, smiling, but wincing at his own "of course" that instant. "I'm delighted you brought him," he reassured her. "I've taken some of the plot out of him—and now for Mr. Scarth."

He reached past her to open the door. In a flash she put something in his hand. It was a showy little revolver, the handle mother-of-pearl, the barrel golden in that light.

"Thanks!" he said briefly; but there was a whole novel in his look. "Now, will you do something more for me?"

"No!" she said flatly, and was at his elbow when he opened his own door across the landing.

It was such a plain little room that there was indeed small danger of a surprise from the concealed intruder. The only possible cover was under the bed, behind the curtains, or in the wardrobe. Dollar just went through the form of glancing under the bed, as he whipped up the poker in his left hand; with it he parted the curtains, and in the same second had his man comfortably covered at arm's-length.

"Well done!" cried the girl.

Scarth repaid her with a gleam of saturnine enlightenment; it was the first change in his swarthy, unemotional, unconquerable visage. On the Balkan battle-fields there may have been myriads of such faces, not with the unique intellectual quality of this one, but like it in their fierce contempt of battle, murder, and sudden death, as immaterial trifles not worth a qualm. Among educated Englishmen the temperament is rare, and rarer still the mental attitude; in the combination lie the makings of the hell-born villain, and Mostyn Scarth was the finished article.

Stoical in his discomfiture, he saw his opening with no more than a glitter of his insolent eyes, and took it as if he had never foreseen anything else.

"So I've caught you both out, my virtuous friends!" said he. "And you dare to present that thing at me, as if I were here for a felonious purpose!"

"I shall not empty it into you, Scarth, however much you may tempt me," replied the Crime Doctor. "What do you say to clasping both hands behind your head and leading the way down-stairs?"

"I'll see you dead first!" said Mostyn Scarth.

"Good! It's exactly the same to me, only you may find it harder not to take one of those hands out of your trousers pockets, and the moment you show a finger I shall cripple you for life. I thought, too, that you might like to hear what we say to the police."

"I don't take the faintest interest in what *you* say to them," returned Scarth, with a broader gleam to light his meaning.

"Good again! Do you mind going down and ringing up New Scotland Yard, Lady Vera? On your way you might please see if all three doors are shut in the room opposite; then, perhaps—no! I should leave this one open after all, I think."

"I should, if I were you," said Scarth. "And I should think a good many times before carrying out your other instructions—if I were the lady at the bottom of one of the few mysteries that still puzzle Scotland Yard."

There was a pause, in which Dollar heard only a sharp intake of breath on the threshold just behind him; but that was enough.

"I believe I shall have to shoot you, after all," said he, and the hammer of the mother-of-pearl revolver clicked to full cock.

"Won't that rather spoil your game?" said Scarth blandly.

"Mine is not the game that matters at the moment—yours *is*. As, however, you have been fool enough to have a key cut expressly to fit my front door lock, and have been discovered in my room at midnight——"

"In the most distinguished company! Go on, Dollar. Nothing extenuate—bang the field-piece—twang the lyre!"

His teeth were showing as they had shown on the platform at Winterwald ten months before in his clever impersonation of *Mr. Jingle*. If Scarth in turn had not held Vera Moyle at his mercy, and if John Dollar had not known him to be utterly devoid of the quality, he could have admired the cool dare-devil, swaggering at bay.

"Remember the concert at Winterwald, doctor," he went on, "and our talk afterward, and the last talk we ever had there? He thought I had two tries to kill a fellow, Lady Vera — two bites at such a green young nut! Better to finish 'em off at one fell blow, isn't it? Not such fun for the widow or the poor innocent devil who nearly swings for him, but great work for the militant Millies and their lady leader. Splendid for you all until the truth comes out—as it will the minute a policeman shows his nose!"

It was Lady Vera who had obtained him this hearing. She had stepped up to Dollar, had taken his arm, had even put her other hand in front of her own revolver.

"Let him go on. We may as well know where we are," she had said, in the middle of Scarth's speech. And now she asked him what he proposed, as if she were inquiring the price of a dress.

"You have had my proposal," said Scarth. "It's not the kind that one repeats before a third party."

"I may as well ring them up," said Lady Vera, trying to disengage her arm.

But Dollar's had closed upon it, and his left hand held hers as in a vise.

"You sha'n't!" he ground out. "It's all bluff! They have no evidence!"

"They are welcome to all I can give them," she answered. "I have always regretted I didn't come forward in the beginning. There was more excuse than there is now—and then there was no question of letting a worse person go for the second time."

But this was not said for the worse person's benefit; for the Vera Moyles it is impossible to speak *at* the worst person in the world. The point was merely urged as an argument for Dollar's private ear. But the Mostyn Scarths are expert listeners; not a syllable was lost upon the consummate chieftain of that foul family, and he grinned gaily through the open door, where the pair now stood a little on one side.

"So you admit that you administered his coup de grace to the late lamented Sergeant Simpkins?"

"I have never denied it in my life."

"Hear that, Croucher?" cried Scarth. "'Full confession by Lady Vera Moyle. Extry speshul.'"

The pair stood closer as one of them looked round; and there, indeed, on the threshold, bulked Alfred Croucher, larger than life in a white bath-gown that sat better on him than his loudest clothes. And his unwholesome face looked only a shade less white than all the rest of him, save the little red, sleepless eyes fixed on Mostyn Scarth, who still enjoyed the Crime Doctor's undivided attention.

"'Ow the 'ell did *you* get 'ere?" said Croucher huskily.

"I'm obliged to you for asking. Our virtuous friends are so ready to take a felony for granted, that it seems never to have occurred to them that I walked in at the door—partly to see you, chiefly to bowl them out.

"The worst of your kind of lock, doctor," he went on, "is that all the keys are numbered. The worst of a Turkish bath is that your enemy may have a look at your latch-key if you will leave it in your pocket on its chain."

The note of insolence had been forced for Croucher's benefit, the libretto elaborated to impress that elementary mind, and it was to Croucher that Scarth turned for applause. It might have been more articulate; there was little merriment in the guttural laugh; and it was not in open mockery, if not with any visible respect, that the little red eyes sought the silent object of these insults.

Dollar met them for a moment with a sidelong flash; that was as much as the little red eyes could stand. Scarth glowered, but Mr. Croucher was not looking up any more. Between the two strong men, one spitting insults with his tongue, the other darting questions with his eyes, flabby Croucher found it convenient to study the toes of his bedroom slippers. But his right hand shook deep in the far pocket of the voluminous bath-gown. None of them saw that but Mostyn Scarth, and him it filled with gleaming confidence.

"Come, Alfred," said he, "get into your street clothes, if they haven't been taken away from you! If they have, go down as you are and call a taxi. I'm going to take you out of this hole. You look more dead than alive. I thought you might; that's one reason why I came."

"Croucher is going to do something for me first," said the Crime Doctor. "*Then* he can do what he likes."

"Sorry you haven't got a soul to call your own, Alfred."

"Who says I haven't?"

"Dr. Dollar. Didn't you hear him?"

"If he does, he's a——"

"Croucher! Croucher!" said the doctor. "All I want you to do is to hand me the razor-case from the dressing-table. In fact, you needn't do all that. Just arm yourself with the weapon you ought to find there. Then somebody will be more of a match for me. And Mr. Scarth isn't raising any further objection, you will notice."

What Croucher noticed, as the red eyes came up at last, was that Mostyn Scarth had suddenly lost a little of his usual healthy tan; but the bedroom slippers remained planted where they were.

And then without a word Lady Vera stepped from the doctor's side, took the razor-case in both her hands, pulled it in two, and exhibited the empty halves.

"Which of you has borrowed my razor?" said John Dollar.

"Not *me!*" cried Croucher with tremendous emphasis. But his right hand was still in his far pocket, as only Mostyn Scarth could see; and the sight restored a little of that healthy tan which so becomes dark faces.

"Not you, Croucher?"

"No, not me, I swear!"

"Yet I believe your original mission in this house was to possess yourself of that razor—and—use it?"

Dollar did not finish the sentence without feeling for a little hand with his left; that little hand met it half-way, and was the first to give a reassuring squeeze.

"You were to do something to me with it, I believe, and to leave it in my hand to show I'd done it myself?"

And then, under another sidelong flash, that steadied down into a will-destroying gleam, Croucher came out with a dreadful phrase.

"*To guide yer 'and!*" said he hoarsely.

"To guide my hand! Exactly! But it was not exactly your idea?"

"No. It was—" But here his eyes rolled into Mostyn Scarth's, and dropped once more.

"Exactly!" repeated Dollar. "But you didn't quite feel like doing it, so at last your master had to come in to do it for you?"

"He ain't my master now, blast 'im!"

"Steady, Croucher! May I ask what that is in your hand?"

It was a letter. Only a letter out of that far pocket, after all! Scarth's eyes started, and he found his tongue once more.

"You—give—that—to me, Croucher!"

Croucher wavered at his voice; it was terribly threatening, each subtle tone a poisoned barb.

"What if I don't?"

"You know what!"

"The game deepens," said the Crime Doctor; and he did not know that his left hand had dropped the little hand.

"*Your* game's up if you show that letter!" cried Scarth to Croucher, who only showed him the broad of his back.

"Can you be tried twice for the same thing, doctor?" he began, but in the same breath he desperately added: "I don't care whether you can or whether you can't! You read that, whether or no!"

The letter was in an envelope superscribed "To the Coroner," in a wonderful imitation of Dollar's handwriting; but the letter itself, written on his own stamped paper, was a still more marvelous forgery, in which the Crime Doctor bade farewell to the world before stultifying his own life's work by the crime of suicide.

"That's better than anything you did in Switzerland," said Dollar, nodding to the livid man between the curtains.

"But it ain't the best thing 'e's done," said Croucher, and stopped to roll his eyes and gloat. "The bounder's best bit was squeezin' two people for the same job—the guilty an' the innercent—'er as thought she must've done it, an' 'im's knew 'e done it all the time!"

"That's the end of *you*," said Scarth, with sardonic satisfaction.

"It's the beginning of us all!" said the Crime Doctor, in a voice they hardly knew. "Do you—can you mean yourself and this lady?"

That lady shook her head and smiled.

"I do, if I swing to-morrow!" swore Alfred Croucher. "I told *'im*"—with a truculent thrust of the bullet head—"one night in me cups; an' fust 'e starts squeezin' 'er to marry 'im, an' then squeezin' me to do yer in before yer forbids 'is banns! Oh, 'e's a nut, I tell yer—though we've been the nuts an' 'im the cracker!"

Lady Vera looked like a little ghost, still unable to believe her ears, still staring into space as if the trouble was rather with those great Irish eyes of hers.

But the doctor was the doctor an instant longer. His left hand went out to his patient first.

"You'll sleep to-night! I'll give you the other when it's free," he said, still covering Scarth, where he stood with his hands in his pockets, the curtains on each side of him, and a back window just behind.

Then two things happened in quick succession; but the first brought the lover back to life with such a throb that the second was not even seen.

Just saying, "I'm afraid I'm going to make a fool of myself," Lady Vera collapsed at his feet. The doctor was down on his knees beside her, getting the girl into his arms. And even Mr. Croucher did not see the curtains close, nor hear anything happen behind them; for he, too, was on his knees, holding out a dripping sponge, and babbling faster than the drops pattered on the floor.

"It's right! I done it—done it all the time. Never meant to, mind yer, but that's neither here nor there. Ready to swing, I was, an' don't care now if I do! She saved me—little knock-out—an' look 'ow I went an' tret 'er for it! Wot a fair swine I was!"

But the Crime Doctor had even less time to listen to him now; for the eyes of eyes had opened, were gazing up into his; and not one of them had heard the window raised behind the curtain, or the clanging thud upon the iron steps just underneath.

DEAD IN THE STEERAGE

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

TWO days out, and he died,
The sea in his ears like a song.
Well—for the journey's long—
Heave him over the side.

Feet first into the foam,
And a billow to couch his head—
Water's a weary bed!
When you hoped for home.

The old land dims like a cloud,
The new land burns like a star;
The goal that he sought was far . . .
And he sinks in his shroud.

What if a gray ghost roam
Our white wake, wave by wave?
The tides are a restless grave
When you dreamed of home!

EVERY-BODY'S MONEY

by

JOHN PARR

This department is designed to be helpful to the increasing number of people who begin to understand the nature and uses of wealth, who save money, and who seek ways of employing it properly and profitably. It is conducted altogether in that spirit, for the benefit of the hundreds of thousands of small capitalists who are tremendously important and but dimly aware of their aggregate power. Every one with a financial problem to solve is welcome to such advice and information as we can give. He has only to write for it. We thought all this had been made clear; but we receive many letters offering to pay for that which we freely give. The necessity for saying so never occurred to us before, but we say now, finally, that the offer of fees is extremely unwelcome and may, conceivably, prejudice the correspondence. J. P.

MONEY ITSELF

NO OTHER aspect of finance seems to interest our readers so much as the bewildering mechanism of money.

Most of them collide in some way with the fallacy that the more money there is, the more prosperous we are. That is not surprising. The political economist may write most convincingly that money, like a yard-stick or a bushel measure, is to facilitate the division of goods for purposes of exchange, and that if you were cast away upon a barren island with tons of good gold pieces and nothing else you would suddenly perceive the utter intrinsic worthlessness of money, *per se*. But even he who was never a castaway and never will be, and who lives in the same world as the rest of us—even he for pure convenience must think of his own prosperity in terms of money. That is what money is for. When he writes an essay to disprove another economist's mathematical theory of the purchasing power of money, he expects to sell it for money, and the more the better. He will spend as much and save as little as the average person.

From the invariable practical experience that the more money one has the more prosperous one is, it comes easily to be inferred that the more money there is, the richer everybody for that reason must be. It is hard to think of it in the abstract. The popular demand for currency inflation, in order that there may be more money for everybody, is of all economic heresies the hardest to combat. Though cheap money means dear goods, the desire to cheapen money is constant and at times irresistible.

The Free-Silver movement aimed to cheapen money. Afterward, money cheapened itself, in spite of the political defeat of free silver, owing to an enormous and unexpected increase in the production of gold, accompanied by a multiplication of credit instruments, such as bank checks, to serve in lieu of money.

The Federal Reserve Act under which the National Banking system is reorganizing provides for a considerable amount of inflation, estimated by Senator Owen at over

$1,000,000,000, and by George M. Reynolds, the Chicago banker, at $1,750,000,000; and although many of those who helped to pass the bill were against inflation, for sound economic reasons, all realized that it was politically inexpedient to enact a currency-reform law that did not contain the potentiality of inflation.

And why? Because so many people hold obstinately to the belief that the way to speed general prosperity is to make money more abundant and more accessible.

Many scientific writers and statesmen schooled in economic thought, speaking of the popular fallacy about redundant money, have treated it as a riddle, or as a mark of unintelligence; and yet it has a very lusty root in human experience. Inflation is to the advantage of those who spend, and greatly to the disadvantage of those who save. Though it causes prices to rise, people will have more money to pay for goods, and will be able to buy as many goods as before, provided they spend their money as fast as they get it. If no better off, they will be at least as well off as before. Those who spend their money before they get it will decidedly be better off. They will be able to pay off their debts in a depreciated money.

WHY CHEAP MONEY IS POPULAR

But all who save are damaged because the money they put by diminishes in buying power. If, after one has put $100 in a savings-bank, prices rise twenty-five per cent. owing to inflation of the currency, the money, in exchange for goods, is worth one quarter less than when it was saved. Now, as a great many people only spend and never save, as everybody always spends much more than he saves, and as there are many more debtors to be benefited by inflation than creditors to be injured, the reasons for the popularity of cheap money or currency inflation are clear enough; so that after all there is no mystery about it.

Thousands of people earnestly believe that prosperity is handicapped by an insufficiency of money, and that it is the Government's proper business to provide more of that essential commodity. Many ways of doing this are proposed by our correspondents. One writes:

> I do not think we have had much of everybody's money. It is always lenders' money. There seems to be an absurd idea that the only way to get money into circulation is to lend it into circulation. Has it never occurred to you that the just and proper way to put money into circulation is to *pay it into circulation?* The sensible plan would have been for the government to issue its money to pay for the work and material in the construction of the Panama Canal. If the bonds issued to pay for the work and materials have any security back of them to secure payment of principal and interest, it is the prosperity and credit of the United States.

And the writer can not see why that prosperity and credit would not secure money as well as bonds. A farmer writes:

> EVERYBODY'S readers should be interested in a bill to provide for Government loans direct to the people on real-estate, county, state, and municipal bonds. This plan would create an adequate supply of currency on demand of the people.

Another reader writes:

> What we all want is to have money abundant and yet safe. Would not non-interest paper currency issued by municipalities and the national Government be an ideal currency?

These quotations are made at random from scores of letters. The idea of issuing Government money to buy the railroads and the telegraph and telephone companies, to dredge the rivers, to drain the Mississippi Valley, and to irrigate the arid areas of the West, is very common. It seems so simple. The people would own all that property and would have, besides, more money than they ever had before. When it was all over, it might require a basketful of money to buy a basketful of groceries; but there again we touch the effect of currency inflation upon prices, which is to many persons an abstraction of economics.

We should like to know where the readers of "Everybody's Money" get their money theories—out of newspapers, out of books, or where? We should like them to write and tell us where. If one shifts the question and asks where in all the baffling dimness of economic writing to get sound theories, we answer to this effect:

There was once in this country an astronomer named Simon Newcomb, more honored abroad than at home. He had a mathematical mind, with a gift for stating abstract truth in terms of average understanding. Annoyed by much loose thinking on the ways of money and kindred phenomena, he intended his thoughts that way and wrote "The Principles of Political Economy," which is the best and most readable book of its kind ever written by an American and not inferior to any ever written in the world.

His chapters on the mechanics of money are sane and simple. We recommend them to the readers of "Everybody's Money." The book is still in print, though the publishers who produced it nearly thirty years ago have almost forgotten where to find it on their shelves, so little call has there ever been for this remarkable work.

DEVELOPING A FINANCIAL SENSE

How absurd it is to talk to the average person about distributing his risks or diversifying his investments in one-thousand-dollar bonds!

The principle of diversification is right. One ought never to have all of one's money in one place. One ought to divide it up among several things. The insurance companies and the savings-banks divide theirs among hundreds (railroad bonds, real-estate mortgages, municipal securities, etc.), and that is why they remain always solvent.

They make mistakes; judgment is fallible. Many things are disappointing and result in loss; but many others turn out better and make up for those that do badly. A company whose funds are invested in hundreds of different securities may write off the loss, for instance, in its New York, New Haven & Hartford holdings and hardly feel it. In variety and distribution of risks there is an average of safety.

But where an institution, like an insurance company or a savings-bank, with millions to invest, can take advantage of that principle, one who has only a few dollars at a time to invest can not think of it, or could not until recently, because bonds generally were made in "thousand-dollar-pieces," and none in denominations lower than $500.

Thus, many thousands of people seeking safe employment for their savings have been compelled to put their money in savings-banks or with insurance companies, who invested it in bonds; and other many thousands have been beguiled by the vendors of low-priced stocks, promising high yields. To the availability of such offerings for people of small means is owing the tremendous loss and waste of wealth in irresponsible and dishonest promotion schemes.

It is often said that the American people are as children with money; that they have only the most elementary notion of investment, and that they are deficient beyond any other civilized people in financial sense. That is true; but the fault lies not so much with the people themselves as with those who create and merchandise investment securities. They have put bonds beyond the reach of those who can save only in small amounts, and have done almost nothing to develop popular financial sense.

The United States Government has been remiss in the same way as Wall Street. Its bonds have not until very recently been issued in denominations within the means of small investors. The French Government issues its "rentes" in denominations as low as two francs, which would be forty cents—no more than the cost of a dinner. The result is that nearly every frugal person in France owns "rentes." Germany has not gone so far; its lowest denomination for a bond is fifty dollars; but anybody may save fifty dollars, so that German Government bonds may be said to be within the reach of all investors.

Now a change is coming. More and more do we perceive the good of appealing directly to the small investor with securities within his means and touching his independent financial sense. It is gradually becoming possible for everybody to own a good bond, and in the near future it will be practical for even the smallest investor to own several, and thereby spread his risks. Bonds in $100 pieces are beginning to be available. More than fifty corporations, including railroads, gas, water, lighting, and power concerns, and industrial properties, have begun to issue them.

Among the railroads are the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, the Norfolk & Western, the Baltimore & Ohio, the Missouri, Kansas & Texas, and the Colorado & Southern, all good properties. The American Telephone & Telegraph Company, perhaps the most efficiently managed public utility in the world, last year for the first time provided for issuing bonds in "one-hundred-dollar-pieces." The Bethlehem Steel Company, managed by Charles M. Schwab, is one of the industrial concerns. The latest issue of New York State bonds is partly in $100 denominations, and bonds of the City of New York may be bought in pieces as small as ten dollars. At last the United States Government has begun to make some Panama Canal bonds in $100 denominations.

Any of these bonds will yield more than the average rate of interest to be obtained on savings-bank deposits. The savings-bank, where you put your money at three and three and one-half per cent. interest, does not put the money away in a vault. If it did that, instead of paying you interest it would have to charge you something for keeping it safely.

What it does is to assemble small savings and invest them at four and four and one-half per cent. in bonds and mortgages, buying them in great variety and averaging the risk over many things, as you couldn't do for yourself in $1,000 or even $500 bonds; but as you begin to be able to do in $100 bonds, and as you will be able to do much better when the largest and soundest corporations, the great cities like New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston, then the states, and finally the United States Government, begin to afford direct employment for everybody's money in bonds issued in ten-dollar pieces and multiples thereof.

Saving in this country has been expected of all; proper and safe investment has been possible only for the rich and the great financial institutions.

In the future, investment will be made practical for the many.

Necessity so far has been forcing the borrowing corporations and the national and state governments to issue bonds in smaller pieces, in order to widen their appeal; and sound social theory will lead them to make the pieces smaller and smaller, until everybody may know what it is to own several bonds.

Then we shall begin to have financial sense.

GOOD FAITH

Aiming, as it does, to stimulate intelligent curiosity about wealth and securities and to cultivate a popular "financial sense," this department of "Everybody's Money" can not evade moral responsibility for the financial advertising that appears in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

For instance, we might happen to discuss the merits of a class of bonds without reference to any particular issue, and in the same number of the magazine an advertiser might offer a particular bond of the class discussed but of inferior intrinsic quality.

A class of bonds may be very good and yet some bonds of that class may be poor, and the reader, whom we suppose to have something less than expert financial sense, might be led by our general approval of a kind of investment to accept from the advertiser an inferior item of goods. Therefore, the financial advertising in the other pages of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE shall be censored.

We can not absolutely guarantee that every security advertised for sale to EVERYBODY'S readers will fulfil expectations. That is more than anybody can do. But we can satisfy ourselves by investigation that every security admitted to the business pages shall be offered in perfect good faith, and insist that the risks be not minimized or misrepresented.

We can undertake, besides, to make sure that every banker or broker whose name appears among the advertisers shall transact business honestly and fairly for his clients, and advise them prudently, provided they state very clearly their own circumstances, and do not pretend to be able to afford risks in stocks for the sake of a high yield when they can't, when they ought to buy bonds in which there is safety at lower rates of interest.

This is very important. A woman with $200 or $300 to invest might go alone to Wall Street, stop at the first office bearing the legend of stocks and bonds, state her errand fully, and be honestly dealt with. She would likely come away with a safe and proper investment. But if she should write, asking, "What can I buy with $200 or $300 to yield a return of eight per cent.?" without detailing her circumstances, she might fare very badly.

A difficulty this department meets in dealing directly with correspondents who want advice is to ascertain their financial condition. It is necessary to know that in order to determine what they ought to do with their money. Houses dealing with investors probably have the same trouble. The difference between what one wants and what one ought to have often seems a hopeless discrepancy.

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

"The prosperity of a chestnut is in the ear of the stranger."

Editor's Note—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped addressed envelope.

A woman, wearing an anxious expression, called at an insurance office one morning.

"I understand," she said, "that for five dollars I can insure my house for a thousand dollars in your company."

"Yes," replied the agent, "that is right. If your house burns down we pay you one thousand dollars."

"And," continued the woman anxiously, "do you make any inquiries as to the origin of the fire?"

"Certainly," was the prompt reply; "we make the most careful inquiries, madam."

"Oh!"—and she turned to leave the office—"I thought there was a catch in it somewhere."

* * *

Small Ann's mother had been disturbed to hear her using the word "devil." "My dear," said she, "that is a word we do *not* use in polite society, and I never want to hear you say it again."

She noticed that her admonition was carefully heeded. Then on Sunday evening, about two weeks later, the mother inquired what the day's lesson had been about.

"Why, mother," was Ann's answer, "it was about when our Lord was tempted by the—by—by—the—the *gentleman that keeps hell!*"

* * *

In one of the recent football games between Yale and Harvard a young giant came out of the scrimmage looking as if he had encountered an unfriendly automobile. Among other superficial injuries his nose was most thoroughly broken.

The doctors stood in readiness to repair the damages, but he absolutely refused their services with: "Say, let that nose alone, and bring me a telegraph blank."

Thus he remained until a reply came in to his wire, when he announced:

"Now you can go ahead, doc, and follow these instructions—" handing the surgeon the yellow slip. The message read:

"*Have nose set Greek. Do not like Roman.—Dorothy.*"

* * *

Mr. Smith, out walking with his small son Bobby, met Mr. Brown, a fellow architect. They strolled along together. To keep their minds in working trim, the two men patronizingly picked out the good and bad qualities of the new buildings they passed.

Presently Bobby spied a spotted dog. "Look, father," he said scornfully, "look at that dog. I don't like it. There's too much work on it!"

* * *

A negro waiter named Mose had served with a measure of distinction for several years in a down-town New York restaurant with a large patronage among business men. One day last spring a customer offered him a good position as servant at his country home. He was to have a nice uniform with brass buttons, and the pay was to be much better than he was getting. Mose accepted—envied by his white-coated associates.

One morning recently Mose turned up at the restaurant and startled the proprietor by asking for his old job.

"Why have you left Mr. Brown's service?" asked the proprietor. "Did he discharge you? Didn't he treat you well?"

"No, sir, I ain't been discharged, and they certainly did treat me all right," responded Mose promptly.

"Then why in the world come back here? The pay is less and the work is harder."

Mose paused, looked vacantly out of the window for a moment, and with a broad grin on his face, whispered: "I wants mah ole job here again 'cause I'se just got to get back in public life, dat's all!"

◆

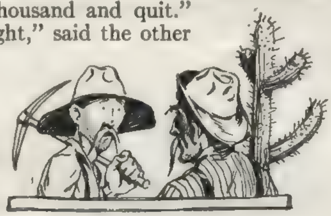
It was a few days before Christmas in one of New York's large book-stores.

Clerk: "What is it, please?"

Customer: "I would like Ibsen's 'A Doll's House.'"

Clerk: "To cut out?"

◆



Two prospectors met in the desert.

"What are you doing out here, Hank?" asked one of them.

"Prospecting," said the other.

"Why, I thought you had cleaned up a couple of hundred thousand and quit."

"That's right," said the other laconically.

"Well, what became of the money?"

"Oh, I took it down to San Francisco and they kind-a introduced me out of it."

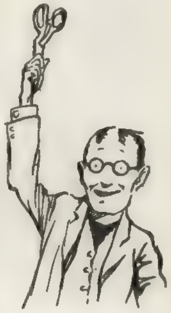
◆

In Colorado, remember, the women vote as well as the men.

In the fall of 1910 a man named Smith was running for sheriff against a man named Jones. One evening just before election Smith rode up to the barn-yard of an old farmer. The farmer was milking a cow and was having difficulty with a lusty calf that continually tried to "butt in." The candidate, to gain the favor of the farmer, took the calf between his legs and held it until the milking was done. He then introduced himself: "I am Mr. Smith, the Republican candidate for sheriff of the county. I suppose you know the man who's running against me."

The farmer's eyes twinkled as he slowly drawled: "Wall, I reckon I do. He's in the house now, holding the baby."

◆



This story is told of an absent-minded professor at Drew Theological Seminary. One evening while studying he had need of a bookmark. Seeing nothing else handy, he used his wife's scissors, which lay on the sewing-table. A few minutes later the wife wanted the scissors, but a diligent search failed to reveal them.

The next day the professor appeared before his class and opened his book. There lay the lost scissors. He picked them up and, holding them above his head, shouted:

"Here they are, dear!"

Yes, the class got it.

◆

In an Arkansas hotel in one of the smaller towns a new colored clerk stood behind the desk. A traveling-man entered and registered.

"Sam, give me a call for six o'clock," he ordered.

The clerk ran his eye down the call-sheet and saw that all the spaces in that column were taken. "Ah is sure sorry, boss," he explained, "but all de six-o'clock calls done been taken. Ah can give you all a call for seven o'clock."

◆

One old man was telling another about killing a "polecat."

"Why," said he, "a thousand men could smell it!"

◆

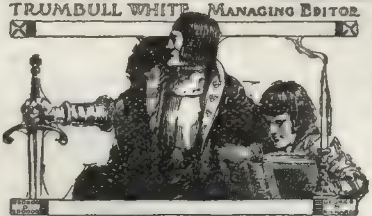
Mr. Arnold had given a Sunday-school lesson on the Prodigal Son, and wished to test the attention the class had paid to his teachings.

"Now, children," he said, "who was sorry that the Prodigal had returned?"

No one replied, but all seemed lost in thought. Finally, the most forward youngster in the class ventured:

"The fatted calf!"

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE
TRUMBULL WHITE MANAGING EDITOR
PUBLISHED BY · THE RIDGWAY · COMPANY · NEW YORK CITY
ERMAN · J · RIDGWAY · PRESIDENT ·
RAY BROWN · SECY AND TREASURER



SPRING & MACDOUGAL STS · NEW YORK CITY

STRAIGHT · TALK WITH EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

DON'T FORGET THAT LETTER YOU ARE GOING TO WRITE IN THE PRIZE CONTEST ON WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT RUM! See page 655.

SPEAKING of constructive work, we have recently spent nearly two hundred thousand dollars in our fight to stop gambling on the Stock Exchange. We shall go on spending until gambling is stopped on the Stock Exchange.

You readers of Everybody's know all about this gambling, for Everybody's has told you all about it; so have other magazines, and newspapers and lecturers.

We have got 'way past the "destructive" stage of this fight and are face-up against the "constructive" stage.

It is not our purpose to bore you with a repetition of how the gambling is done, who are the gamblers, and why they gamble, and who pays the freight. You know all that.

You know very well that, the way the game is now rigged, the outsider hasn't a ghost of a chance. You know very well that a few insiders have turned the Stock Exchange, which ought to be a public machine for arriving at the actual value of stocks, into a private machine for manufacturing fictitious values, and incidentally grinding up the outsiders. A man who has saved a few dollars ought to be able to go to the Stock Exchange and buy stocks at their real market value. You know very well that he is not able to do this now.

Everybody's Magazine, through publishing and exploiting "Frenzied Finance" and a score of other articles, has spent more than a million dollars in earlier years in showing up the trickery of Wall Street through the Stock Exchange.

Mr. Lawson has spent more than a million dollars of his own money in the same fight.

Every one admits that of the thousands of outsiders who speculate in Wall Street, legitimately or otherwise, only one in ten thousand wins.

Of course, such a condition can not continue. Public opinion will not stand for it.

The Administration currency bill was a big advance. The Administration trust bills promise to be another big advance. But business in this country will never be on the basis it should be on if the Stock Exchange is left to make its own rules and follow its own methods.

We are bringing the matter to your attention now, because Stock Exchange legislation is being considered in Washington and there is an opportunity for you to help. If the legislation is "put to sleep," it may take many months and many millions to wake it up again.

Mr. Lawson, with the aid of the best

legal talent he could secure, drew up a bill, which we presented in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE some months ago. This bill was introduced in the last session by Senator Ashurst. It makes the Postmaster-General the Government's agent in supervising Stock Exchange methods, but it does not give him final power. The Stock Exchange may enjoin the Postmaster-General and thereby bring the matter into the courts; so you see the Postmaster-General is not given arbitrary powers.

To some this may not appear the ideal way to remedy Stock Exchange evils. If any one will suggest the ideal way, or even a better way, we will hasten to co-operate. But after the most careful investigation we are satisfied that *the only way* we can secure a responsible supervision of the Stock Exchange is through the power of the Post Office.

Senator Owen's bill, introduced this year, though differing in form, adopts Mr. Lawson's idea of giving the Postmaster-General supervisory authority over Stock Exchanges. As the Ashurst and the Owen bills seek the same end through Post Office authority, it may be deemed wise to draw a third embodying the best features of both.

WHERE YOU COME IN

Why is Post Office supervision the only way?

Because this way would be constitutional, and no other way we can discover would be constitutional.

Now, here's where you can help.

The legislation at Washington is in the care of Senator Owen—the senator who did such splendid work on the currency bill; a banker before he became a senator, and probably the best-informed man in the Senate on subjects concerning finance. We should very much like to have you write a letter to Senator Robert L. Owen, Senate Office Building, Washington, D. C., telling him how much you appreciate his efforts, and how much you hope he will be successful in them. It will encourage him mightily.

Then write to the senators from your own state and tell them how much you are interested in such legislation, and how much you hope they will support it when it comes up for debate in the Senate.

You have our assurance that this remedy will absolutely stop gambling on the Stock Exchange—make it absolutely impossible for the insiders to trick the public and rob them of their savings as they have done so many, many times in the past.

If you wish to freshen up on the subject before writing, it might be well for you to read the article by Garet Garrett on page 619 of this number. Mr. Garrett is a close student of finance, and an authority.

We believe that this legislation is going through. We believe that the sentiment of the people is back of it, and we believe that the sentiment in Congress is for it. We believe that your senators will support it.

Write and tell them you are with them.

THE CAPTAIN CALLS IT A DREAM

Having previously enjoyed the inimitable "Worry-Worry Williams" stories of Mr. Leavitt Ashley Knight, I must say that his radical departure in your March number, "The Discomfiture of the Danes," was a disappointment.

For the benefit of those readers of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE who may take Mr. Knight's article too seriously, it is requested that you print the following brief conclusion, which he appears to have overlooked.

In the last chapter of Professor Henry Smithsonian's "History of the Decline and Fall of *the United States*" (through error Mr. Knight misquoted the title of this history) I find the following:

> * * * * * Admiral Kirkegaarde, after listenening patiently to the bombastic talk of the Mayor of New York about financial panics and the complete collapse of the world's bond market, instead of fainting or indicating in other feminine ways his complete surrender to the Mayor's bluff, simply excused himself and withdrew to his air fleet. The next morning the fleet appeared over Washington and with little difficulty confiscated the many billions of dollars' worth of public-utility bonds of the "Ten Debtor Nations," which were tucked away in safes down at Washington.
>
> After these bonds came into the possession of Greater Denmark, there being no further danger of financial panic, the United States had no recourse but to become a dependent state and pay the "tribute" which the politicians had chosen as preferable to the few "millions necessary for defense." * * * * * * * * * * * * *

I am glad it was only a dream, and I, for one, will welcome the early return of "Worry-Worry Williams." CAPTAIN W., U. S. Army.

Every one enjoys dancing to music of such splendid volume, such clearness and perfect rhythm—and the Victrola plays as long as any one wants to dance.

The Victrola brings to you all kinds of music and entertainment, superbly rendered by the world's greatest artists who make records exclusively for the Victor.

Any Victor dealer will gladly play the latest dance music or any other music you wish to hear. There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from $10 to $500.

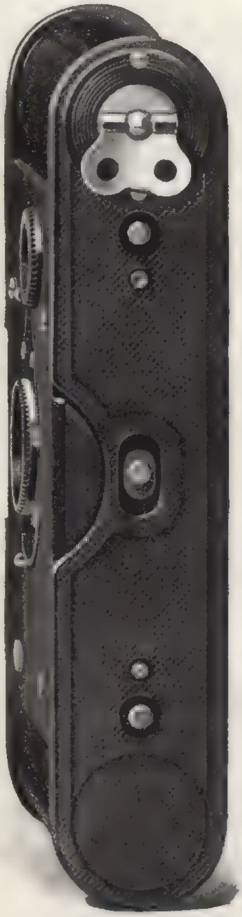
Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors.

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles—*the combination.* There is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

Victor
"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The Vest Pocket Kodak

"As right as a watch."



Actual Size.

SO small and smooth that it is pocketed without annoyance; is instantly ready for business without focusing. Fitted with Kodak Ball Bearing shutter, Autotime scale, reversible finder. Loads in daylight with Kodak film cartridges of eight exposures. Pictures 1⅝ x 2½ inches.

So accurate is this little camera that enlargements can be made from the negatives to any reasonable size, and at small cost—to the post card size (3¼ x 5½), for instance, at sixteen cents.

Furnished with three different lens equipments:

Vest Pocket Kodak, with meniscus achromatic lens, - - - -	$ 6.00
Do., with Kodak Anastigmat lens, Speed *f*.8, - - - - - -	12.00
Do., with Zeiss-Kodak Anastigmat lens, Speed *f*.6.9, - - - -	22.50

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

Kodak catalogue free at your dealers, or by mail.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

Missing Page

Build your home around ideal heating

A house in which waste and extravagance have a loose rein is never a happy home. *Genuine economy* does much to favor domestic peace. Old fashioned heating methods afford little protection to the windward side of the rooms — waste the valuable heat up the chimney — or overheat some rooms in the effort to drive needed heat to exposed rooms. The ideal in heating comfort and fuel economy is reached and *permanently guaranteed* by an outfit of

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators utilize no more than the exact amount of fuel needed to warm rooms uniformly. Automatic regulators stop all fuel waste by instant control of draft and check dampers. Besides, fuel can be saved by turning off radiators in any rooms where warmth is not always needed.

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators are made for every size of cottage, mansion, flat, church, school, store, garage, or public building. They produce the most healthful warmth known — free from ash-dust, coal-gases and soot — thereby also saving much cleaning labor and damage to furnishings.

In choosing from the big IDEAL Boiler line, you can select a type just right for your needs — for water, steam or vapor, for hard coal, wood, gas, soft coal, lump, run-of-mine or screenings; or you can choose our new DOWN-DRAFT type for *smokeless* burning of low-grade soft coals (plentiful and cheap in many localities.)

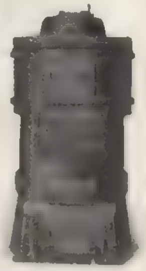
IDEAL-AMERICAN heating outfits will wear for a century or more; require no annual over-hauling to keep in order. Sectional parts go together by finely machined iron-to-iron water-ways which never require packing or attention. Consider *present attractive price* and low cost of upkeep and absence of repairs, with the fact that our outfits increase rental and sales values—and you will see that the outfit is more than a choice — *it's a big paying investment.*

Let us help you choose wisely. Build around the heart of any home — which is *ideal* heating. Whether seeking to comfort your present building or you are planning a new home or other building, our booklets (mailed free) and special information will be worth your while — put you under no obligation to buy. *Act now!*

A No. 6-22-W IDEAL Boiler and 400 sq. ft. of 38 in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $230, were used to heat this cottage. At this price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which are extra, and vary according to climatic and other conditions.

Vacuum Cleaner

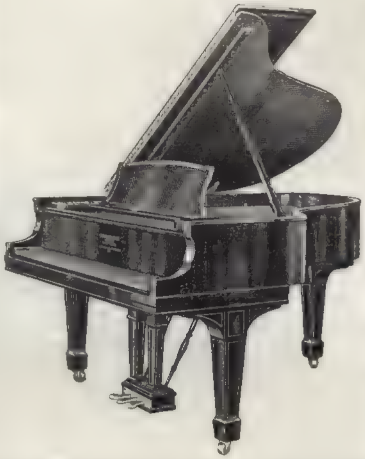
Ask also for catalog of the ARCO WAND—a successful sets-in-the-cellar machine with suction pipe running to each floor.



Showrooms in all large cities

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Department 20
816-822 S. Michigan
Avenue, Chicago



STEINWAY

Steinway Skill, Experience and Ability Alone
Can Produce a Piano of Steinway Merit

TO attain the world-popularity of the Steinway was possible only by superior merit. This merit consists in the unsurpassed qualities of tone and workmanship. These are the distinctive features in the Steinway of to-day. The first Steinway Piano was the result of an art ideal. Through four generations this ideal has been upheld and maintained, to the end that proficiency has become a tradition in the Steinway factories and that the Steinways are recognized everywhere as past masters in their craft.

Purchase a Steinway and you possess the world's greatest piano—perfect in tone and workmanship.

Write for illustrated literature about the Steinway Piano and name of the Steinway dealer nearest you. Mention this magazine.

STEINWAY & SONS
Steinway Hall
107-109 East 14th Street, New York
Subway Express Station at the Door

Baby days and baby ways are over all too soon.

A good picture, though, will keep the memory of those days fresh through all the years of growth and change.

When was your baby's picture last taken?

There's a photographer in your town.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
Flat-Tone
A DURABLE OIL PAINT

gives you
Washable Walls

Can you wash *your* walls or must you re-decorate when they get dingy, shabby or soiled with finger marks? A wall painted with Sherwin-Williams Flat-Tone can be washed like woodwork, bringing back its original delicate, soft colors.

Flat-Tone is an oil paint—for rough walls, smooth walls, old or new walls. You can get it of any Sherwin-Williams dealer, ready to apply in any shade. Send for our new, free

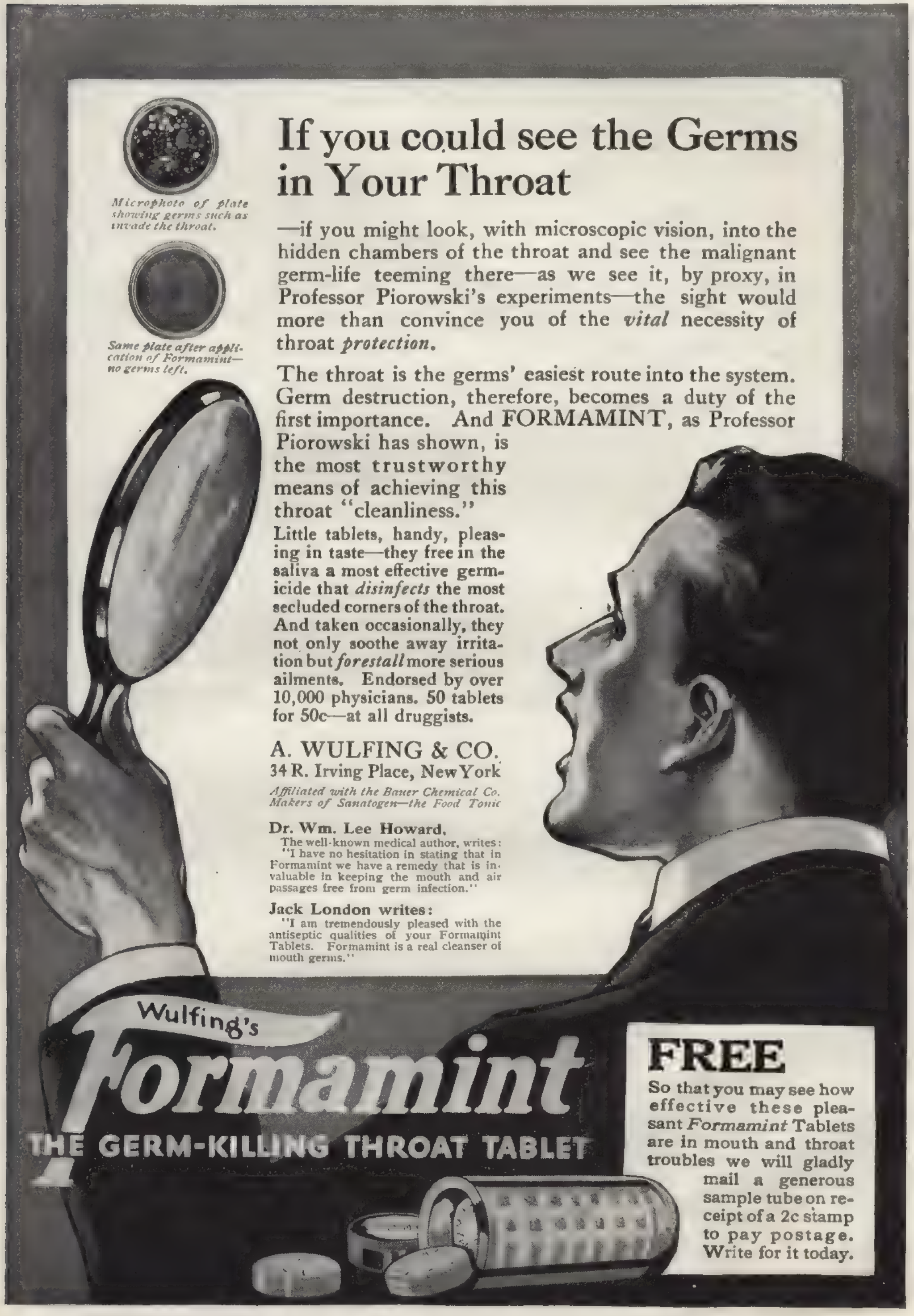
Portfolio of Suggestions for Painting and Decorating

It tells about Flat-Tone for walls and Mar-not for floors, with other Sherwin-Williams finishes. There are twenty color plates illustrating rooms and exteriors, with complete specifications for getting like results in your home.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
PAINTS & VARNISHES

Sales Offices and Warehouses in principal cities. Best dealers everywhere
Address all inquiries for Portfolio to 605 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, O.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
MAR-NOT
A WEAR AND WATER RESISTING FLOOR VARNISH



Microphoto of plate showing germs such as invade the throat.

Same plate after application of Formamint—no germs left.

If you could see the Germs in Your Throat

—if you might look, with microscopic vision, into the hidden chambers of the throat and see the malignant germ-life teeming there—as we see it, by proxy, in Professor Piorowski's experiments—the sight would more than convince you of the *vital* necessity of throat *protection.*

The throat is the germs' easiest route into the system. Germ destruction, therefore, becomes a duty of the first importance. And FORMAMINT, as Professor Piorowski has shown, is the most trustworthy means of achieving this throat "cleanliness."

Little tablets, handy, pleasing in taste—they free in the saliva a most effective germicide that *disinfects* the most secluded corners of the throat. And taken occasionally, they not only soothe away irritation but *forestall* more serious ailments. Endorsed by over 10,000 physicians. 50 tablets for 50c—at all druggists.

A. WULFING & CO.
34 R. Irving Place, New York

Affiliated with the Bauer Chemical Co. Makers of Sanatogen—the Food Tonic

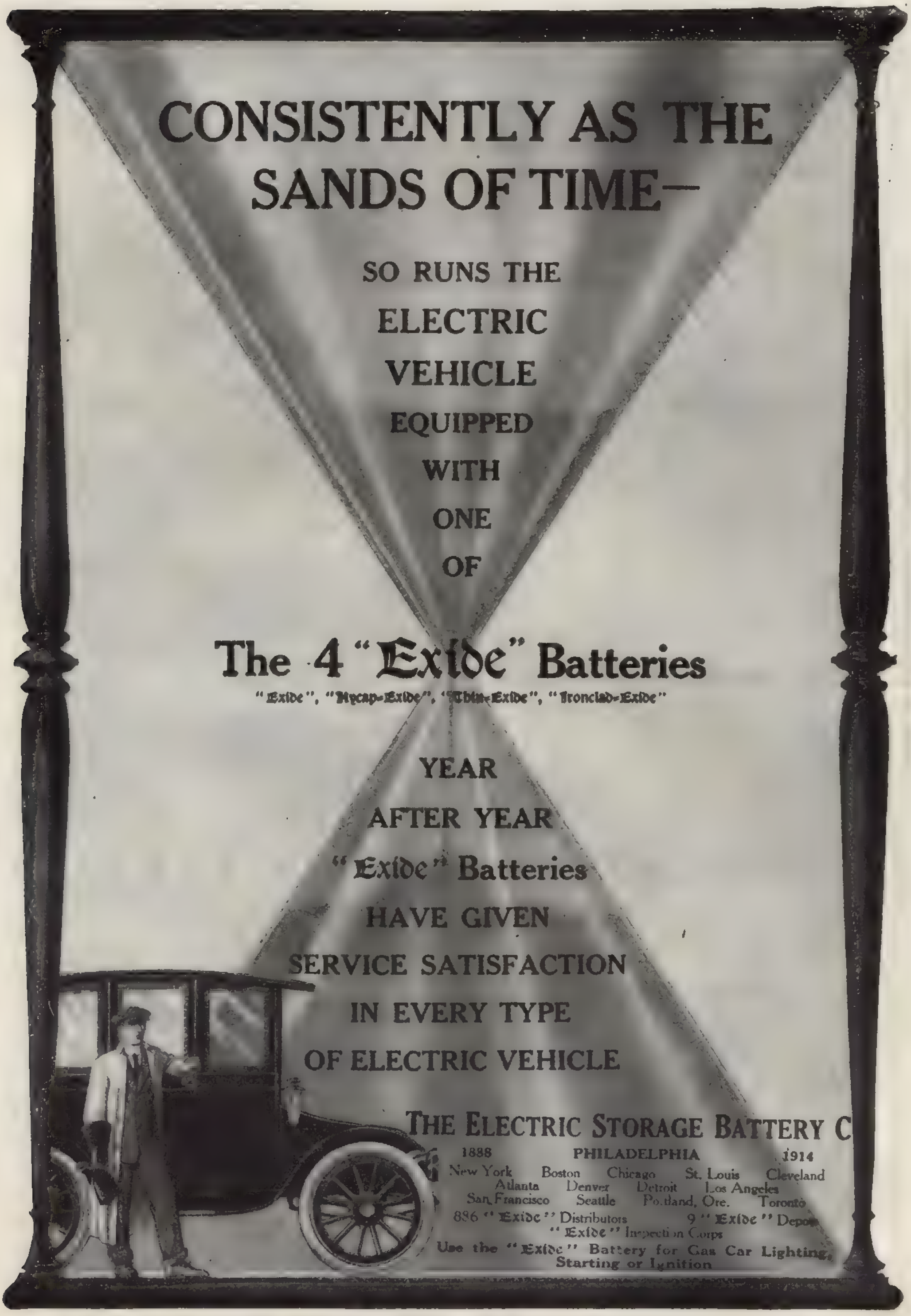
Dr. Wm. Lee Howard, The well-known medical author, writes: "I have no hesitation in stating that in Formamint we have a remedy that is invaluable in keeping the mouth and air passages free from germ infection."

Jack London writes: "I am tremendously pleased with the antiseptic qualities of your Formamint Tablets. Formamint is a real cleanser of mouth germs."

Wulfing's
Formamint
THE GERM-KILLING THROAT TABLET

FREE

So that you may see how effective these pleasant *Formamint* Tablets are in mouth and throat troubles we will gladly mail a generous sample tube on receipt of a 2c stamp to pay postage. Write for it today.



CONSISTENTLY AS THE SANDS OF TIME—

SO RUNS THE
ELECTRIC
VEHICLE
EQUIPPED
WITH
ONE
OF

The 4 "Exide" Batteries

"Exide", "Hycap-Exide", "Thin-Exide", "Ironclad-Exide"

YEAR
AFTER YEAR
"Exide" Batteries
HAVE GIVEN
SERVICE SATISFACTION
IN EVERY TYPE
OF ELECTRIC VEHICLE

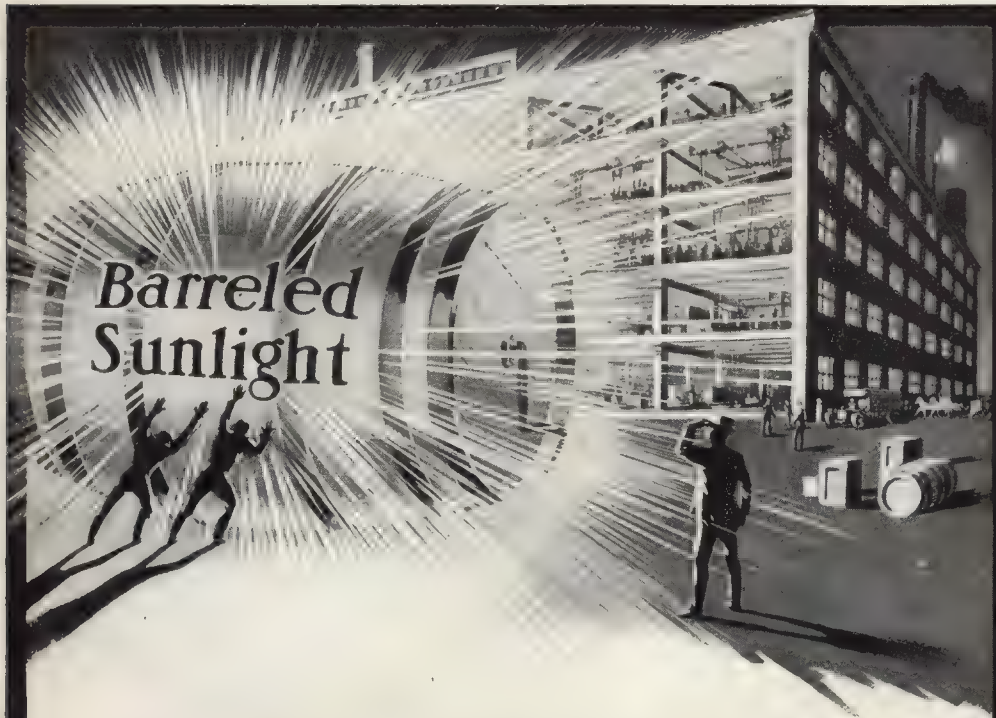
THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY C

1888 PHILADELPHIA 1914

New York Boston Chicago St. Louis Cleveland
Atlanta Denver Detroit Los Angeles
San Francisco Seattle Portland, Ore. Toronto

886 "Exide" Distributors 9 "Exide" Depo
"Exide" Inspection Corps

Use the "Exide" Battery for Gas Car Lighting, Starting or Ignition



Buy your Sunshine by the Barrel

Fill your factory with it. If your ceilings and walls *absorb* instead of *reflect* light you are getting only a fraction of the light you ought to have. "Barreled Sunlight" will give you ALL of it, lengthen your daylight day and cut down your lighting bills. It will increase your present lighting 19 to 36 per cent.

RICE'S MILL WHITE

The only oil paint (without varnish) giving a glossy, tile-like finish

It will fill your factory with sunshine. Its glossy surface will not absorb light or collect dirt, germs and odors like a flat paint. It can be washed like tile.

Rice's Mill White will not scale and require frequent renewals like a cold-water paint. It will not "alligator" and crack under the jar of machinery like a varnish paint. It flows easily under a 4" brush; two coats equal three of lead and oil. *It stays white longer than any other gloss paint.*

The Original Mill White

Rice's Mill White made a trade name of the words, "Mill White." It has no substitute. None of its imitations has its elastic, permanent qualities. No other paint manufacturer can use the Rice process. Rice's Mill White for ten years has proved itself unequalled for illuminating power, sanitary qualities and low ultimate cost.

Rice's Mill White is sold direct from our factory, in barrels containing sufficient paint to cover 20,000 square feet, one coat. If you have that area of ceiling and wall space to cover.

Write for Booklet and Sample Board

Ask for a copy of our booklet, "More Light." WRITE TODAY

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.
No. 17 Dudley Street Providence, R. I.

RICE'S
MILL WHITE
PAINT
"Barreled Sunlight"

Rice's Granolith

A tough and elastic, permanent finish for concrete walls. Becomes a part of the cement to which it is applied. One coat sufficient, unless a gloss is desired. Makes the best possible primer on inside concrete and brick for a second coat of Rice Mill White Paint, giving a tile-like, enamel finish at no more expense than lead and oil paint.

For Concrete Surfaces

He Mops In Misery Without B.V.D.

A TYPICAL summer day—a typical office scene—a round of smiles at the mingled *discomfort* and *discomfiture* of the man who hasn't found out that B.V.D. is "*the first aid*" to coolness. *You*, of course, have B.V.D. on or ready to put on. If not, march to the nearest store and *get it*.

For your own welfare, fix this label firmly in your mind and make the salesman *show* it to you. If he can't or won't, *walk out!* On every B.V.D. Undergarment is sewed

This Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE

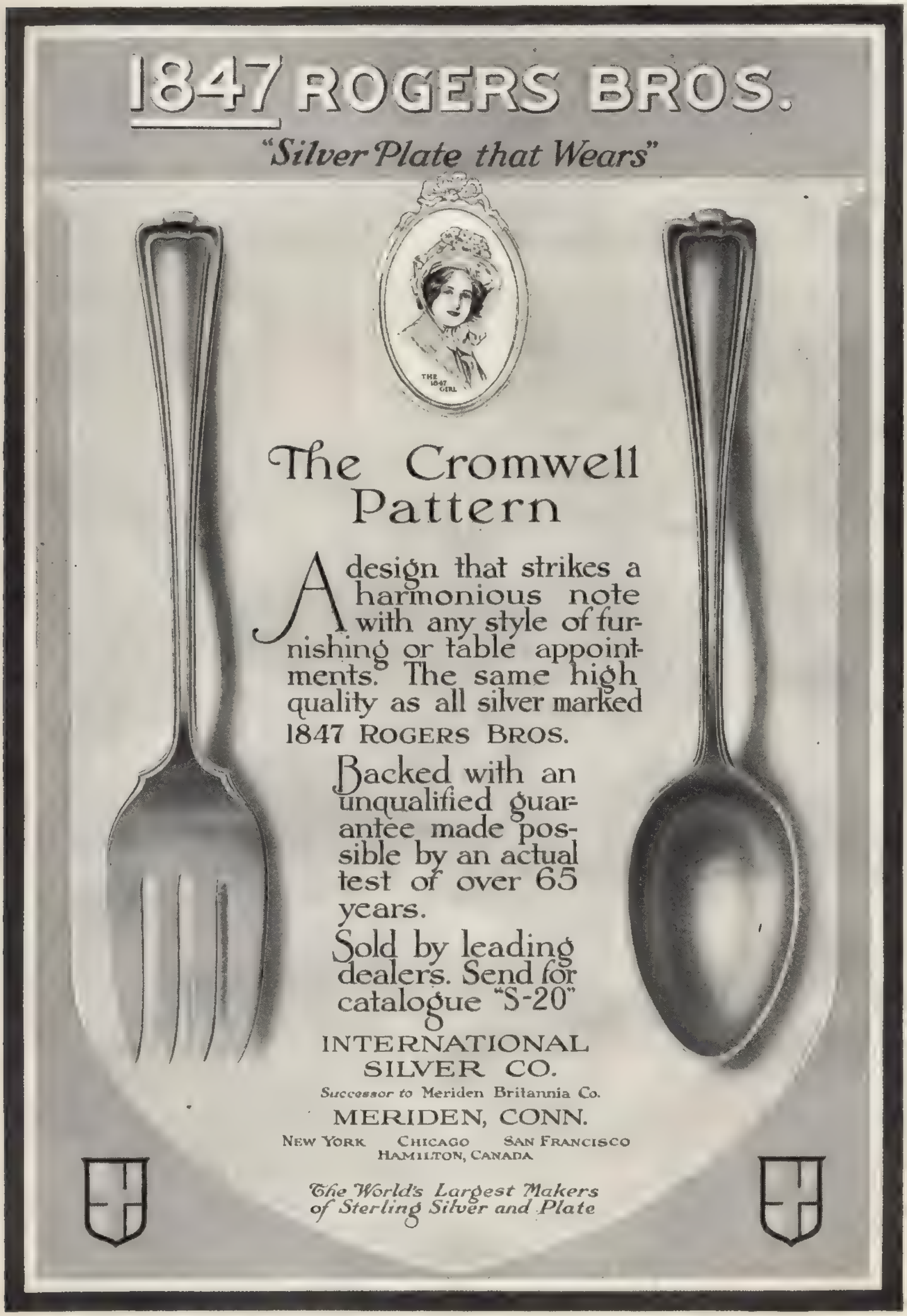
(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

B.V.D. Coat Cut Undershirts and Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c., $1.00 and $1.50 the Garment.

B.V.D. Union Suits (Pat. U. S. A. 4-30-07) $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $3.00 and $5.00 the Suit.

The B.V.D. Company,
NEW YORK.

London Selling Agency: 66, Aldermanbury, E. C.



1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

The Cromwell Pattern

A design that strikes a harmonious note with any style of furnishing or table appointments. The same high quality as all silver marked 1847 ROGERS BROS.

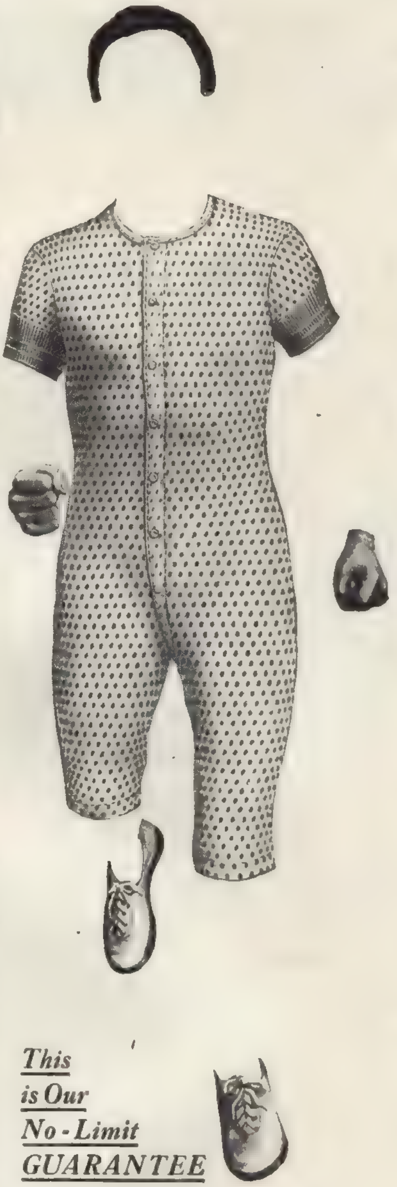
Backed with an unqualified guarantee made possible by an actual test of over 65 years.

Sold by leading dealers. Send for catalogue "S-20"

INTERNATIONAL
SILVER CO.
Successor to Meriden Britannia Co.
MERIDEN, CONN.
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
HAMILTON, CANADA

The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate

Try This Test



Compare a genuine Chalmers "Porosknit" garment with any imitation. Turn both inside out. Examine them. Judge them for yourself.

Take a Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suit. See how strongly all seams are reinforced throughout—*double*-seamed by cover seaming.

This Label on every Garment

CHALMERS
TRADE MARK
FABRIC PAT. DEC. 12. 1905.
"Porosknit"
DESIGN PAT. DEC. 19, 1905
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
GUARANTEED

Note that there are no cumbersome flaps to gape open. Stretch the fabric. See the *extra* stitches surrounding each ventilating hole. These, with the lock-stitch, prevent unraveling.

The Elastic Seat

Now, the "stretch" in knit goods is only *one* way. But observe the triangular piece in the back of a "Porosknit" Union Suit. See how this piece of fabric is reversed—the stretch running opposite to the rest. This means full elasticity in the seat. It *gives*—at every turn or bend, with no pull, no bulge, no draw.

There can be no "short-waisted" feeling—no "cutting in the crotch."

"Porosknit" Union Suits stay buttoned while on. They do not gape between buttons. The Closed Crotch is comfortable. It fits.

"Porosknit" is made in *all* styles—for man, for boy. Open in texture, and of soft, absorbent yarn, it keeps you cool by absorption and evaporation of perspiration. Your pores breathe the needed air. The yarn's softness eliminates irritation of the skin.

These features you can *see* and feel.

Cleanly Making

The extreme care in making, you cannot see—unless you come to Amsterdam. There, in a modern mill, clean as a new pin, "Porosknit" is fashioned and sewn.

Countless patented machines knit the high-priced yarn into the celebrated fabric. Then each yard of fabric is aerated with hot, dry, pure air, for extra-cleanness' sake.

Other machines complete the finishing touches. Then, each garment is ironed individually before packing. See for yourself how pleasing the appearance in the box—at the dealer's.

Underwear can be made to *look* something like Chalmers "Porosknit." But none can match the genuine "Porosknit" comfort, durability, quality of yarn, elasticity, lightness, *coolness!* None.

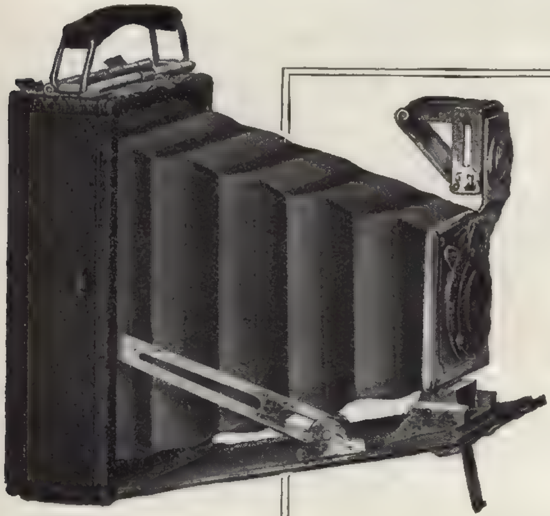
This is Our No-Limit GUARANTEE

"If any garment bearing the genuine Chalmers 'Porosknit' label, and not stamped 'Seconds' or 'Imperfect' across the label, fails to give you its cost value in underwear satisfaction, return it direct to us and we will replace it or refund your money including postage."

Write for Handsome Book of All Styles

FOR MEN 50c	Any Style Shirts and Drawers per garment	**FOR BOYS** 25c
FOR MEN $1.00	Union Suits Any Style	**FOR BOYS** 50c

CHALMERS KNITTING CO., 9 Bridge St., Amsterdam, N. Y.



An efficient camera for $5.00

Premoette Jr.

A marvellously compact camera, just a trifle larger than the pictures it makes, and so well made, so carefully equipped and tested, that it makes pictures equal in quality to those made by much larger and more expensive cameras.

It will go into any coat pocket or a lady's handbag, and will produce sharp, crisp negatives which will yield good size pictures by contact or excellent enlargements of almost any size.

The Premoette Jr. No. 1 is well made in every respect, it loads in daylight, is fitted with ball bearing automatic shutter and carefully tested lens, and makes 2¼ x 3¼ pictures. The Premoette Jr. No. 1A, similar to No. 1 but for 2½ x 4¼ pictures, price $8.00.

Get the new Premo catalogue—a book that no one interested in photography should be without. It describes the many Premo advantages fully—the daylight loading Film Premos, the Premos that take films or plates with equal facility, the Premo Film Pack and tank developing system. It's free at the dealer's, or will be gladly mailed to any address on request.

Rochester Optical Division

Eastman Kodak Company **Rochester, N. Y.**

Weighs only 11 ounces

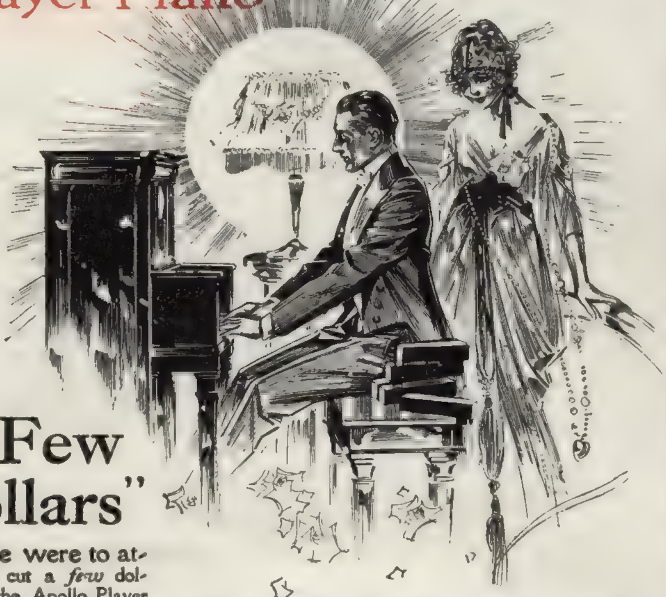
Dimensions 1½ x 3 x 4¾ inches

Loads in daylight

Makes good pictures

MELVILLE CLARK

APOLLO Player Piano



A "Few Dollars"

¶ If we were to attempt to cut a *few* dollars off the Apollo Player Piano's price, we would be forced to take *many* dollars off its *musical* value.

¶ We have always taken the stand that people who want the best possible in music are *willing* to pay a fair price to get it. And the wonderful success of the Apollo Player Piano proves us right.

The price of the Apollo is based on its quality. The quality in music is based on features which our patents make exclusive with this instrument. Here are three of the things which put the Apollo in a class by itself—

¶ Every pianist in the world can accent the melody or omit it at will. Yet the Apollo is the only player piano which can do this. And the Apollo does more than merely accent the melody or omit it—it plays the accompaniment in any key desired!

¶ The finest watches are built on the same principle as the Apollo's Metronome Motor. The Metronome Motor relieves you of half the work of pedalling and re-winds music rolls with the touch of a lever!

¶ With a *down touch* on the piano keys. That's the way the Apollo plays. No other piano produces tone in *this* way. No manual pianist *ever* produced it in any *other* way. Think it over.

*Write us for **all** the facts. The features above are but a few of many. The two booklets we send show photographic comparisons of the different construction covering all the vital facts about player pianos in general as well as the Apollo in particular.*

MELVILLE CLARK PIANO COMPANY
Executive Offices, 403 Fine Arts Building, Chicago

The
Best Hardware
Dealer
in Your City
Sells
"PEARL"

No Other Screen Equals "PEARL" Wire Cloth in Appearance and Wear—

In selecting screen material consider *wear* first. The screen that wears *longest* is least expensive and most satisfactory. Right? Genuine Gilbert & Bennett PEARL will so far outlast the painted screen you have been using that there is positively no *comparison* between the two.

Painted screens are *ugly*—PEARL is *handsome*. And the same metallic coating which gives it *beauty* makes it practically *rust-proof*, consequently almost *wear-proof*.

Dust and dirt don't stay on the smooth, clean meshes of "PEARL" Wire Cloth. And by the same token that you don't object to glass in your windows you won't object to PEARL—it does not intercept your vision because after a little exposure it turns a permanent, 'invisible gray.'

If our claims for PEARL Wire Cloth are just, it is the screen you *want*. For the sake of satisfaction—investigate before you buy screens.

GILBERT & BENNETT
Pearl
WIRE CLOTH

For Screening Doors, Porches and Windows

PEARL Wire Cloth is to be had in two weights—Regular Grade and Extra Heavy—Extra Strong, both suitable for door, window and porch use.

The handsome appearance and rust-proof qualities of "PEARL" come from the same source, namely a peculiar metallic coating which is part of the wire itself. This coating is exclusive with Gilbert & Bennett—no other manufacturer has it. So—if you would avoid imitations which *look* a little like PEARL but don't *wear* like it, make sure of the *genuine* article by looking for the two Copper Wires in the Selvage and the Round Tag bearing our name on every roll.

Conscientious Architects
Specify Gilbert & Bennett PEARL Wire Cloth—
Good Carpenters and Contractors use "PEARL"

The best hardware dealer in your city sells Gilbert & Bennett PEARL Wire Cloth and will gladly supply you.

Or—write our nearest office and we will send samples, literature and the dealer's name.

The Gilbert & Bennett Mfg. Co.
(Established 1818)
Dept. M-105—277 Broadway, New York Dept. M-105—38 So. Dearborn St., Chicago
Georgetown, Conn. Kansas City, Mo.

SAMPLES FREE
Write our nearest office

Ships Carry Anchors in Fair Weather

and Thoughtful Men Carry Accident Insurance because Accidents Happen When Least Expected

OUT of thirty men who lost their lives in a recent fire in a western city, five or **one-sixth** of the total number carried accident insurance in The Travelers, under which the Company will pay the beneficiaries **forty-eight thousand dollars.** The cost of these five policies was $95.00.

This protection is furnished at an annual expense per thousand of less than **two cents per day** by a company which has been writing accident insurance for over fifty years and has paid accident benefits to over 632,000 policyholders.

If you are not carrying an accident policy, apply for one today in the largest accident insurance company in the world.

It will be too late when the need strikes home.

Travelers accident policies are famous for their broad coverage, fair spirit of adjustment and prompt payment.

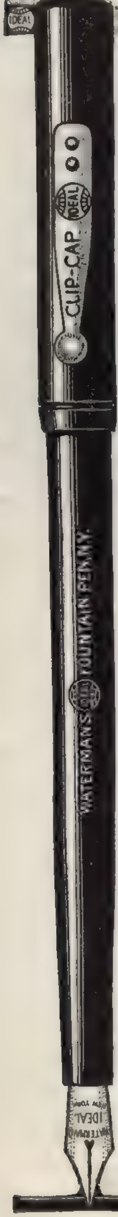
Moral: Insure in The Travelers

The TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO., Hartford, Conn. Everybody's G Tear off

Send me particulars regarding your accident policies.

My name, date of birth and address are written below:

Ink where ink is wanted
And in no other place,
Ink when ink is wanted
Your swiftest thoughts to trace



Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

Principally perfect in writing qualities, that's the main thing. Smooth writing, hard iridium tipped gold pens that last for many years, to which ink is accurately fed by the scientific Spoon Feed. Immediate response when the point touches paper. No blots or inky fingers. Every feature accurately tested as to fit and finish. Gold points of every degree to suit the handwriting of everyone; peculiar and technical requirements specialized. Universally used with increasing satisfaction.

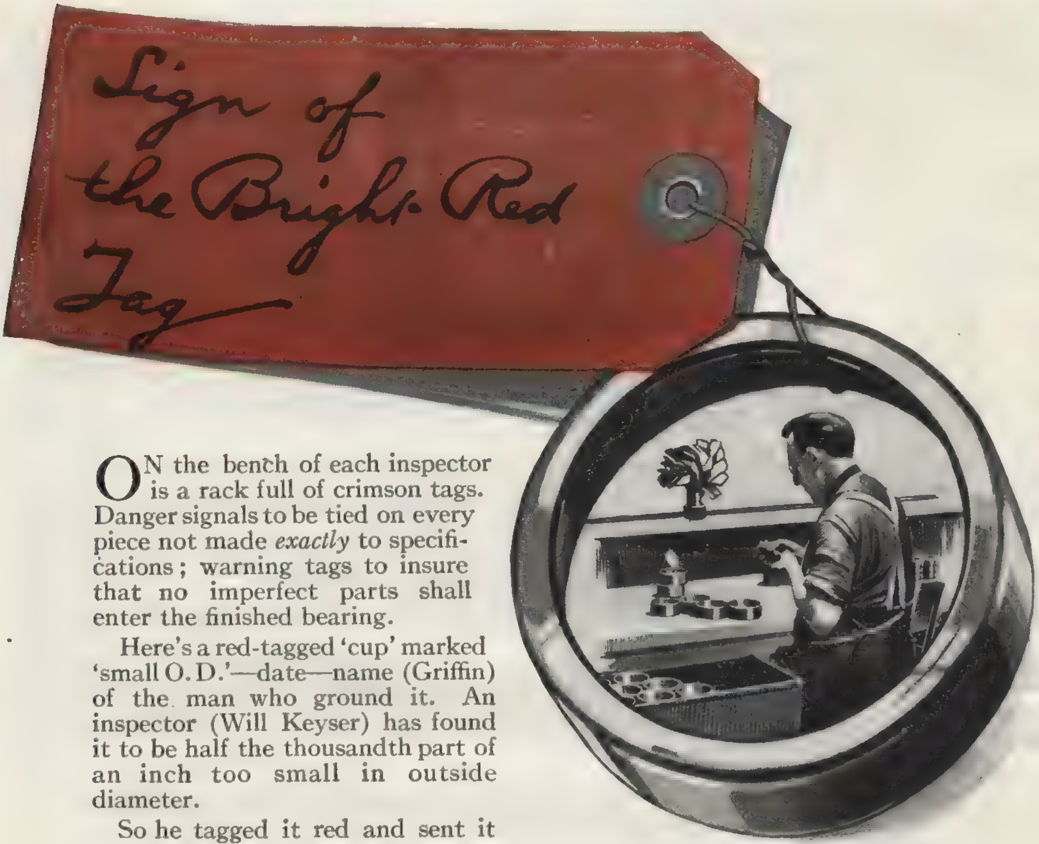
BY INVITATION
MEMBER OF
LEADERS OF THE WORLD ASSOCIATION
NEW YORK, U.S.A.

Self-Filling types for filling direct from inkwell, Safety type that may be carried in any position, and the standard Regular type. Prices $2.50, 3, 4, 5 to $50.00. Booklet mailed upon request.

Specialists in devising, testing and exploiting the world's leading writing tools.

Sold by the leading retail dealers in every locality.
L. E. Waterman Company,
173 Broadway, New York.
Branches: Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, London, Paris, Milan, Dresden, etc.

CLIP-CAP
IDEAL
WATERMAN'S FOUNTAIN PEN, N.Y.


Sign of the Bright-Red Tag

ON the bench of each inspector is a rack full of crimson tags. Danger signals to be tied on every piece not made *exactly* to specifications; warning tags to insure that no imperfect parts shall enter the finished bearing.

Here's a red-tagged 'cup' marked 'small O. D.'—date—name (Griffin) of the man who ground it. An inspector (Will Keyser) has found it to be half the thousandth part of an inch too small in outside diameter.

So he tagged it red and sent it along, with other tagged parts, to the 'morgue.'

'Morgue' is the name Timken shop men give to the place where rejected parts go. It's the morgue man's task to break up those parts so they never can come, by possible chance, into use in the Timken Bearing.

Twelve operations make the part called the 'cone.' Twelve inspections are given to *know* each dimension, each angle is right. Let the slightest error occur at any step of the way—an inspector will spot it and—tie on the red tag quick!

Long before such care was used, the Timken principle of tapered rollers revolving between a tapered cup and a tapered, two-ribbed cone gave a unique type of bearing that won marked success over all other kinds.

In the years that have followed, Timken care *in every detail* of the making has added a hidden value that's only revealed in a life-time of good service.

Get the whole interesting story of Timken fidelity in manufacturing from the Timken Primers No. G-3 "On Bearings" and No. G-4 "On Axles" which, with the list of cars that ride on Timkens, will be sent free, postpaid, on request to either Timken Company.

RB CO

The Timken Roller Bearing Co.
Canton, Ohio
The Timken-Detroit Axle Co.
Detroit, Michigan

DA CO

TIMKEN

TAPERED ROLLER BEARINGS

Washing With Air

There are two great natural cleansers—water and air. The modern housewife is now learning the possibilities of the second of these elements.

We have harnessed air—intensified its cleansing power—and now compel it to draw away every bit of dust, dirt and other accumulations from *under, in* and *around* carpets, curtains, walls, furniture, bookcases. Every room is cleaned, freshened, sweetened, *washed* by the steady suction of the

Western · Electric
Sturtevant
Vacuum Cleaner

Simple, powerful, permanent. No complicated mechanism to wear out or break. Light in weight. Cannot injure the article or surface cleaned. Costs only a few cents an hour to run. There are several sizes, both portable and stationary, intended to meet every need of home, apartment and hotel. Prices range from $47.50 to $400.

To know the possibilities of this cleaner and its adaptability to your home, write for a copy of our illustrated book, "The Clean Way to Clean." Ask for book 17-T. It will be sent free.

There is an opportunity for agents to represent us in some unoccupied territories.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

Manufacturers of the 7,500,000 "Bell" Telephones

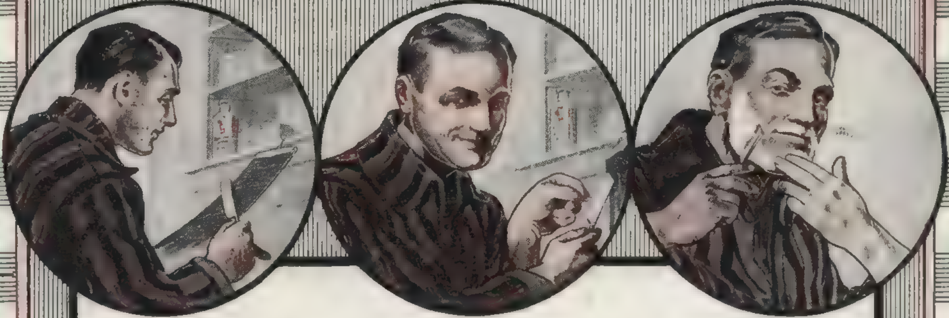
New York
Boston
Philadelphia
Buffalo
Richmond
Savannah
Atlanta
New Orleans
Chicago
Pittsburgh
Cleveland
Cincinnati
Indianapolis
St. Louis
Milwaukee
Kansas City
St. Paul
Minneapolis
Omaha
Houston
Dallas
Oklahoma City
San Francisco
Denver
Salt Lake City
Los Angeles
Oakland
Portland
Seattle

EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

3-IN-ONE OIL

MAKES

The Strop Softer— The Razor Keener— The Shave Smoother



It's your face. Why abuse it with a razor that pulls, scrapes and starts the hairs to growing under your skin? What's the sense of that?

Save your face, razor and temper, and have perfect joy shaves by always doing this before and after shaving:

Draw your "safety" or "ordinary" blade between your thumb and forefinger, moistened with a little 3-in-One oil. Also put a few drops on your strop or automatic stropping device. Then strop as usual and secure keenest barber edge. Your razor will glide over your face as smoothly as silk. 3-in-One also prevents the soap from burning or itching. There's a scientific reason for all this—the "Razor Saver" bulletin, sent free, explains it to you, and shows you how to really take care of your razor.

MAGAZINES & BOOKS FOR LIBRARY-SLIPS ONE WITH EVERY BOTTLE

NOW, DON'T SCOFF. Fill out the coupon and try some 3-in-One Joy Shaves, *free!* Judge for yourself.

Library Slips packed with every bottle. Each slip is worth the equivalent of 5c on every dollar you spend for 3-in-One. Save the slips.

3-in-One is sold everywhere in 3 size bottles: 1 oz., 10c; 3 oz., 25c; 8 oz., ½ pint, 50c. Also in new patented Handy Oil Can, 3½ oz., 25c. This is the real Handy package for shavers —always ready—patented spout—can't leak. If your dealer hasn't Handy Oil Cans, we will send you one full of 3-in-One, by Parcel Post, for 30c in stamps.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO., 42 CYR. Broadway, New York

Three-in-One Oil Co.,
42CYR. Broadway, New York

Send me, without one cent of cost, a generous sample of 3-in-One, "Razor Saver" Bulletin and the 3-in-One Dictionary —*all free.*

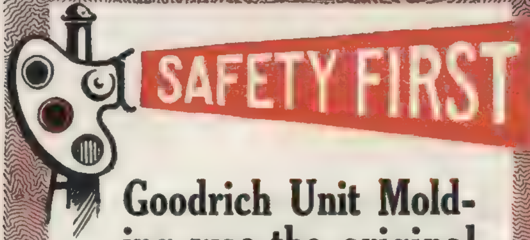
Name......................

Street and No.................

City............. *State*........

This Coupon Brings You a Generous FREE Sample Fill it Out Send Today

3 IN 1



Goodrich Unit Molding was the original Safety First tire idea

The quality of Goodrich Tires today is the standard by which all high grade tires are judged. This is because they represent the perfection of tire-making and tire-knowledge — which gives Goodrich Tires their leadership.

◆ ◆

Every layer of the finest fabric, the livest, best rubber—the whole tire—tread, side strips, bead and all—becomes one piece in Goodrich Unit Molding—the original Safety First idea in tire building.

◆ ◆

All this backs up the Goodrich Safety Tread —the group of bars and the crosstie that form the Safety First symbol for the motorist.

◆ ◆

Equip at least the rear wheels with

Goodrich Safety Tread Tires

Best in the Long Run

Here are the prices to pay for the best tires ever produced in the Goodrich factory:

Size	Smooth Tread Prices	Safety Tread Prices	Size	Smooth Tread Prices	Safety Tread Prices
30x3	$11.70	$12.65	34x4½	$33.00	$35.00
30x3½	15.75	17.00	35x4½	34.00	36.05
32x3½	16.75	18.10	36x4½	35.00	37.10
33x4	23.55	25.25	37x5	41.95	44.45
34x4	24.35	26.05	38x5½	54.00	57.30

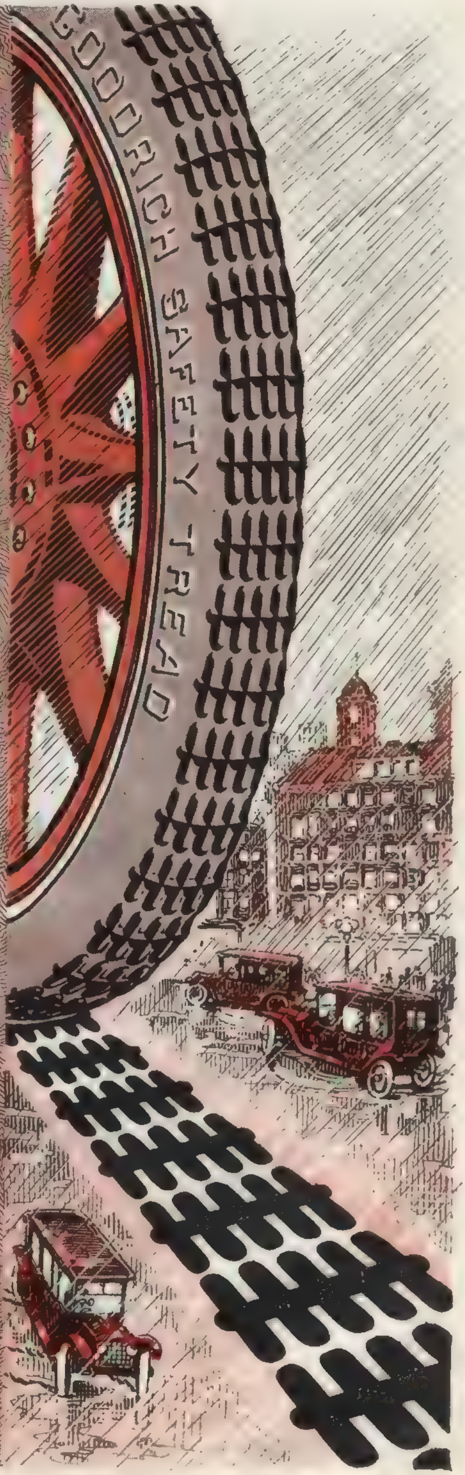
Dealers almost everywhere have Goodrich Tires in stock or can get them for you from one of our branches or depots.

The B. F. Goodrich Company

Factories:
AKRON, OHIO

Branches in All
Principal Cities

There is nothing in Goodrich Advertising that isn't in Goodrich Goods



Type your bill. Stop! It is footed—total proved

This latest Remington time-saver ends a needless waste of clerical time

From now on bills and statements will be written-out and footed-up simultaneously.

One operation does it.

The typist inserts a bill head in the Remington Adding and Subtracting Typewriter.

She copies the items.

But look!

Every time the numeral keys are pressed, the figures are both typed and *added*. The bill *automatically* foots—with cold steel accuracy.

If the typist prints a wrong total, an error-signal at once calls a halt.

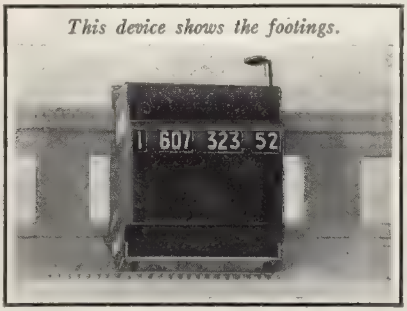
The footings will be as correct as though proved by a certified accountant.

The bill—neatly typed and complete—is mailed without a moment's time spent on addition, subtraction or total-proving.

* * * *

This marks a tremendous advance in billing and accounting.

This device shows the footings.



Hereafter, every moment spent in footing bills will be a sheer waste of clerical time.

This machine does *your* work *your* way.

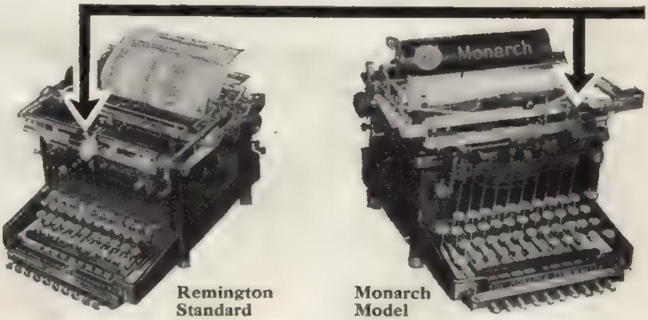
You can start using it tomorrow—without altering your accounting system in the slightest.

The only change it forces is a change from human inaccuracy to mechanical precision—from time-waste to time-saving.

* * * *

The Remington Adding and Subtracting Typewriter is

(1)—always ready as a complete easy-running typewriter, for letter writing.



Remington Standard

Monarch Model

Remington Typewriter Company, Incorporated,

For clear, clean, typewriter results, use Remtico brand letter

(2)—always ready as a quick adder and subtracter, for listing.

(3)—always ready for both writing words and adding figures at one operation.

This latest and most remarkable Remington time-saver is now used constantly in thousands of retail stores, banks and business offices—large and small.

The United States Sub-Treasury and the New York City Finance Department use it continuously.

Machines installed five years ago have paid for themselves over and over again, in time-saved—*to say nothing of errors caught before they were made.*

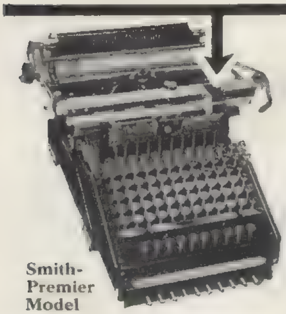
* * * *

The Remington Adding and Subtracting Typewriter puts the old methods of footing bills and statements into a past business age.

A booklet, "The New Remington Idea," gives more details. Write for it today. It is much easier to *keep up* with the times than to *catch up.*

REMINGTON
Adding and Subtracting
TYPEWRITER
(WAHL MECHANISM)

The Remington Adding and Subtracting Typewriter can be had in any of the Remington Models shown below. Each is a member of the famous Remington family.



Smith-Premier Model

Your totals are shown here as fast as the figures are typed

Each is a complete easy-running typewriter, plus the adding and subtracting feature.

Each is designed and built so as to insure maximum durability.

Each has distinctive features designed to meet individual requirements.

New York City. *(Branches Everywhere)*

paper, carbon paper and ribbons. Write to our nearest office.

The Heel With Nine Lives
FOSTER PATENT
SLIP
CAT'S PAW
CUSHION HEEL
7
8
FOSTER RUBBER CO.

CAT'S PAW

CUSHION

RUBBER HEELS

IT is only natural that you should prefer Cat's Paw Rubber Heels—because the Foster Friction Plug positively prevents slipping on wet sidewalks or pavements. ***That means safety.***

Then, again, the Foster Friction Plug resists wear, and the extra quality of rubber affords greater resiliency—meaning not only comfort, but economy.

And then, again—there are no holes in the heels to track mud and dirt.

Insist upon Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels—black or tan—of your dealer—50c. attached—they cost no more than the ordinary kind.

FOSTER RUBBER COMPANY
105 Federal St., Boston, Mass.
Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug, which prevents slipping.

Weak Arches?

Are the muscles of your legs sore and stiff?

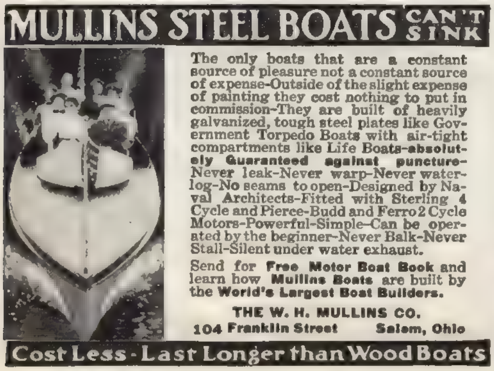
Are your insteps tired every night and tender in the morning?

Then you should wear *Foster Orthopedic Rubber Heels.*

The corner of the heel extends down under the shank of the shoe thus preventing the arch from falling or the shoe from running over.

Gives a firm resilient support to the arch—keeps the position of the feet normal and natural.

75c. attached of your dealer—or sent post paid on receipt of 50c. and outline of heel.

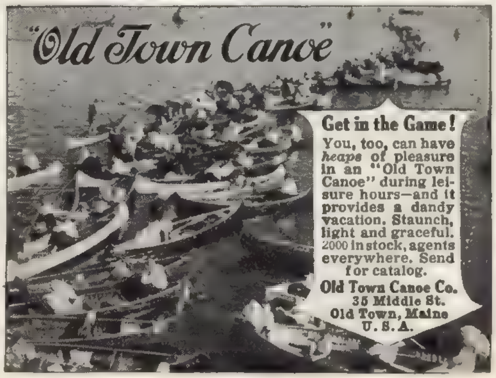

MULLINS STEEL BOATS CAN'T SINK

The only boats that are a constant source of pleasure not a constant source of expense-Outside of the slight expense of painting they cost nothing to put in commission-They are built of heavily galvanized, tough steel plates like Government Torpedo Boats with air-tight compartments like Life Boats-**absolutely Guaranteed against puncture**-Never leak-Never warp-Never waterlog-No seams to open-Designed by Naval Architects-Fitted with Sterling 4 Cycle and Pierce-Budd and Ferro 2 Cycle Motors-Powerful-Simple-Can be operated by the beginner-Never Balk-Never Stall-Silent under water exhaust.

Send for **Free Motor Boat Book** and learn how **Mullins Boats** are built by the **World's Largest Boat Builders.**

THE W. H. MULLINS CO.
104 Franklin Street Salem, Ohio

Cost Less - Last Longer than Wood Boats


"Old Town Canoe"

Get in the Game!

You, too, can have *heaps* of pleasure in an "Old Town Canoe" during leisure hours—and it provides a dandy vacation. Staunch, light and graceful. 2000 in stock, agents everywhere. Send for catalog.

Old Town Canoe Co.
35 Middle St.
Old Town, Maine
U. S. A.

Missing Page

Missing Page

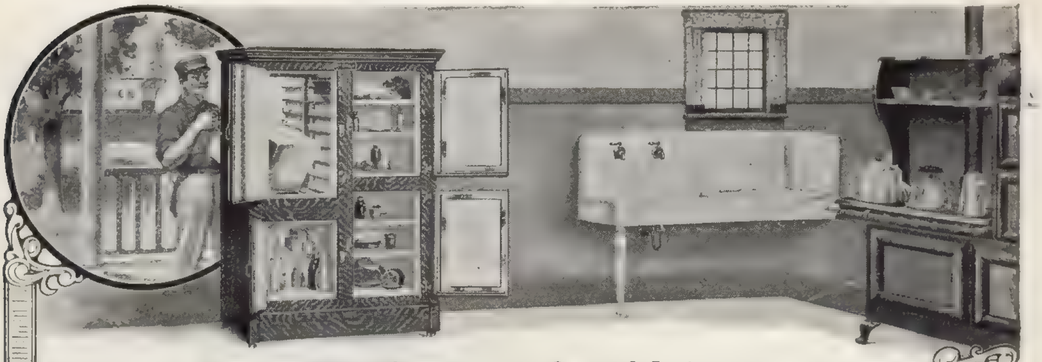
Resinol Soap

protects the complexion

Do not imagine that Resinol Soap is only for sick skins. Effective as it is in the care of the many distressing conditions to which the complexion is subject, Resinol Soap is first of all a superbly pure toilet soap, with a rich, cleansing lather that *protects* well skins from those very conditions. The Resinol balsams which it contains keep the skin soft, white and clear, the hair thick and lustrous, and the scalp free from dandruff.

The very rich pay as much as three dollars a cake for their toilet soap, but at twenty-five cents, Resinol Soap actually gives equal quality, plus antiseptic Resinol cleanliness. Sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods. For a guest-room size cake and miniature box of Resinol Ointment, write to Dept. 43-C, Resinol, Baltimore, Md. For nineteen years physicians have prescribed Resinol for skin troubles.

Resinol Shaving Stick also contains Resinol, *making it most agreeable to men with tender faces. Trial on request.*



Keep The Iceman Outside!

With a McCray Refrigerator arranged with an outside door for icing from the rear porch, the iceman and his muddy tracks and bother are kept outside. It's much nicer and more convenient.

McCray Sanitary Refrigerators

are built in a great variety of styles and sizes for every requirement of Residences, Hotels, Clubs, Restaurants, Public Institutions, etc. They were chosen by the U. S. Pure Food Laboratories in preference to all others.

The McCray has a perfect circulation of pure, cold, dry air that keeps foods fresh, healthful, and free from taint. Its scientific insulation economizes ice. Sanitary, easily cleaned linings of opal glass—porcelain, white enamel or odorless white wood. A great variety of stock sizes ready for immediate shipment.

Write for Free Catalog that explains the McCray Patented System and gives full information.

No. 91—Regular Sizes for Residences
No. 50—for Hotels, Clubs, Institutions
No. 69—for Grocers
No. A. H. Built-to-Order for Residences
No. 73—for Florists
No. 60—for Meat Markets

McCRAY REFRIGERATOR COMPANY, 678 Lake Street, Kendallville, Ind.
New York, McCray Bldg., 7-9 W. 30th Street. **Chicago, 158 N. Wabash Avenue**
For branch salesrooms in other cities see your local telephone directory.

How Many Hides Has a Cow?

This may seem a foolish question.

Yet the area of automobile upholstery made from one cow's hide is about three times that of the whole hide.

How?

By splitting the hide into three sheets, and coating and embossing the "splits" in imitation of grain leather.

Coated split leather is therefore artificial leather much inferior to

DU PONT FABRIKOID MOTOR QUALITY

REG U S PAT OFF

which is scientifically made artificial leather based on a fabric much stronger and more uniform than the fleshy split, but coated and embossed in the same way.

The difference is all in favor of Fabrikoid, which is guaranteed superior to any coated split. Not affected by water, heat or cold. Several leading makers have adopted it. Any maker can furnish on your car if you order it so.

Send 50c for sample 18 x 25 inches. Enough to cover a chair seat. Mention this magazine and specify Black Motor Quality Fabrikoid.

DU PONT FABRIKOID CO., Wilmington, Delaware

BUY INDESTRUCTO BAGGAGE

WHEN you go to buy a trunk, keep this one fact before you: that you are buying for now and for the future.

A trunk is the poorest thing in the world on which to try and save money. No trunk can be too good for you—too strong—too serviceable.

Pay enough for your trunk to get real value, sure service, but see that you get what you pay for. That means, remember the Indestructo name. Compare the Indestructo with any other trunk made. See it side by side with other trunks in the stores.

You will find that not one of them has the distinctive features of the Indestructo—that not one of them gives you the same solid assurance of real worth and service—not one of them is so well able to care for itself in the crash and crush of hard baggage handling.

One proving bit of evidence as to the standing of Indestructo Trunks in the business world is the way leading merchants—the best and wisest merchants have accepted the Indestructo.

Remember that no other trunk can give you the service, satisfaction, the beauty and lasting value, and the special Five Years Insurance and Registry features that are all yours with the Indestructo Trunk. It is worth your while to buy right and be satisfied.

Say to yourself, "The next trunk I buy will be an Indestructo"—Then make good on that promise.

Our booklet explains that fully—ask for it.

National Veneer Products Company
11 Beiger Street Mishawaka, Indiana

EVINRUDE

Make a Motor-Boat of Any Rowboat in Less Than One Minute

Turn any rowboat into a motor-boat with an

TRADE MARK EVINRUDE DETACHABLE ROW BOAT-MOTOR

Starts with one-twelfth turn of fly-wheel; no cranking.

Drives a rowboat 8 miles an hour—a canoe 12 miles.

So simple to operate that women and children are "Evinruding" everywhere. Why not get one for ***your*** vacation? By special arrangement we have procured as an exclusive feature, the

Famous Maxim Silencer

and can apply it to either 1913 or 1914 models. The "Evinrude" has always been practically silent in operation, but this addition makes it a veritable triumph. No similar motor can use the Maxim Silencer. It has been added to the already long list of exclusive "Evinrude" features. It is the only marine motor in the world having a

Built-in Reversible Magneto

This magneto is not affected by rain, waves or even complete submersion. The "Evinrude" is built by the largest manufacturers of rowboat motors in the world. Capacity for 1914, 60,000 "Evinrudes".

Has been adopted by twelve governments, including the U. S. A. Weight about 50 pounds, may be carried like a suit case. For sale at Hardware and Sporting Goods Dealers everywhere.

Illustrated Catalog Free Upon Request

EVINRUDE MOTOR COMPANY
135 M Street Milwaukee, Wis.
Branch Offices—San Francisco, 423 Market St.; Jacksonville, Fla., Foot of Main St.; New York, 89 Cortlandt St.; Portland, Ore., 106 Fourth St.; Boston, 218 State St.

You will recognize the fine quality

and sensible design of a Kerr Belt and Buckle the moment you see them. A man wants his belt and buckle to be strong, comfortable, trouble-free and good-looking. Then he should buy a

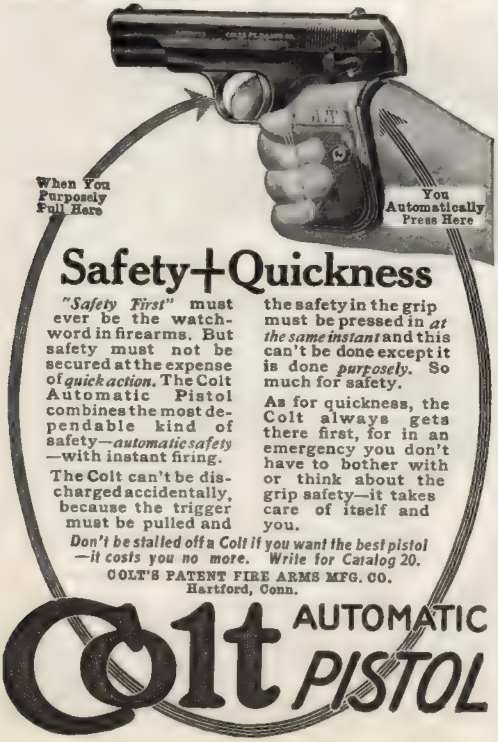
Kerr Belt and Buckle

No unsightly tongue and eyelets. Has easily adjusted buckle that cannot slip and a strap of finest leather. A *man's* belt, built as a man likes to have it. Straps easily and quickly changed. Look for the name Kerr stamped on the buckle. Sterling Silver Buckle with belt, $5.00 up. 14K Solid Gold Buckle with belt, $25.00 up.

At all good jewelers.

Booklet of distinctive designs upon request.

The WM. B. KERR CO.
144 Orange St., Newark, N. J.



Safety + Quickness

"Safety First" must ever be the watchword in firearms. But safety must not be secured at the expense of *quick action.* The Colt Automatic Pistol combines the most dependable kind of safety—*automatic safety*—with instant firing.

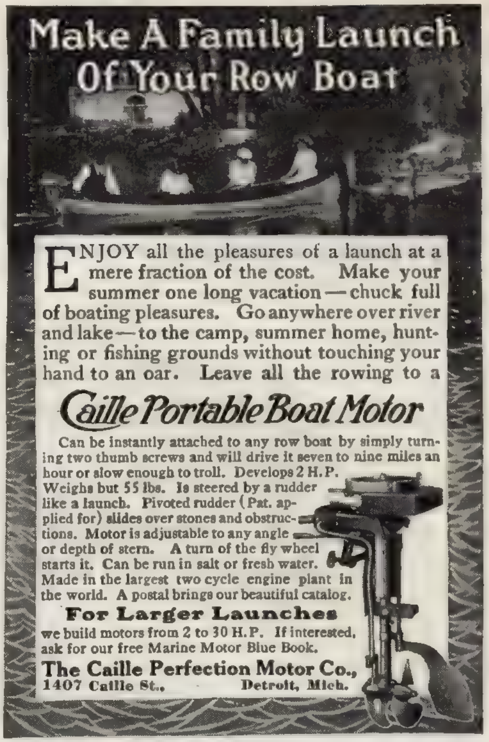
The Colt can't be discharged accidentally, because the trigger must be pulled and the safety in the grip must be pressed in *at the same instant* and this can't be done except it is done *purposely*. So much for safety.

As for quickness, the Colt always gets there first, for in an emergency you don't have to bother with or think about the grip safety—it takes care of itself and you.

Don't be stalled off a Colt if you want the best pistol—it costs you no more. Write for Catalog 20.

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.
Hartford, Conn.

Colt AUTOMATIC PISTOL



Make A Family Launch Of Your Row Boat

ENJOY all the pleasures of a launch at a mere fraction of the cost. Make your summer one long vacation—chuck full of boating pleasures. Go anywhere over river and lake—to the camp, summer home, hunting or fishing grounds without touching your hand to an oar. Leave all the rowing to a

Caille Portable Boat Motor

Can be instantly attached to any row boat by simply turning two thumb screws and will drive it seven to nine miles an hour or slow enough to troll. Develops 2 H.P. Weighs but 55 lbs. Is steered by a rudder like a launch. Pivoted rudder (Pat. applied for) slides over stones and obstructions. Motor is adjustable to any angle or depth of stern. A turn of the fly wheel starts it. Can be run in salt or fresh water. Made in the largest two cycle engine plant in the world. A postal brings our beautiful catalog.

For Larger Launches

we build motors from 2 to 30 H.P. If interested, ask for our free Marine Motor Blue Book.

The Caille Perfection Motor Co.,
1407 Caille St., Detroit, Mich.

Build This "V" Bottom Model—It's Easy

The popular model that's so seaworthy, speedy on low power, and simple to build. We send all parts with full size patterns and directions.

Brooks System Saves You 2/3

Write for our Boat Book showing this and fine cruisers, motor boats, sail boats, rowboats, canoes, etc., that you can build and save ⅔ boat builder's price—Address **Brooks Mfg. Co., 5805 Rust Ave., Saginaw, Mich.**

In the Hollow of Your Hand

The Deaf Hear!

Write for our big Introductory Offer on the latest scientific hearing instrument, the perfected 1914 Diploma Model

New 8-Tone Mears Ear Phone

EIGHT times as efficient, EIGHT times as powerful, EIGHT times as convenient, EIGHT times as helpful as our former One-Tone model, and with double the efficiency of our well-known 4-Tone. Eight different adjustments instantly changed by a touch of the finger.

Free Trial Sold only direct from our New York office on trial at our expense. Test it for 15 days. Your money returned if you do not want to keep it. Easy monthly payments if you wish, at the lowest net laboratory price direct to you. Send for this offer and the Mears Booklet—FREE.

Mears Ear Phone Co., Dept. 1035 45 West 34th Street, New York.

Dorothy Hilliker
Grand Rapids Mich.

THIS sweet little 15-month-old girl weighed only 8 pounds when 7 months old. She was then put on

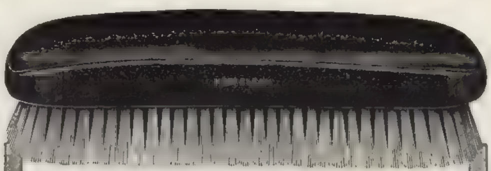
ESKAY'S FOOD

and began to gain almost from the first feeding. Eskay's Food, added to pure, fresh cow's milk, is solving the great problem of "what to feed baby" for thousands of anxious mothers.

"Ask your Doctor."

Write for **TEN FEEDINGS FREE**

Smith, Kline & French Co., 434 Arch St., Phila.



FLORENCE
KEEPCLEAN BRUSHES
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

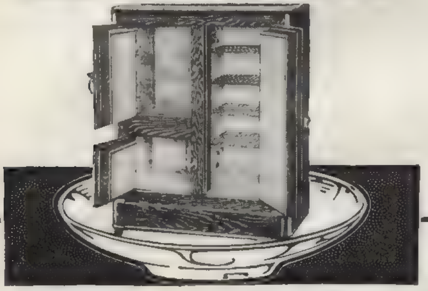
A REMARKABLE value in a clothes brush. No. 940—50 cents. Buy this Florence Keepclean Clothes Brush today and become acquainted with the sanitary Keepclean Hair, Military, Clothes and Tooth Brushes.

This brush cannot crack nor split, because its back is solid wood, no veneer. Its genuine boar bristles are too good and too strongly anchored into the famous "Florence" composition (not mere cement) to become loose. As dirt cannot easily adhere to its untarnishable aluminum "face," it is easily kept clean. Its beautiful "Black Ivory" finish will ornament your room.

Sold by druggists and department stores. Or will be shipped direct if you cannot obtain locally. For postal request we will send free folder on Florence Keepclean Brushes. Write now.

FLORENCE MANUFACTURING CO.
211 Pine Street, Florence (Northampton), Mass., U. S. A.
Sole Makers of Pro-phy-lac-tic and Florence Keepclean Toilet Brushes

Like a clean china dish



Superb Porcelain Lined—the delight of every woman's heart—the pride of every housekeeper. Here's that famous Refrigerator with the seamless, scratchless dish-like lining, the genuine

Leonard Cleanable

Don't confuse this wonderful sanitary lining with paint or enamel. I will mail you—free—a sample of Leonard Porcelain that will quickly show you the difference. You **can't scratch it even with a knife.** It's everlasting—easily kept beautifully sweet and clean. You'll never be satisfied with anything else. Can be arranged for outside icing and water cooler. Style shown is No. 4, in polished oak case. Size, 35 x 21 x 45 . . . $35.00

50 Styles—$15 up—Freight Paid

To Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. I take the risk; send for catalog today. Money returned if you are not perfectly satisfied. Ask for sample of porcelain and I'll mail my booklet "Care of Refrigerators." Every woman should have a copy of this valuable book.

C. H. LEONARD, President, Grand Rapids Refrigerator Co.
122 Clyde Park Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich. (1)

Pencil Quality

"KOH-I-NOOR" * MADE BY L. & C. HARDTMUTH IN AUSTRIA

The "Koh-i-noor" sets the standard of Pencil Quality for the World. Buy it, try it and for ever after you will be a user of

"Koh-i-noor" Pencils

Buy them by the dozen! In 17 Degrees and Copying.

Supplied by high-class Stationers, &c., everywhere.

L. & C. HARDTMUTH,
34, East 23rd St., New York;
and 107, Notre Dame Street
West, Montreal.

ESTABLISHED 1874 HENRY LIKLY & Co. MAKERS ROCHESTER, N.Y. TRADE MARK

"Never mind! It's a Likly Trunk and guaranteed for 5 Years."

Send for 128 Page Catalogue
Henry Likly & Co. Rochester, N.Y.

White Frost Refrigerators

Sold direct from factory to you. Freight prepaid. 30 days free trial in your home. Easy monthly payments if desired.

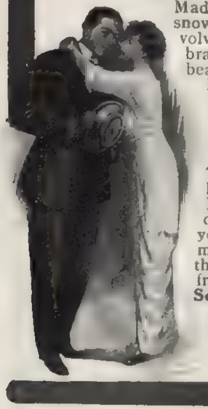
The "White Frost" was adopted by the U. S. Government, after rigid tests, for use in Panama, where perfect refrigeration, sanitation and ice economy are so vital. The "White Frost" is beautiful as well as sanitary. Perfect refrigeration. Made entirely of metal. Enameled snowy-white, inside and out. Revolving Shelves. Trimmings solid brass, nickeled. Anti-friction, roller bearing casters. 9 years on the market. Lasts a lifetime. (25 year guaranty.) Saves its price in cost of ice—very economical.

"Please, Bob, buy me a White Frost Refrigerator"

That's what thousands of women have said, after seeing the "White Frost". Buy one and pay for it on easy terms, while using it in your home. Prices low and payment so easy you will never miss the money. Remember—30 days' free trial and all freight paid

Send postal for free catalog.

Metal Stamping Co.
Dept. 546
Jackson, Mich.



Like Finding $21.50

Settee—No. 109 BROOKS PRICE $18.50
Dealers' Price—$40.00
Solid Quartered Oak
54 in. long—29 in. deep — 33½ in. high

We can save you at least ½ the usual cost of furniture because we are manufacturers—with the largest plant of its kind in the world. This is not a mail-order house—or jobber or wholesaler.

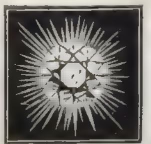
Our original sectional method saves ¾ the packing costs, ⅔ the freight and ½ the factory floor space usually required. We also save you **all** the dealers' and jobbers' profits. No wonder we can save you ½ the usual cost of furniture. Send for Free Book of 100 Furniture Bargains.

(109—Settee)
Brooks Mfg. Co.
1405 Rust Av., Saginaw, Mich.

"The Colorado Gem," Newest Product of Our Gem Mines

A beautiful **Genuine Topaz**, of purest white color, finest Diamond cut, wonderful brilliancy, and great hardness. Endorsed by leading experts. Far superior to the best imitation Diamond ever produced. Remember, **I guarantee** these stones to be **genuine.** Special price, $2.00 each, 3 for $5.00. Size, up to two carats. Free booklet. Address with remittance,

H. LINDEMANN, Expert Gem Cutter,
1536 Champa Street, Denver, Col.



The "WASHBURNE" Paper Fastener
of "O.K." fame. Brass, 3 sizes, in brass boxes of 50 & 100 each.
Your Stationer, 10 & 20¢. Send 10¢ for sample box of 50.
Yearly Sale Over 100 Million
Booklet of our 3 "O.K." office necessities Free. *Liberal Discounts to the Trade.*

TRADE O.K. MARK THE O. K. MFG. CO., Syracuse, N.Y., U.S.A.

Makes Old Tan Shoes Look New

Shoe Dealers Have Paid $1.00 Per Bottle for REPRUS

to refinish shopworn shoes before they knew correct price and where to buy it direct.

Shoe repairers are charging 25c and 35c per pair for applying REPRUS to tan shoes, when you can apply it yourself at the small cost of 25c per bottle for fifty applications.

REPRUS is a shoe repairer and shoe polish combined. Previously used in shoe factories only, but now placed on the market for the consumer.

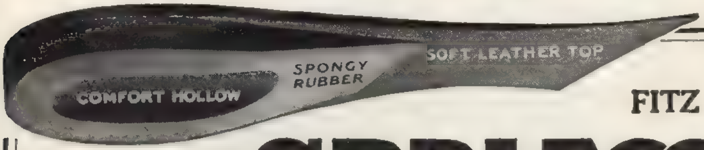
Children usually spoil the toes of their tan shoes the first day they wear them. Their shoes can be kept looking well by the use of REPRUS.

When you see what REPRUS will do to old, faded, scarred and stained tan shoes you will be sure to use it.

Your dealer has it in stock or will get it for you.
Remember the package and insist on getting REPRUS.
Made in three shades, light, medium and dark.
Price 25 cents per bottle.

GEO. J. KELLY CO., 510 Washington St., LYNN, MASS.

REPRUS
PRICE 25 CENTS
REPRUS
CALF
RUSSIA
REPAIRER
KELLY'S



GUARANTY BOND

Dealers are authorized to return to any dissatisfied purchaser of Spri-Foot Rubber Heels the purchase price, if the heels are returned within 10 days.

FITZ CHEMICAL COMPANY Phillipsburg, N. J.

FITZ

SPRI-FOOT RUBBER HEELS

(Haag's Aireze Patent)

Worn inside the shoes bring comfort walking to **men** and **women**

At better shoe stores or by mail from us

50¢ a pair

FITZ CHEMICAL CO., 344 Broad St., Phillipsburg, N. J.

For the cottage—nothing cheaper
For the mansion—nothing richer

To Double the Beauty of Your Home? Double the Beauty of Your Floor!

Double the beauty of your home by mirroring ever so softly your furniture in your floors. It will make that furniture seem richer, your room—through lustre—*larger.* Use Old English Floor Wax and get in your floor a gentle radiance and soft lustre which reflect the spirit of beauty throughout a room.

Old English Floor Wax

Made chiefly of two imported waxes, one hard and one soft. Old English has all it can hold of that hard and costly wax that makes it spread farther, last longer and polish better than ordinary floor waxes containing more soft wax. It is only half the cost of varnish or shellac in the long run. Paint Dealers, House Furnishing Departments (Druggists) sell it.

Send for Free Sample and Our New Book—Free

24-page edition just out—"**Beautiful Floors, Their Finish and Care.**" It will help you in

- Finishing New Floors
- Finishing Old Floors
- Hardwood Floors
- Pine Floors
- Cleaning and Polishing
- Care of Waxed Floors
- Kitchen, Pantry and Bathroom Floors
- Finishing Dance Floors
- Finishing Furniture
- Interior Woodwork
- Stopping Cracks
- Removing Varnish, etc.

THE A. S. BOYLE CO.
1905 Dana Avenue Cincinnati, O.

Old English Floor Wax doesn't mar, doesn't show scratches. It sheds dust and you can use it with or without stain. It's easily applied and 60c will make a large room *happy* for six months.

The A. S. Boyle Company
1905 Dana Ave.

Send Book and FREE Sample so I may try Old English at home.

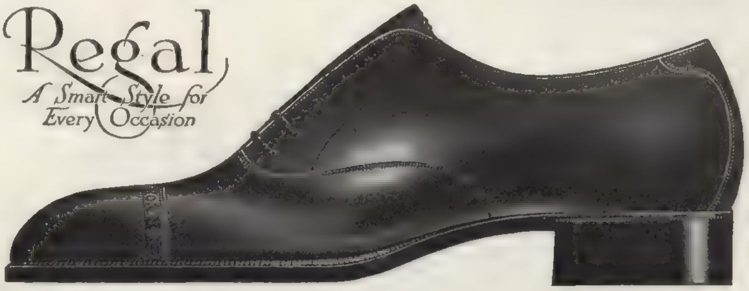
Name..............................

Address..............................

My dealer is..............................

Regal

A Smart Style for Every Occasion



Exclusive Custom Styles
$4.00
and up

GOOD taste is deep-rooted in *restraint*. Here is a shoe that grips the glance by its *simple* "smartness" with no apparent attempt for decorative detail. Look above—read below.

"ARLINGTON" Mahogany Russia Street Oxford—$4

Plain lace uppers of Mahogany Russia; invisible eyelets for tubular cords; recede-slope toe, semi-narrow and wholly comfortable; extension sole; flat tread; broad shank; squarish heel. Also available in Black Russia.

100 Exclusive Regal Shops and 900 Accredited Regal Agents. Spring Style Book Sent Free.

REGAL SHOE COMPANY
276 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

Protection and Positive Protection

ORDINARY dress shield protection in some seasons of the year, is perhaps sufficient—

But in summer when you perspire profusely—when your dresses are made of pretty, filmy materials—Then you need *positive Dress Shield protection*—

The Dress Shields that give just this security are

Kleinert's

GEM Dress Shields

Made of the finest nainsook over pure rubber—the only acid-proof material known to science.

May be washed in hot water, ironed and made fresh, sweet and clean.

The difference between ordinary protection and *positive protection* is just the difference between ordinary dress shields and Kleinert's GEM Dress Shields.

I. B. Kleinert Rubber Company
721-723-725-727 Broadway New York

Makes Cooking Easy.

Coal, Wood and Gas Range.

This Range is also made with Elevated gas oven, or if gas is not desired, with Reservoir on right end. It can be furnished with fire-box at either right or left of oven as ordered.

A Woman Can't Help

wanting a Plain Cabinet Glenwood, it is so Smooth and Easy to clean. No filigree or fussy ornamentation, just the natural black iron finish—"The Mission Idea" applied to a range. A room saver too—like the upright piano. Every essential refined and improved upon.

The Broad, Square Oven

with perfectly straight sides is very roomy. The Glenwood oven heat Indicator, Improved baking damper, Sectional top, Revolving grate and Roller bearing ash-pan are each worthy of special mention.

The Glenwood Gas Range

attachment, consisting of Oven, Broiler and Four burner top, is made to bolt neatly to the end of the Plain Cabinet Glenwood coal range. It matters not whether your kitchen is large or small—there's a Plain Glenwood made to fit it.

Glenwood Ranges

Write for free booklet 78 of the Plain Cabinet Glenwood to Weir Stove Co., Taunton, Mass.
If interested in a separate Gas Range ask for booklet 77.

Sleep

Comfort

Economy

Cleanliness

Satisfaction

The OSTERMOOR

Trade-Mark Guarantees Sleep—Comfort—Economy—Cleanliness—Satisfaction

But the trade-mark does *you* no good if you don't insist on seeing it before you buy a mattress—and if you don't believe in the Ostermoor sufficiently to refuse *any* one of the hundreds of imitations which are offered in its place—at a lower price—*of course*. Their cheapness (*not* their *economy*) is their only excuse.

$15.

Send for Free Book

of 144 pages, with samples of ticking.

A handsome, full-size Ostermoor mattress, 4 ft. 6 in. wide and 6 ft. 3 in. long, elegantly finished, will be sent to you, express prepaid, same day we get your check or money order. Your money will be returned without question if you are dissatisfied at the end of 30 days. Mattresses packed in leatherette paper and burlap, fully protected.

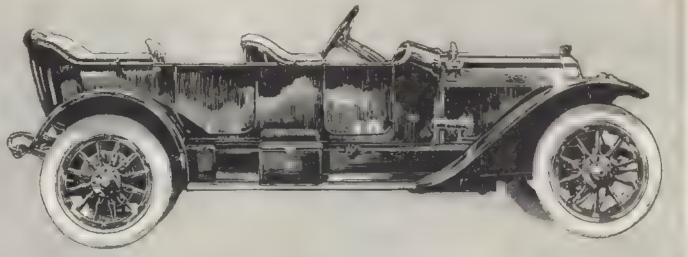
OSTERMOOR & CO.
107 Elizabeth Street, New York
Canadian Agency: Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

MATTRESSES COST
Express Prepaid

4 ft. 6 in. wide by 6 ft. 3 in. long—A.C.A. Ticking, 45 lbs	$15.00
Satin Finish Ticking, 45 lbs	16.50
Mercerized Art Twills, 45 lbs.	18.00
Special Hotel Style, 50 lbs	23.00
Extra Thick French Edge, 60 lbs.	30.00
Special Imperial Edge, 60 lbs	35.00
Ex. Thick Imperial Edge, 70 lbs.	45.00
Imperial Double Stitched French Roll, 80 lbs.	55.00

Mattresses in two parts, 50c extra.
Smaller sizes cost $1 less each size.

OSTERMOOR
OSTERMOOR
WILL NOT MAT
VERMIN PROOF
NON ABSORBENT
NEVER GETS LUMPY
NEVER REQUIRES REMAKING
HAND LAID
FILLING
OSTERMOOR



The wife who helps select the car

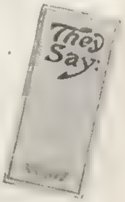
THE Stutz welcomes the wife who helps select the car. Next to the perfection of mechanical details, Stutz designers and engineers consider the family comfort and safety. That is why the Stutz is a *popular* car.

You will appreciate the graceful beauty lines, the simple luxury, the solid comfort of the deep upholstery—the speed without jolting, long tours without fatigue—no vexing delays on the road for adjustments.

And the woman who loves to drive will be delighted with the ease and simplicity of the mechanism that controls the Stutz.

The road-worthiness of the "Official Road Race Champion" has been tried in the severest tests on track and road course. Its proven mechanical perfection makes it "the worry-free car."

The Stutz will reveal to you more *motor car value*. There are reasons why. It will pay you to investigate.



Write today for booklet

Write today for "The Inside Story of the Sturdy Stutz"—also Catalog B-4, Series "E."

STUTZ

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY OF INDIANAPOLIS

WE CAN MAKE CONTRACTS WITH A FEW MORE LIVE DEALERS—WRITE OR WIRE

THE CAR THAT MADE GOOD IN A DAY
STUTZ

STUTZ
SPEED AND ENDURANCE
VICTORIES

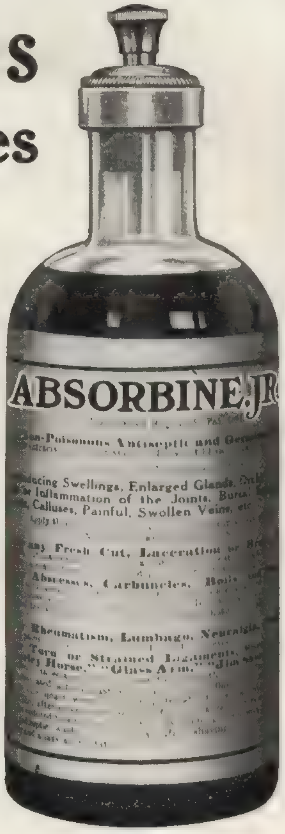
Seven Consecutive Firsts

Tacoma - - **July 5th** Potlatch Trophy, 199.5 miles	
Tacoma - - **July 5th** Inter-City Trophy, 102.16 miles	
Tacoma - - **July 7th** Montamarathon Trophy, 250 miles	
Los Angeles - **August 9th** Santa Monica, 445.2 miles	
Elgin - - **August 30th** Elgin National Trophy, 301 miles	
Corona - **September 9th** 301-450 Class Race, 250 miles	
Corona - **September 9th** Free-for-All Race, 300 miles	

Official Road Race Champion for 1913

For Sore Muscles
Sprains, Cuts, Bruises

here is an antiseptic germicide and liniment—



one that is healing, cooling and soothing—Absorbine, Jr., is more than a germicide, more than a liniment—it is both. It means prompt relief from aches and pains—it keeps little cuts and bruises from becoming something more serious.

ABSORBINE JR
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

is especially good for children's hurts because it is so harmless and safe to use—made of pure herbs and contains no acids or poisons.

It is needed daily in and about the home—for the numerous little hurts that come through work in the kitchen and about the house, the stable, the garage and the grounds. Use and prescribe Absorbine, Jr., wherever a high-grade liniment or germicide is indicated.

To reduce inflammatory conditions—sprains, wrenches, painful, swollen veins or glands.

To reduce bursal enlargements and infiltrations. Absorbine, Jr., is a discutient and resolvent.

To allay pain anywhere—its anodyne effect is prompt and permanent.

To spray the throat if sore or infected—a 10% or 20% solution of Absorbine, Jr., is healing and soothing and will destroy bacteria.

To heal cuts, bruises, lacerations, sores and ulcers.

Used by athletes the world over as an invigorating, antiseptic and soothing rub-down—keeps muscles right and prevents second-day soreness and stiffness.

Absorbine, Jr., is concentrated, requiring only a few drops at an application and retaining its germicidal powers even when diluted one part Absorbine, Jr., to 100 parts water.

Walter Johnson,
the famous pitcher, says:
"Absorbine, Jr., is a first-class liniment for tired muscles. I have used it myself to advantage and can heartily recommend it to ball players everywhere."

IT KILLS GERMS

"Evidence," a forty-eight page booklet, gives positive, clear-cut, emphatic evidence of what Absorbine, Jr., has done and will do. This booklet, together with detailed laboratory reports, is free for the asking. Absorbine, Jr., is sold by leading druggists at $1.00 and $2.00 a bottle, or sent direct, all charges paid.

A Liberal Trial Bottle ***will be mailed on receipt of 10 cents in stamps.***

W. F. Young, P. D. F., 121 Temple Street, Springfield, Mass.

☞ *Just write your name and address on the margin below. Tear off and send with ten cents. The sample is well worth the money.*

CHATS ABOUT SILVER

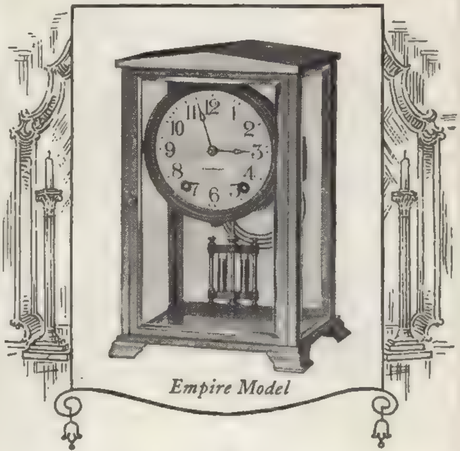
YOURS FOR THE ASKING—a beautiful book which tells the meanings behind old period silver, how to distinguish "period" styles and to name and recognize modern silver fashions. "Chats About Silver" enables you intelligently to appreciate and buy silver.

After reading it you will know more about this beautiful pattern than the mere fact it is beautiful. Let us send you a complimentary copy of "Chats About Silver."

Offered by Leading Jewelers Everywhere

Reed & Barton

Established 1824
Taunton Massachusetts
Represented at
Fifth Ave. and 32d St., 4 Maiden Lane, New York
Boston Chicago San Francisco London Paris



Empire Model

A Graceful *and* Faithful Marker *of* Time's Flight

Clocks, like friends, must be chosen with care—for clocks are lifelong associates.

The enduring charm and service of the Seth Thomas Empire Clock commend its admission into your home. Its chaste, dignified lines bespeak integrity and precision. The frame is gold-finished, with mechanism encased in beveled glass. It sounds the hours and half hours on a deep-toned Cathedral bell. The Empire is but one style of the famous

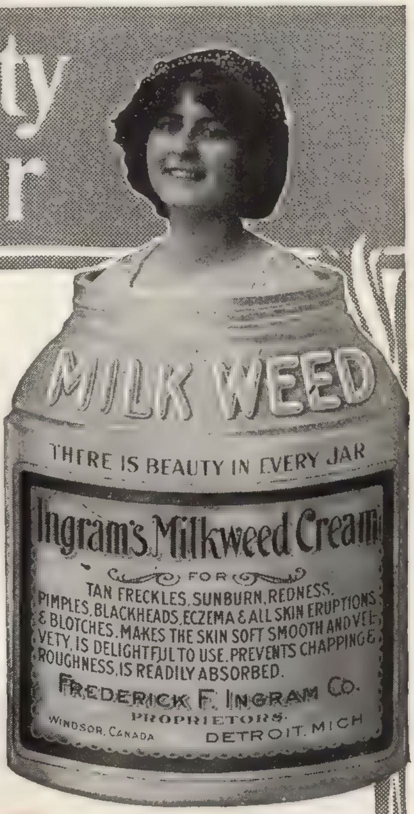
SETH THOMAS *Clocks*

It possesses the same high degree of worth which has bestowed upon them the title, "for a century the national timekeepers."

Reputable jewelers show a broad variety of Seth Thomas clocks. You can be sure of a satisfactory selection at a convenient price whatever your fancy.

SETH THOMAS CLOCK CO.
15 Maiden Lane New York City
Established 1813

There Is Beauty In Every Jar


MILK WEED
THERE IS BEAUTY IN EVERY JAR
Ingram's Milkweed Cream
FOR
TAN FRECKLES, SUNBURN, REDNESS, PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS, ECZEMA & ALL SKIN ERUPTIONS & BLOTCHES. MAKES THE SKIN SOFT SMOOTH AND VELVETY, IS DELIGHTFUL TO USE. PREVENTS CHAPPING & ROUGHNESS, IS READILY ABSORBED.
FREDERICK F. INGRAM CO.
PROPRIETORS.
WINDSOR, CANADA
DETROIT, MICH

HOWEVER beautiful you may be, you cannot afford to neglect your skin. However plain you may be, you should not miss the possibilities for beauty and skin health in the regular use of

Ingram's

Milkweed Cream

50c and $1.00 at Drug Stores

Preserves Good Complexions—Improves Bad Complexions

Its use overcomes skin disorders and sallowness, as well as undue redness, sunburn and freckles.

Send us 2c postage to cover the cost of mailing and receive free a sample of Milkweed Cream, of Velveola Souveraine, of Ingram's Rouge, also Zodenta Tooth Powder.

FREDERICK F. INGRAM COMPANY
Established 1885
Windsor, Can. **47 Tenth St., Detroit, U. S. A.**

Ingram's Velveola Souveraine
Face Powder

is Powdered Perfection for the Complexion. Four shades: pink, white, flesh and brunette. Price, 50c at drug stores or by mail, postpaid.

3 SILK SHIRTS Made to Measure $10.50

for Men and Women

Write Today For Our "How To Shop By Mail" Catalog

of SILK Shirts and SILK Pajamas, SILK Night Shirts and SILK Athletic Underwear for Men.

All Garments Made To Individual Measurement.

Sold Direct from Weaver to Wearer.

Catalog contains full descriptions, correct illustrations, samples of Silks in various smart patterns, and states prices of all garments plainly. Also gives explicit directions for ordering.

Take instant advantage of this remarkable opportunity and write today. For, at this season of the year, the demand is very great.

THREE exceptionally high-grade SILK SHIRTS, (Men's or Women's) made strictly to your individual measurement, from handsome, fine quality Washable Silks; guaranteed FAST color; superbly tailored.. **$10.50**

This will be a great Silk Shirt Season! Get this booklet, and order your supply DIRECT FROM US—the makers, at prices less than are usually charged for "ready-mades" of inferior quality.

W. A. LANIGAN CO.
Suite 507
51 East 42nd Street
New York

SHOP BY MAIL
SILK

Hotels and Hospitals

find satisfaction in the spotless whiteness, uniform weave and **easy washing qualities** of

"Pequot" Sheets and Pillow Cases

They are so snowy white, of so fine a weave, that they are readily distinguished from all others.

PEQUOT
REG. IN U.S PAT OFF
SHEETS
AND
PILLOW CASES
NAUMKEAG
S.C.Co.

are made of selected, high grade yarns, woven by the original "Pequot" process and have texture that permits of the easy flow of water through the fabric.

Genuine "Pequot" Sheets and Pillow Cases *require no hard rubbing* and are therefore much longer lived than other kinds.

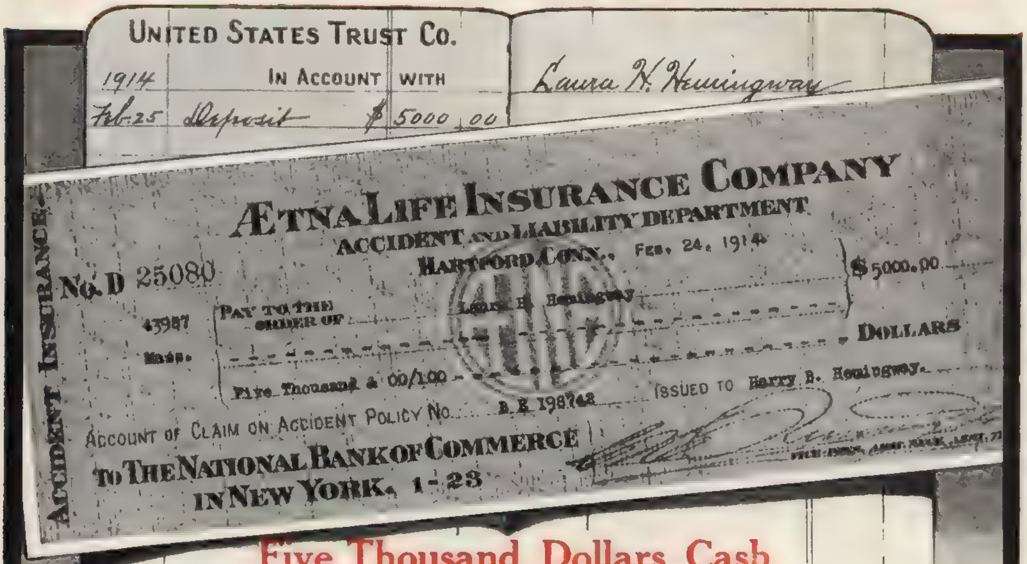
NEXT TIME SPECIFY "PEQUOT"

Sold by the yard or made up

Send for booklet and free samples

NAUMKEAG STEAM COTTON CO.
SALEM, MASS.
Parker, Wilder & Co. Boston, New York

Are You Ætna-ized ?



UNITED STATES TRUST CO.
1914 IN ACCOUNT WITH Laura H. Hemingway
Feb 25 Deposit $ 5000 00

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
ACCIDENT AND LIABILITY DEPARTMENT
HARTFORD, CONN., FEB. 24, 1914
No. D 25080
43987
Mass.
PAY TO THE ORDER OF Laura H. Hemingway $5000.00
Five Thousand & 00/100 DOLLARS
ACCOUNT OF CLAIM ON ACCIDENT POLICY NO. B. E. 198742 ISSUED TO Harry B. Hemingway.
TO THE NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE IN NEW YORK. 1-23
ACCIDENT INSURANCE

Five Thousand Dollars Cash

A man was accidentally killed in a train wreck. (It might have been you.) He was on his way home. He had earned a good salary, but had saved little, and his funeral used that little up. His widow and children were left, as they thought, penniless. In his desk, however, a "Folded Paper" was found, which he had obtained only a few months before. It was

An Ætna Accident Policy

It brought to that sorrowing and well-nigh penniless family a check for FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Thousands of accidents occur every day. It may happen that *your life* will be snuffed out; that *you* will suffer dangerous injury or the loss of hand, limb or eye.

Sometime *your* family may have use for the "Folded Paper" that means food, clothing and shelter to those you love. Ætna Accident Policies cost little and pay a generous weekly indemnity if you are kept from work by accidental injury.

Better To-day than Too Late

Fill out this coupon and mail to us today

Ætna Life Insurance Co. (Drawer 1341), Hartford, Conn. Everybody's

I have marked the kinds of insurance I wish to know about, Accident ☐ Health ☐ Disability ☐
I am under 60 years of age. My name, business address and occupation are written below.

$50 now buys this $70

Speedaway

Detachable Rowboat Motor

fully equipped

with a noiseless underwater exhaust, automatic self-locking tiller, accident preventing crank handle, protected spark plug and circulating water cooling cylinder pump.

The Speedaway has an established reputation for efficiency and reliability and is backed by a $500,000 organization of mechanical experts who have been building machinery for nearly twenty-five years.

Until now this motor sold at $70.00 through dealers but the dealers wanted local advertising appropriations, special printed matter, a larger margin of profit and other concessions. The manufacturing cost of the Speedaway would not justify this expense so we eliminated the dealers, recalled our salesmen and now sell direct from the factory to you and ***you get the dealer's $20.00 profit.***

Only by eliminating the dealer can we sell this $70.00 Speedaway at $50.00.

Sign and mail the coupon now and we will reserve your motor for immediate or future delivery. Though we produce a great many motors each day, you should get in your order at once to insure prompt delivery. Send money order or draft for $12.50 — balance C. O. D. ***Mail the coupon now — Summer is coming fast***

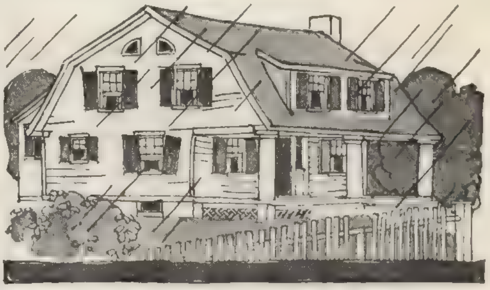
COUPON

Speedaway Boat Motor Co., Freeport, Illinois Eve. May

Gentlemen:
Enclosed find (draft / money order) $12.50 to apply on one complete motor. Ship C. O. D. $37.50 (now) by (express. / freight.)

Name ______________________________

Address ______________________________



You Can't Dodge the Income Tax—The Decay Tax, Yes!

The decay tax is high. A worn out paint coat results in rot, repair bills, run-down, hard-to-sell houses and a bad neighborhood spirit. That's a heavy tax, but you can dodge it. Paint *in time* and paint right.

Dutch Boy White Lead

and Dutch Boy linseed oil preserve and beautify houses enduringly. Lead and oil make a waterproof elastic coat which expands with the wood and won't crack. Dutch Boy made-to-order paint saves dollars. Your painter will mix it to your house's needs and tint it any color.

Write for Paint Adviser No. 44

A Group of Practical Helps—Sent FREE!

Tells many useful things for house owners; how different wood surfaces need different paint combinations; how to choose attractive colors that go together and wear best; how to estimate amount and cost; how to test paint for purity. Write now—this book is yours for the asking.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York Boston Cincinnati Cleveland
Buffalo Chicago San Francisco St. Louis
(John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia)
(National Lead & Oil Co., Pittsburgh)

Johnson's Wood Dye is equally adapted for use on old and new furniture –
Beautiful results on any wood are easily obtained with Johnson's Wood Dye –
Johnson's Prepared Wax is a lasting artistic finish for Floors - new or old -
There is nothing equal to Johnson's Prepared Wax for polishing Automobile bodies.

Johnson's Wood Dye

for the artistic coloring of hard and soft wood—floors, woodwork and furniture. With it inexpensive woods may be finished so they are as beautiful and artistic as hard wood. Made in 17 standard shades, including *Mission, Early English, Golden Oak, Weathered, Fumed, etc.*

Johnson's Wood Dye is a combination spirit-oil preparation, embodying all the good qualities of both a spirit and an oil stain, with the disadvantages of neither. It is unsurpassed for staining reed baskets and manual training models—also for burlap and other wall coverings.

Johnson's Prepared Wax

A complete finish and polish for all wood—floors, woodwork, furniture, automobile bodies, etc. Apply with a cloth and polish with a dry cloth. Gives perfect results over any finish—varnish, shellac or oil.

For Polishing Automobile Bodies it has no equal for holding the luster in the paint indefinitely. Sheds water and is the one preparation that eliminates the objectionable dust-collecting feature, leaving a hard, perfect, smooth finish.

Johnson's Prepared Wax is unsurpassed as a polish for the finest mahogany and mission furniture, including pianos.

Ask your paint, hardware or drug dealer for a free copy of our 25c book "The Proper Treatment for Floors, Woodwork and Furniture." If he hasn't a copy, write us.

**S. C. Johnson
& Son**
*"Wood Finishing
Authorities"*
Dept. Ev. 5
**Racine,
Wis.**

$155 for this 3-Room Summer Home

THE Kenyon Take Down house is so good that it is carried in stock, sold and guaranteed by the following big responsible stores.

A beautiful illustrated 48 page catalog telling all about the hardwood floors, rustless screens and other features of this summer home that costs less than a summer's rent, sent on request.

The R. L. Kenyon Co., 581 Albert Street
WAUKESHA, WIS.

Akron, Ohio., M. O'Neil Co.
Albany, N. Y., W. M. Whitney & Co.
Allentown, Pa., C. A. Dorney Furn. Co.
Ann Arbor, Mich., Mack & Co.
Ardmore, Okla., Edwards & Cochran.
Atlanta, Ga., J. M. High Co.
Aurora, Ill., Janes Furniture Co.
Ashland, Wis., Dopp & Watson.
Baltimore, Md., Stewart & Co.
Boise, Idaho., H. W. Arnold & Co.
Boston, Mass., Jordan Marsh Co.
Brockton, Mass., Atherton Furn. Co.
Buffalo, N. Y., Wm. Hengerer Co.
Burlington, Vt., W. G. Reynolds Co.
Chicago, Ill., Marshall Field & Co.
Cincinnati, O., Geo. W. McAlpin Co.
Columbus, O., F. G. & A. Howald Co.
Concord, N. H., J. M. Stewart & Sons Co.
Davenport, Iowa, Tri-City Tent & Awn. Co.
Decatur, Ill., Linn & Scruggs Dry Goods Co.
Detroit, Mich., Emmons Specialty Co.
Duluth, Minn., Kelley Hdw. Co.
Denver, Colo., Colorado Tent & Awn. Co.
Fargo, N. D., W. O. Olsen Furniture Co.
Galesburg, Ill., Doyle Furniture Co.
Glens Falls, N. Y., B. B. Fowler Co.
Haverhill, Mass., Atherton Byard Furn. Co.
Huntington, N. Y., H. F. Rogers Co.
Kankakee, Ill., A. J. Oberlin & Co.
Kansas City, Mo., Jones Store Co.
Lancaster, Pa., The Donovan Co.
Lansing, Mich., M. J. & B. M. Buck Co.
Lynchburg, Va., C. M. Guggenheimer
Memphis, Tenn., J. Goldsmith & Sons Co.
Milwaukee, Wis., Gimbel Brothers.
Minneapolis, A. G. Crook, Plymouth Bldg.
Montreal, Que., Henry Morgan & Co., Ltd.
Muncie, Ind., Banner Furniture Co.
Muskogee, Okla., Graham-Sykes Co.
New Castle, Ind., The Holloway-Wright Co.
Newton, Kan., McManus Dept. Store.
Newark, N. J., Hahne & Co.
New York, N. Y., Gimbel Brothers.
Newburgh, N. Y., John Schoonmaker & Son
New Haven, Conn., Edw. Malley Co.
Norfolk, Va., Miller, Rhoads & Swartz
Ogdensburg, N. Y., N. Frank's Sons.
Omaha, Neb., Scott-Rawitzer Mfg. Co.
Paterson, N. J., C. B. Vaughan.
Peoria, Ill., Block & Kuhl Co.
Philadelphia, Pa., Gimbel Brothers.
Pittsburgh, Pa., Kaufmann & Baer.
Pittsfield, Mass., Rice & Kelly.
Portland, Me., Oren Hooper's Sons.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Luckey, Platt & Co.
Providence, R. I., The Shepard Co.
Quincy, Ill., Quincy Awning & Tent Co.
Rochester, N.Y., Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.
Rockland, Me., Kalloch Furniture Co.
San Francisco, Cal., Kenyon Pacific Co.
Corner Franklin and Market Sts.
S. St.Marie, Ont., Chitty, Moffly & Chipley
St.Louis, Mo., Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney
Dry Goods Co.
Springfield, Mass., Forbes & Wallace.
Spokane, Wash., Ware Brothers.
Salem, Mass., James L. Lougee Co.
Syracuse, N. Y., W. A. Abel Co.
So. Lunenburg, Vt., A. N. Bell.
Sterling, Ill., The Windom Co.
Springfield, Mo., Martin Bros. Piano Co.
Trenton, N. J., A. V. Manning's Sons
Toronto, Ont., T. Eaton Co.,Ltd.
Utica N. Y., John A. Roberts & Co.
Watertown, N.Y., Hardiman-Woolworth Co.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa., C. F. Murray-Smith Co.
Waterbury, Conn., Hampson - Mintie
Abbott, Inc.
Washington, D. C., Woodward & Lothrop.
Winnipeg, Man., T. Eaton Co, Ltd.

SUNSET LIMITED

EVERY DAY—NO EXTRA FARE

California and New Orleans

Southern Pacific—Sunset Route

"The Exposition Line—1915"

Through the golden Southwest, famed for its traditions, scenery and climate. Choice of water or rail lines to New York. The SOUTHERN PACIFIC received from the American Museum of Safety the Harriman Medal for the greatest progress in Safety—not a passenger fatality in five years due to collision or other train accident. Automatic electric block signals—oil burning locomotives—no cinders—no dust. For information address:

NEW YORK CITY
366 Broadway

NEW ORLEANS
Metropolitan Bank Building

HOUSTON
Southern Pacific Building

SAN FRANCISCO
Flood Building

Agencies all over the United States, Mexico, Cuba, Europe

Millions of Shavers Are Shumate Fans

The "Curved" Blade Won Their Favor

Ask any of them. They'll tell you that the "curved" Tungsteel blade gives quickest, smoothest, most satisfying shaves. No pull, no smart, and no bad temper on mornings when "hurry-up" shaves are in order.

JOE TINKER
Famous Shortstop

and manager of Chicago Federals, strongly recommends the "curved" Shumate Tungsteel to the millions of base-ball fans. He says, "The 'curved' blade gives the correct diagonal stroke. I never had such smooth 'smartless' shaves with any other razor."

The Curve makes you Shave right

Multitudes of users are just as enthusiastic in their praise of the

"Curved"
Shumate
Tungsteel

This remarkable razor embodies a new scientific principle in razor design. The "curved" blade gives a new ***double sliding stroke,*** both in shaving and stropping. You ***automatically*** get the peculiar ***diagonal stroke*** that makes a clean, even shave.

Hand ground, honed and stropped. Made of the finest Sheffield English Steel.

$2.00 Brings it

Postpaid and Guaranteed a Lifetime

Get a Shumate now and have the lifetime pleasure of fast, uniform, clean, "smartless" shaving. If it doesn't give complete satisfaction we'll exchange it without argument or expense.

Pin a $2.00 bill to the coupon and mail it today and the razor will come to you by prepaid return mail.

SHUMATE RAZOR CO.
1004 Locust St.,
St. Louis, Mo.
30 Years Making Shumate Razors

SHUMATE'S TUNGSTEEL
Shumate

SHUMATE RAZOR CO., 1004 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.
Herewith $2.00 for which please send me the Shumate Tungsteel Razor postpaid. If I am not delighted with it, you agree to exchange the razor.
Name..........
Address..........
NOTE—To those who will furnish us their dealer's name we will include one leather razor case free.

On Which Side of the Desk Are YOU?

The man before the desk works with his *hands* and is paid for his *labor.* The man behind the desk works with his *head* and is paid for his *knowledge.* It is merely a question of KNOWING HOW.

The first step in "knowing how" is simply a matter of cutting out, filling in and mailing us the coupon shown below.

In return we will show you how to improve your position, increase your salary, or get into a more congenial occupation, without leaving home or losing an hour of time from your present work.

There are no requirements beyond the ability to read and write, and the ambition to succeed.

Thousands of men date the beginning of their *success* to the day they *filled in this coupon.* Take the first step in your own advancement today. ***Mail the Coupon NOW.***

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 1269, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without any obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark **X**.

- Salesmanship
- Electrical Engineer
- Electric Lighting Supt.
- Telephone Expert
- Architect
- Building Contractor
- Architectural Draftsman
- Structural Engineer
- Concrete Construction
- Mechanical Engineer
- Mechanical Draftsman
- Civil Engineer
- Mine Superintendent
- Stationary Engineer
- Plumbing & Steam Fitting
- Gas Engines
- Civil Service
- Bookkeeping
- Stenography & Typewriting
- Window Trimming
- Show-Card Writing
- Lettering & Sign Painting
- Advertising
- Commercial Illustrating
- Industrial Designing
- Commercial Law
- Automobile Running
- English Branches
- Poultry Farming
- Teacher
- Agriculture
- Chemist
- Spanish
- French
- German

*Name*__________
*Present Employer*__________
*St. and No.*__________
*City*__________ *State*__________

Department of Classified Advertising

RATE—$3.00 per line—3% cash discount—10% discount for six consecutive insertions. Minimum space 4 lines.

As we cannot know each Classified Advertiser personally, we request the assistance of our readers in excluding from these columns anything questionable. Forms close about the first day of month preceding date of publication.

REAL ESTATE—FARM LANDS

CALIFORNIA

SUNNY STANISLAUS has good soil, water, climate and markets, four essentials for successful farming. No private corporation collects excessive water rates, you pay the district of which you are a part owner when locating with us. This message for you. Free Booklet, Dept. "E," Stanislaus County Board of Trade, Modesto, Calif.

GEORGIA

COLUMBUS, GEORGIA, the Place with the Power and the Push—send for free literature—state whether a homeseeker, investor, healthseeker or manufacturer. Golden opportunities for all. Fine rich soil at low prices. Write Board of Trade.

MISSISSIPPI

IS HE CRAZY? The owner of a plantation in Mississippi is giving away a few five-acre tracts. The only condition is that figs be planted. The owner wants enough figs raised to supply a Canning Factory. You can secure five acres and an interest in the Factory by writing Eubank Farms Company, Block D, Pittsburg, Pa. They will plant and care for your trees for $5 per month. Your profit should be $1,000 per year. Some think this man is crazy for giving away such valuable land, but there may be method in his madness.

GRAPEFRUIT, SATSUMA ORANGES AND PECANS have been profitably grown for fourteen years on the Mississippi Gulf Coast; orchards 5 years old are paying $500 per acre and over annually. I plant and develop for you under contract, pay you 6% annually on your investment for 5 years, turning over orchard that, under normal conditions, will pay you over $5,000 annually, and be worth easily three times what it cost you; have over 600 acres in orchard. C. H. Woodward, Ocean Springs, Miss.

VIRGINIA

VIRGINIA FERTILE FARMS $15 AN ACRE UP. Easy payments. Send names of two friends interested in Virginia and receive our beautiful magazine one year free. F. H. La Baume, Agrl. Agt. Norfolk & Western Ry. Room 241, N. & W. Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

MISCELLANEOUS

MONEY MAKING FARMS, 21 STATES, $10 to $50 an acre; live stock, tools and crops often included, to settle quickly. Big Special Bargain List, free. E. A. Strout Farm Agency, Station 2719, 47 West 34th Street, New York.

FLORIDA

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA., FOR INFORMATION and literature of value to the Homeseeker, Invalid or Investor, address Board of Trade. Most popular Florida resort; the most healthful climate in the known world.

"PANAMA PARK BUNGALOW COLONY." Paved entrance Main & Fifty-first Sts. Jacksonville—the New York of the South. Foreign City. Nights drop 17 degrees. Rain 52 in. Wind 8 miles. 30 ft. seaport. Tell-the-Truth Booklet free. Write Half Million Club.

THE GOLD COAST OF FLORIDA. THE GROVES of grapefruit and oranges laden with golden spheres bring real gold to the growers. You cannot mine for the metal here, but golden returns are annually had from cultivating the deep rich soil, under a winter sun, ripening products in midwinter. Celery yielding 900 to 1000 crates the acre. Cabbage yielding 200 crates to the acre. Strawberries continuous in bearing November to June. There is gold to be had by intelligent effort on these soils. We will tell you how. J. A. Pride, General Industrial Agent, Seaboard Air Line Railway, Suite 360, Norfolk, Va.

LAKELAND, FLA. Best, most progressive inland town in State. Magnificent opportunities investment and location. Splendid climate, water, schools, churches, etc. High, rolling, fertile lands for citrus, truck, general farming. New booklet free. Board of Trade.

SOUTHEAST

BIG OPPORTUNITIES AWAIT YOU in the Southern Railway territory. Land $15 an acre up. No long winters, drouths or blizzards. Apples, truck, poultry and live stock are making farmers rich. "Southern Field" magazine and all facts free. M. V. Richards, Land & Ind. Agt., Southern Ry., Room 28, Washington, D. C.

TEXAS

THE IRRIGATED LOWER RIO GRANDE VALLEY OFFERS best opportunities today for the dollars of farmers, merchants and investors. Free, illustrated, descriptive leaflet on request. Pharr Townsite Co., Box 2, Pharr, Texas.

YOU CAN GET AN IRRIGATED FARM IN NORTHWEST Texas on very favorable terms. Climate, soil, living conditions fine. Our new book, "The Shallow Water Country," tells the story simply, directly. We are paying for this ad to get a chance to send you this book. Your address on a postal to me will bring it. C. L. Seagraves, Gen. Col. Agt., AT & SF Ry., 1969 Ry. Ex., Chicago.

FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER, OPTICAL GOODS

FILMS DEVELOPED ANY SIZE ROLL 10c. Prints 2 1-4 x 3 1-4 to 3 1-4 x 4 1-4, 3c., 3 1-4 x 5 1-2 to 4 x 5, 4c. Post Cards, 4c. Photo Supplies. Send 2 negatives for free sample prints and special offer. Thos. Grove, 1540 E. 64th St., Chicago, Ill.

YOUR PHOTOS ENLARGED 25c. 8 x 10, made from any size negative or film. Films developed 5c. per roll, all sizes. Prints 3c. each, 2 1-4 x 3 1-4, 4c., 3 1-4 x 4 1-4. Send negative and get sample prints. Free. We save you money. Anti-Trust Photo Supplies. M. A. Leese, 614 Ninth St., Washington, D. C.

CHEAP DEVELOPING AND PRINTING mean poor results—films thrown away. The high quality of my work will surprise you—my prompt service will please you—and you'll come again. I am as near to you as your post office. Send me your name for sample prints. A. A. Nicolas, Kane, Pa.

SAMPLE PRINTS—Send negatives for free sample of our work. Films developed 10c. roll. Velox prints 2 1-4 x 3 1-4, 3c. Photo enlarging a specialty. 8 x 10's 20c. unmounted, from negative. Columbia Photo Supply Co., Dept. A, Washington, D. C.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR FREE CAMERA BARGAIN LIST. New or slightly shopworn Cameras at money-saving prices. Full line Kodaks, Premos, Graflex and others. Complete stock of Photo Supplies. Gloeckner & Newby Co., 171 Broadway, New York.

SAVE FORTY PER CENT. ON PHOTO PAPER—from factory. Instanto prints quicker, handled easier, shows better detail. Send 25c. for three dozen postals or 4 x 6. Money back guarantee. The Photo Products Co., Mfrs., 6111 La Salle St., Chicago.

WE BUY, SELL AND EXCHANGE. Bargains in microscopes, telescopes, binoculars, cameras, etc. Bargain list sent. Kahn & Son, Opticians, No. 54 John St., New York, N. Y. Established 62 years.

POLLARD SYSTEM OF DEVELOPING, with individual criticism of each negative, gives best results. One six exposure roll developed free. Booklet "Film Faults," Sample Velox Print, Price List Free. C. Pollard, Lynn, Mass.

HIGH-GRADE AMATEUR FINISHING. We are experts in developing, printing and enlarging. Prompt service and satisfaction guaranteed, or money returned. Send for price list "B." L. M. Prince, 108 W. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

PATENT ATTORNEYS, PATENTS

PATENTS, TRADE-MARKS & COPYRIGHTS. Our handbook on patents will be sent free on request. All patents secured through us are described without cost to the patentee in the Scientific American—Munn & Co., Patent Attorneys, 376 Broadway, New York—Washington Office, 625 F Street, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED, SEND SKETCH for free report as to patentability. "Guide Book," Fortunes in Patents, and "What to Invent," with valuable list of Inventions Wanted and Prizes offered for Inventions, sent free. Patents secured by us advertised free in World's Progress; sample free. Victor J. Evans & Co., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS THAT PROTECT AND PAY. Advice and books free. Highest references. Best results. Promptness assured. Send sketch or model for free search. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 624 F Street, Washington, D. C.

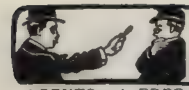
IDEAS WANTED—Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me. Three books with list 200 inventions wanted sent free. Personal Services. I get patent or no fee. Advice free. R. B. Owen, 10 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

THE LETTERS PATENT INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED, King's House, Kingsway, London. Department "A." Patents taken out through Chartered Patent Agents under the advice of the Company's Board of Examiners and Experts: Patents sold and licenses arranged for, after investigation and report of the Company's Board of Examiners and Experts: Foreign patents sold through the Company's organization extending over every civilized country. Department "B." Patents insured, after investigation, against infringement, defensive policies issued, validity guaranteed.

MEN OF IDEA and inventive ability should write for new "List of Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Advice Free. Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 37, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS, TRADE-MARKS, COPYRIGHTS. Thirty years' active practice. Experienced, personal high-class service. Difficult and rejected cases solicited. Book with terms free. Address E. G. Siggers, Patent Lawyer, Suite 3, N. U. Bldg., Washington, D. C.

INVENTORS WRITE at once for our Special Offer for securing patents. All cases receive our personal attention. Established 25 years. Best References. Wm. N. Moore & Co., 736 Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.



HIGH-GRADE HELP WANTED—SALESMEN, AGENTS, ETC.

AGENTS:—A FREE COURSE IN GENERAL SALESMANSHIP is given to every man of our Sales Organization. This organization is a body of successful men selling the Handy Light; that unique electrical device which cuts the cost of electric lighting in half. Sells for $3.50, is used in home, office, store, factory; weighs only one pound. Sold by demonstration. All agents furnished with well planned methods for gaining interviews. A high-grade business for a man of ability and standing in his community. General Agents preferred. Inquire for our full proposition by addressing The Handy Light Co., 10111 Handy Light Block, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WE NEED live wire representatives for unoccupied territory to handle The Fuller Sanitary Brushes. Our product is nationally advertised and covers every need. Your territory is valuable. Write for particulars. Fuller Brush Co., 9 Hoadley Place, Hartford, Conn.

HONEST MAN WANTED in each town to distribute free advertising premiums; $15 a week to start; experience unnecessary; references required. Address McLean, Black & Co., 7 S. Beverly St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS—500% PROFIT, FREE SAMPLE Gold and Silver Sign Letters for store fronts and office windows. Anyone can put on. Big demand everywhere. Write today for liberal offer to agents. Metallic Letter Co., 417 N. Clark, Chicago, U. S. A.

AGENTS $2,000,000 STOCKS, WOMEN'S WEAR. Dress Goods, Silks and General Dry Goods. Two big Catalogues 178 pages. Golden Harvest for live wire Agents. Write for fullest information. National Importing & Mfg.Co.,425 T Broadway,N.Y.City.

AGENTS WANTED. Best paying agency proposition in U. S. If you are not satisfied with what you are making let us show you how to increase your income. We can do it. Exclusive territory, goods guaranteed. Novelty Cutlery Co., 20 Bar St., Canton, O.

THEY SELL THEMSELVES. Agents reaping rich harvest on new adjustable floor and wall mops, dustless dusters and other sanitary brush specialties. Write today. Silver-Chamberlin Co., Dept. E, Clayton, N. J.

I WILL START YOU earning a good income in whole or spare time, silvering mirrors. No capital. Any one can do the work. Send for free instructive Booklet, giving plans of operation. G. F. Redmond, Dept. C, Boston, Mass.

2 CAPABLE SALESPEOPLE WANTED IN YOUR TOWN. Big commissions, bonuses and prizes. Something absolutely new. Unusual opportunity. Write Tolax Co., 23 Devereux St., Utica, N.Y.

WRITE MOVING PICTURE PLAYS; $10 to $100 each. Constant demand. Devote all or spare time. Experience, literary ability or correspondence course unnecessary. Details free. Atlas Publishing Co., 3035 Atlas Bank Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

SPECIALTY SALESMEN WANTED; big commissions being earned; write for particulars. E. L. Arnott, Greenfield, Ohio.

LARGE INCOME SELLING SPECIALTY RUGS. Colored illustrations and important information free. Sample rug forwarded prepaid $1.00. Reference Boylston Nat'l Bank, Boston. Dundee Mfg. Co., 46 Chauncy St., Boston, Mass.

WANTED—Women capable of earning big yearly salaries, to handle the exclusive agency for our made-to-measure French Corsets and Petticoats. The liberal profit affords a steady income from the start. Write to-day for full particulars. The Gillette Co., Dept. E, 569 Fifth Ave., New York City.

WANTED—DISTRIBUTORS, MEN AND WOMEN, to give away free pkgs. Perfumed Borax Soap Powder, no money or experience needed, good pay. B. Ward & Company, 224 Institute, Chicago.

WRITE ME TO-DAY and I will tell you of the remarkable results advertisers are securing through Everybody's Classified Advertising. Let me help you prepare your copy, suggest follow-up, etc. Address E. D. Duryea, Classified Dept., Everybody's Magazine, New York.

AGENTS! BE YOUR OWN BOSS, sell our celebrated HoRoCo Medicated Skin and Scalp Soap, Perfumes and Toilet Articles, Big Commissions, Goods Guaranteed. Hopfinger and Roth Co., 216 N. Second St., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS FOR OUR NEW ECONOMIZER AND PRIMER, which saves 25 to 40 per cent. gasoline for automobiles. Sells wherever shown. Agents make big profits. Peck Engineering Co., 2237 Mill St., Rochester, N. Y.

H. OHASHI & CO., 54 Leonard St., New York, leading manufacturers, wish to secure good representation everywhere throughout the world for their Typewriter Ribbons, Carbon Paper and Japanese Copying Books, etc. Largest, best and standard in these lines.

EVERY day we find it more difficult to pick real good salesmen. Still we offer the most profitable deal of the season. Where are all the money-makers? We're waiting. Specialties Supply Co., 106 Fulton St., New York City.

AT LAST—A COMPRESS & VACUUM CLOTHES WASHER washes a tub of clothes in 3 min., if badly soiled 4 to 6 min. Operates easy. Washday now a pleasure. Women grab it at $1.50. 150% profit to agents. Wendell Washer Co., 242 Main St., Leipsic, O.

WOULD $40 INTEREST YOU? We seek a representative for old established brand of guaranteed hosiery; sold direct to consumers. Protected territory; credit given. E. Parker Mills, 720 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

AGENTS—To sell the newest electric appliance on the market; sold everywhere there is electricity, in the home and office; liberal profits; sales-driving sample, weighs a pound, no experience or knowledge of electricity required; it shows how to use one light instead of two and get the same results; sells for $3.50 and saves the purchaser an investment of $25. Write for particulars. The Handy Light Co., 1015 Handy Light Block, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WRITE ME TO-DAY and I will tell you of the remarkable results advertisers are securing through Everybody's Classified Advertising. Let me help you prepare your copy, suggest follow-up, etc. Address E. D. Duryea, Classified Dept., Everybody's Magazine, New York.

AGENTS! HERE'S A LIVE ONE. Easy Sales and big profits. Unique household preparation does hour's work in a jiffy. Costs 20c. Copyrighted "Entering Wedge" Selling Plan sells it on sight for 50c. Weinheimer, general agent, wires, "Shipment received. Sold 17 gross today. Ship 100 gross immediately." Lee writes "It's a wonder. Sell it easily." Haynes," 'Entering Wedge' is a winner. Sold first gross in five days." Profit $43.20. Drop "hasbeens." Get territory quick. Jiffy-Brite Laboratories, Dept. E., Boston, Mass.

$2500. ACCIDENT AND HEALTH POLICY FOR $6.00 yearly. Pays $2500 death, $15 weekly for injury or sickness. Sells to men and women. Ages 16 to 70. $5000 Policy for $10 yearly. Deposit with State. Write to Underwriters, Newark, N. J.

AGENTS: SNAPPIEST HOUSEHOLD LINE ON EARTH. Red hot sellers, steady repeaters. Over 150 different articles. Goods guaranteed. 100% profit. Write quick—Hurry E. M. Feltman, Sales Mgr., 6714 Sycamore St, Cincinnati, O.

VALUABLE TERRITORY STILL OPEN—Write today for exclusive agency on big-profits "Merit" Folding Pocket Toothbrush—100% and over for you! Whole time or side line. The big 1914 agents' winner everywhere. Colonial Company, Haddonfield, N. J.

AGENTS—Steady income for two hours' work a day. Brand new Hosiery proposition that beats them all, Write for terms and free sample if you mean business. Guaranteed Hosiery Co., 1023 Third St., Dayton, Ohio.

EARN BIG MONEY WEEKLY, selling new specialty to merchants. Retails for $7.50, your profit $5.00. No competition. Exclusive territory. Write for free sample and descriptive matter. Sayers Co., 402 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

DO YOU WANT A REAL CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY? Torrington Vacuum Cleaners and Sweepers are made to suit every home and purse. A two-minute demonstration closes a sale. Twelve years' reputation for good goods behind them. Good profits. No kicks. You can come back again. Send for catalog and prices to agents. Sweepcleaner Co., Box C, Torrington, Conn.

AGENTS, WE FURNISH YOU SAMPLES and wholesale catalogue absolutely free. Sell guaranteed hosiery, underwear, shirts, and handkerchiefs, direct to homes. Write Madison Mills, 588 Broadway, New York City.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY AND BECOME SALES managers for our goods, establishing growing businesses of their own. Fast office sellers. Fine profits. Particulars and samples free. One Dip Pen Company Dept. 1, Baltimore, Md.

SALESMEN wanted to sell Shinon Products to retailers & jobbers. All trades handle. Consumption big. Lowest prices & attractive deals. 18-year quality reputation. Big commissions net big income. All or part time. Shinon Co., Rochester, N. Y.

650% PROFIT. PHENOMENAL AGENTS' EARNINGS. Families buy 12 to 40 sets. Hotels hundreds. Gliding casters. Any one can attach. Save carpets, furniture, floors. Carry in pocket. Free sample. Evergrip Co., 20 A Warren St., N. Y

PINKERTON & CO., UNITED STATES DETECTIVE Agency, Boyce Building, Chicago, force the payment of bad accounts everywhere. Salesmen wanted to sell contracts.

AGENTS, WOULD YOU TAKE A STEADY JOB WITH regular weekly income to start and chance to work up to big yearly profits? No experience required. Great crew managers' proposition. We manufacture. Middlemen profits saved.—Get posted on our 1914 exclusive territory—business-building selling plans. Act quick. E. M. Davis, Pres. R 62, Davis Blk., Chicago.

AGENTS—BOTH SEXES—WE MANUFACTURE AND CONTROL the fastest selling household article ever invented. Connolly, 123 Liberty St., New York.

VALUABLE PREMIUMS AND BIG PROFITS TO AGENTS selling our order-getting line of Guaranteed Pure Aluminum Goods. Our $200,000 capital backs you. Write to-day for territory. Wm. J. Dick, Mgr., Dept. J-7, 20 W. Lake St., Chicago.

AGENTS—BIG MONEY EVERY WEEK FOR TWO HOURS' work a day selling our wonderful 7-piece Kitchen Set. Send for sworn statement of big daily profit. Outfit Free to workers. 1200 other fast sellers. Thomas Mfg. Co., 223 Third St., Dayton, Ohio.

THE Fuller Dustless Mop and Furniture Duster are advertised in leading magazines. We need live representatives for unoccupied territory. These articles contain exclusive features. Fuller Brush Co., 54 Hoadley Place, Hartford, Conn.

AGENTS—Sell Perfection Guaranteed Hosiery. Guaranteed from one pair up. Send for catalog of both hosiery and neckwear. Perfection Knitting Mills, 1804 E. Willard St., Phila., Pa.

WANTED—Responsible party to take charge of our business in each county handling sale of Automatic Combination Tool, a combined wire fence stretcher, post puller, lifting jack, etc. Lifts or pulls 3 tons, weighs 24 pounds. Sells readily to farmers shops, contractors, etc. No experience necessary. Descriptive catalogue, prices and terms free upon request. Harrah Mfg. Co., Drawer B, Bloomfield, Indiana.

SOLICIT SUBSCRIPTIONS for Everybody's and Delineator during your spare time and make a lot of extra money for yourself. No other line lends itself so readily to spare-time work or pays so liberally for the time put in. You can easily earn big money in the time that might otherwise be wasted. No investment is required. Make it your permanent business if you like. For particulars, write to Helpmates, Everybody's Magazine, New York City.

AGENTS—A NEW ONE. Concentrated soft drinks. Every home, church-fair, picnic, lawn-fete, ball-park, stand, etc., buys them. Whirlwind sellers. Great profits. Small package makes 32 glasses—orangeade, grape, raspberry, etc. Hurry—don't wait—be ready for the hot season. Write quick. American Products Co., 3009 Sycamore St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

INCORPORATE YOUR BUSINESS IN ARIZONA. Least Cost, Greatest advantages. Cost not affected by amount of capital. Transact business and keep books anywhere. Stock made full-paid and non-assessable by using our forms. President Stoddard, former Secretary of Arizona. Laws, blanks and directions free. Stockholders are exempt from corporate liability. Stoddard Incorporating Company, Box 8J, Phœnix, Arizona.

BUILD A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN, and escape salaried drudgery for life. Learn the Collection Business. Limitless fields; little competition. Few opportunities so profitable. Send for "Pointers" to-day. American Collection Service, 18 State St., Detroit, Mich.

BE A MERCHANT TAILOR. Learn to cut Men's and Women's "Tailor-Made" Garments. Big Profits. Small Investment. We can teach you by mail. Success School of Cutting, Dept. 3, Jackson, Mich.

WRITE ME TO-DAY and I will tell you of the remarkable results advertisers are securing through Everybody's Classified Advertising. Let me help you prepare your copy, suggest follow-up, etc. Address E. D. Duryea, Classified Dept., Everybody's Magazine, New York.

SALES MANAGERS FOR EVERY CITY to co-operate with our campaigns, in taking big orders for the Casazza Fly Trap Screens, indispensable in every modern home. We want men to sell it themselves and to put out others; must be able to finance themselves and carry stock on hand, and give highest references. To that kind of men we offer a golden opportunity to make $3,000 or more a year. Write. Frank A. Maron & Co., Bush Terminal Building No. 6E, Brooklyn, N. Y.

IS YOUR PURSE FAT OR THIN? You can make it as plump as you like by following the Clover Club's famous recipe given in the little "Guide to Moneyville." This gives full information concerning the famous Clover Club, The Delineator's organization for helping girls and women to earn money of their own. The booklet is free. There is nothing to pay at any time and writing places you under no obligations. Why delay longer? Lost time means lost money. Address Helen Hathaway, The Clover Club, Dept. 75, The Delineator, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS

BOOKS—RELIGIOUS LITERATURE

"WHY I AM A UNITARIAN" By James Freeman Clarke and other Unitarian Literature free. Address "Associate Department," 25 Beacon St., Boston.

TYPEWRITERS—TOOLS

TYPEWRITERS REBUILT By the Manufacturers—We are making a specialty this month of "Visible" typewriters, Olivers, Underwoods, etc., and can furnish these machines Factory Rebuilt at specially low prices, or will Rent them anywhere, allowing Rent to apply on price. Remingtons, Smith-Premiers or any other standard machine preferred furnished on same conditions. Write for Catalog T. Typewriter Emporium. Established 1892. 34-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

TOOLS AND TOOL CHESTS, AND OTHER TOOLS, for the autoist, shop and home—are listed and described in the Tool Monger, a 390-page catalog mailed on receipt of 6c. in stamps. Montgomery & Co., 105 Fulton St., New York City

SAVE 65% TO 85% of Manufacturers' prices on Typewriters. Underwoods, Olivers, Remingtons, etc. Guaranteed 2 years. 500 typewriters, $10.00 to $15.00. Send for catalogue. Dept. 75, Dearborn Typewriter Exchange, Chicago, Ill.

SEEDS, POULTRY, SQUABS,

43 VARIETIES, Poultry, Squab Breeders, Fancy Pigeons, Ducks, Geese, Turkeys, Guineas, Ornamental Birds, Wild Game, Pheasants, Pea Fowl and Dogs. Incubators, freight paid. Feed and supplies. Catalogue 3 cents. Missouri Squab Co., Dept. E, Kirkwood, Mo.

DAY OLD CHIX FOR SALE from 12 varieties. Thousands per week. Strong, healthy chix, hatched by one of the oldest hatcheries. Catalogue Free. Old Honesty Hatchery, Dept. E, New Washington, Ohio.

POULTRY PAPER, 44-124 page periodical, up to date, tells all you want to know about care and management of poultry, for pleasure or profit; four months for 10 cents. Poultry Advocate. Dept. 152, Syracuse, N. Y.

AUTOMOBILE SUPPLIES

FOR SALE. Vulcanizing Plant, equipment for all casings and tubes, cost seventy-five, good as new, cash price twenty dollars. A. M. Baugh, Omaha, Neb.

PAINT YOUR CAR YOURSELF. Save $25 to $75 by doing the work at home with the Arsenal system. Our big free book "The Car Beautiful" tells how. Send for it to-day. Arsenal Varnish Co., Dept. E, Rock Island, Ill.

FOR WOMEN

START EARNING YOUR VACATION MONEY NOW. When Summer comes have your purse ready to take you where you want to go in the way you want to go. The Clover Club, The Delineator's famous organization for girls and women, will send you, free for the asking, a copy of the "Guide to Moneyville." This tells you how over 14,000 members have earned money of their own in spare moments. "What girl hath done, girl can do." Why not write before bedtime to-night? Address Helen Hathaway, The Clover Club, Dept. 75, The Delineator, New York.

GRAY MOTORS FOR BOATS
3 H.P. WITH COMPLETE OUTFIT $55
OTHER SIZES FROM 4½ TO 30-45 H.P.—1 TO 6 CYLINDERS

Engines of both 2-cycle and 4-cycle type for boats of all sizes. Material and workmanship absolutely guaranteed. We are largest builders of 2-cycle marine engines in the world and there are over 1000 dealers who sell Gray Engines and give Gray service. Write to-day for our three valuable books about Gray Motors and complete Motor Boats. **GRAY MOTOR CO.,** 538 Gray Motor Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

FOR THE HOME

CEDAR CHESTS: Protect your woolen fabrics and furs from moths, by using cedar chests. Write for popular prices. You will be satisfied with style and price. Home Furnishing Company, Greensboro, N. C.

HEYL'S BLUE STAMPS are the best insurance for your Linen's perfect appearance. Clean to handle! Easy to use! No Waste! No Sediment! Price: 2 cents per packet. Directions: Tear off one or more Stamps according to the depth of colour required, put into bath of clean water and stir well. Write for sample sheet to the Patent Colour Stamp Co., Upper North Street, Poplar, London, E.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE WANTS REPRESENTATIVES in all parts of the country. The work is profitable; it doesn't take long to learn; it is a good thing for you if you're not quite satisfied with your present income. Agents who give all their time to the work get big Money—spare-time workers are well paid for what they do. It does not matter whether you are a man or a woman, young or old—all the capital you need is a neat appearance, a fair share of ability, and plenty of perseverance. Write to-day and get details of the best offer we have ever made. Address Circulation Department, Everybody's Magazine, New York City.

STAMPS—COINS—CURIOS

WATCH YOUR CHANGE. Many rare coins worth 100% premium and more circulating. Right now we pay $1 to $1000.00 for rare dates to 1909. Get posted. Send only 4c. Get our Large Illus. Coin Circular. Numismatic Bank, Dept. B, Fort Worth, Tex.

STAMP COLLECTING IS INTERESTING, INSTRUCTIVE and profitable. Only 10c. starts you with Album and 538 Stamps, including Rhodesia, Jamaica (Waterfalls), China (Dragon), Malay (Tiger), etc. Big lists and $3 Coupons Free! We buy Stamps. Hussman Stamp Co., Dept. K, St. Louis, Mo.

SONGS—MUSIC—GAMES—ENTERTAINMENTS

SONGWRITERS! COMPOSERS! There is only one way to sell poems, melodies. My booklet "Golden Rules for Writers" explains it, giving the buyers' addresses. It also exposes the 50% royalty swindle, etc. Price 25c. H. Bauer, 135 East 34th St., N. Y.

PLAYS, VAUDEVILLE Sketches, Monologues, Dialogues, Speakers, Minstrel Materials, Jokes, Recitations, Tableaux, Drills, Musical Pieces, Entertainments for all Occasions, Make Up Goods, Large Catalog Free. T. S. Denison & Co., Dept. 7, Chicago.

MUSIC ARRANGED FOR PIANO AND ORCHESTRA. Melodies written to song poems. Get my offer and save money. Department B. Wm. H. Nelson, 128 West 36th St., New York.

INFORMATION FOR POLICY HOLDERS

LIFE INSURANCE POLICIES BOUGHT. For Accumulative Dividend Policies maturing within 3 years will pay up to 50% more than the companies' present cash or loan values. Write for booklet Chas. E. Shepard & Co., Inc. Established 1886. 56 Liberty St., N. Y.

MOVING-PICTURE PLAYS—ACTING

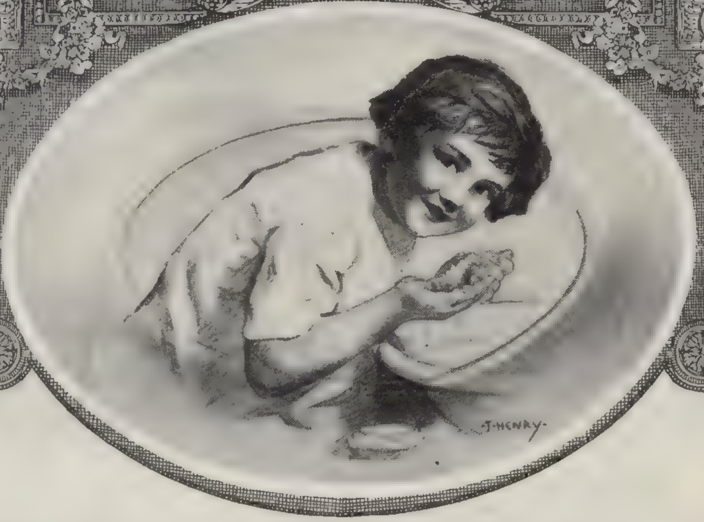
WRITE MOVING PICTURE PLAYS; $10 to $100 each; constant demand; devote all or spare time; experience, literary ability, or correspondence course not essential. Details free. Atlas Publishing Co., 303 Atlas Bank Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

LEARN TO WRITE PHOTOPLAYS. Easy and fascinating way to earn money in spare time. Big demand. Producers pay $10 to $100 each. Descriptive catalog free. Authors' Motion Picture School, 122 H. S., Mich. Ave., Chicago.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS WANTED. YOU CAN WRITE them. We teach you by mail. No experience needed. Big demand, good pay. Details free. Ass'd Motion Picture Schools, 674 T Sheridan Road, Chicago.

SHETLAND PONIES

SHETLAND PONIES—An unceasing source of pleasure and robust health to children. Safe and ideal playmates. Inexpensive to keep. Highest type. Complete outfits. Satisfaction guaranteed. Illustrated Catalogue. Belle Meade Farm, Box 13, Markham, Va.



"Have you a little 'Fairy' in your home?"

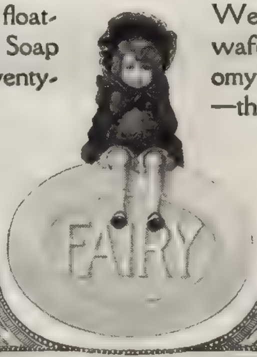
Your healthy, husky boy or pretty, playful girl will enjoy Fairy Soap for the toilet and bath and what they enjoy you will also appreciate.

5¢ FAIRY SOAP 5¢

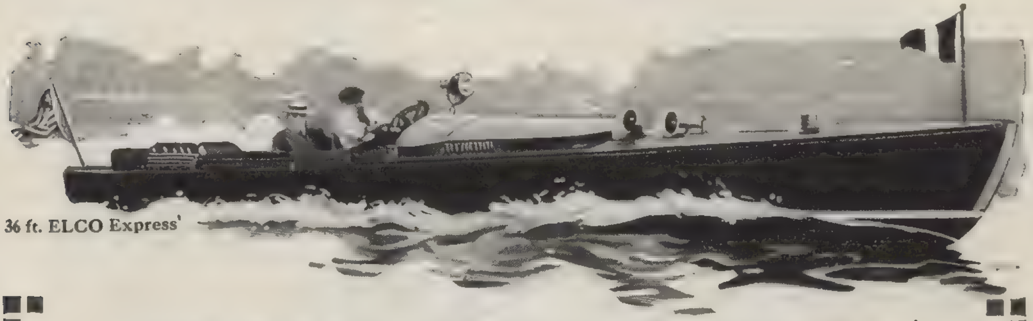
It is healthfully cleansing, of course—and it is sweet and pure and clean because it is made of fine vegetable oils.

Each white, oval floating cake of Fairy Soap is good for twenty-five full baths.

Wears to the thinnest wafer — that's economy; delights its user —that's satisfaction.



THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
MAKERS



36 ft. ELCO Express

Why ELCO Standardization Benefits You

BY creating uniform models from which you can choose the boat best adapted to your needs. Models which are recognized to include all that is best in the art of boat building.

Models which have been improved from year to year, bringing them up to a standard of quality, efficiency and economy not represented in any other type.

As evidence of our success ELCO Motor Boats bring higher values when resold than do any other type, there is always a market for them. You cannot afford to take chances on promises—promises of satisfaction—promises of delivery. We cannot afford to promise something we cannot do—our reputation will not permit it.

Address Elco **167 Ave. A, Bayonne, N. J.**

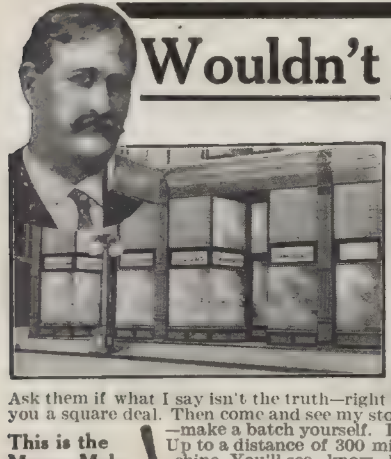
27 minutes from Liberty and 23rd Street Ferries, C. R. R. of N. J. to West 8th Street. Telephone 470 Bayonne.

ELCO *Standardized* Models

26 ft. ELCO Express, Speed 22 miles
30 ft. ELCO Express, Speed 20 miles
36 ft. ELCO Express, Speed 24 miles
38 ft. ELCO Cruiser, Flush Deck
45 ft. ELCO Cruiser—Private Stateroom

Elco MOTOR BOATS

"You'll always be proud of your Elco"



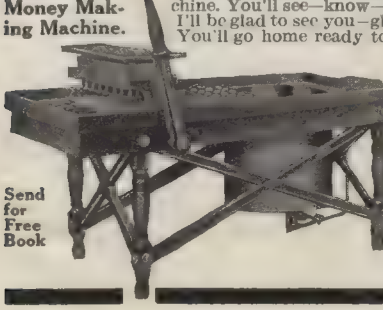
Wouldn't You Like to Own a Store Like This?

Wouldn't you like to be proprietor of a money making business? Once I was just a struggling candy maker. The profits from Crispettes, the new, delicious popcorn confection, built this big business for me. The very same proposition that made me, should do the same for you. Best season just at hand. You can make lots of money this spring and summer. **Start in the Crispette Business for yourself.** Build a business of your own as I did. Get a window—a small store—a cozy nook where the rent is low. Keep **all** the profits. I'll teach you the Crispette business—tell you how to succeed—show you how to make Crispettes by my special secret formula. I'll do it right here in Springfield—personally or by mail. But the thing for you to do is to

Come to See Me At My Expense.

Don't say you're coming. Just drop in quietly. Call on any banker or merchant. Ask them about Long—about my store—my crispette business. Ask them if what I say isn't the truth—right from the shoulder. Look into my reputation. See if folks think I'll give you a square deal. Then come and see my store—see that it's just like the picture. See the machine. See crispettes made—make a batch yourself. Learn the business. Get my pointers on how to succeed. Up to a distance of 300 miles I'll pay all your traveling expenses, if you buy a machine. You'll see—know—learn everything. It's simple—easy. Won't take you a day. I'll be glad to see you—glad to show you the store and have a good talk with you. You'll go home ready to make more money than you ever made in your life.

This is the Money Making Machine.



Send for Free Book

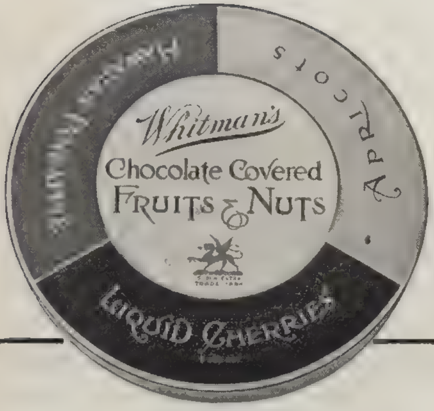
Every Nickel You Take in Nets You Almost Four Cents Profit.

Think of it! Think of the fortunes made in 5 cent pieces. It's one business in a hundred. Everybody likes crispettes—children—parents—old folks. One sale always means two—two means four. So it goes. It's a great business. I found it so—so should you. **Send for my big free book "How to Make Money in the Crispette Business"**—48 pages illustrated—complete information and story of how I built my business. Read it and then come to Springfield.

W. Z. LONG **886 High St., Springfield, O.**

This is a recent picture of the man who made $1500 in one month with a Long Crispette machine, in a store window.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 4.


Whitman's
Chocolate Covered
Fruits & Nuts
Apricots
Liquid Cherries

This new member of the large and growing family of Whitman sweets weighs 19 ounces.

Whitman's

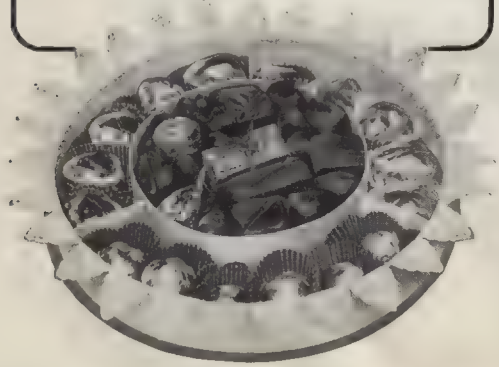
CHOCOLATE COVERED

Fruits and Nuts

Supplied by our sales agents almost everywhere. Retails at $1.25, except in Canada and extreme west. Sent postpaid if no agent is convenient.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.
Philadelphia

Makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate and Marshmallow Whip.



Keeps After Opening

BLUE LABEL KETCHUP

Choice, red-ripe tomatoes, cooked lightly, pure spices, cider vinegar and sugar—all blended so carefully that **the true tomato taste is retained.** Prepared in sanitary kitchens, by skillful chefs, Blue Label Ketchup is of unvarying excellence—comes to you in sterilized bottles, and is

Delicious—Appetizing—Satisfying

Contains only those ingredients Recognized and Endorsed by the U. S. Government

Ask your grocer for our Soups, Jams, Jellies, Preserves, Meats, Canned Fruits and Vegetables. They are—each one—equally as high quality and satisfying as Blue Label Ketchup.

Write for our instructive booklet "Original Menus." It will help you in solving that "next meal" question. A postal mentioning your grocer's name, and this magazine, will bring it.

Curtice Brothers Co.
Rochester, N. Y.

Curtice Brothers
Blue Label
Tomato
Ketchup
Curtice Brothers Co.
Rochester N.Y. U.S.A.

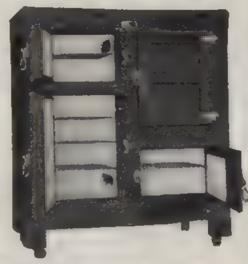
LISTERINE

Use it every day

CLEANSE the mouth as well as the teeth. The toilet of the mouth is incomplete without a thorough rinsing with Listerine, an agreeable antiseptic solution that keeps the entire oral cavity sweet and healthy.

All druggists sell Listerine

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



Is Your Refrigerator Poisoning Your Family?

YOUR doctor will tell you that a refrigerator which cannot be kept clean and wholesome as you can *easily* keep the Monroe, is *always dangerous* to your family.

The Monroe is the Refrigerator You Hear So Much About—The Refrigerator with *Genuine* Solid Porcelain Food Compartments

The "Monroe" Never Sold In Stores

which can be kept free of breeding places for disease germs that poison food which in turn poisons people. *Not* cheap porcelain-*enamel*, but one piece of white unbreakable porcelain ware *over an inch thick*—nothing to crack, chip or absorb moisture—as easily cleaned as a china bowl—every corner *rounded*—not a single crack, joint or any other lodging place for dirt and the germs of disease and decay.

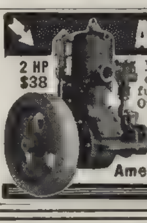
Send at once for **Free Book** about refrigerators which explains all this and tells you how to select the home refrigerator—how to have better, more nourishing food—how to keep food longer without spoiling—how to cut down ice bills—how to guard against sickness—doctor's bills.

30 Days' Trial Factory Price Cash or Credit

Direct from factory to you—saving you store profits. We pay freight and guarantee your money back and removal of refrigerator at no expense to you if you are not absolutely satisfied.

Easy terms if more convenient for you. Send for book NOW—Letter or postal.

Monroe Refrigerator Co., 15-D Lockland, Ohio

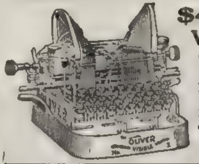


Americanize Your Boat

2 HP $38

Install an AMERICAN Motor. Starts without cranking. Uses **Kerosene** or other liquid fuels as well as gasoline without change of equipment. Our new kerosene carburetor cuts fuel cost in half. Every AMERICAN motor is fully guaranteed. Send for new catalog showing complete line of AMERICAN motors from 2 to 30 H.P. at lowest prices. Live agents and dealers wanted. Write for our liberal proposition.

American Engine Co., 404 Boston St., Detroit, Mich.



$4 Per Month Buys This Visible Oliver Typewriter

Nothing Down—Free Trial. Less than Agents' Prices. Shipped on approval. If you want to keep it, send us $4 a month. Our booklet is worth sending for because it tells you how to save $41.50. It's FREE.

Typewriters Dist. Syndicate
166 R-49 N. Michigan Blvd., Chicago

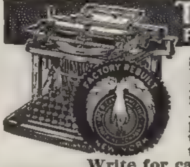
Agents Wanted

Paddington Pants-Presser

Works While You Sleep

Three articles in one: Pants-Presser, Stretcher and Hanger. Absolutely perfect, pressing overnight. Examine before paying. If our claims fail, return it at our expense. Price $3.50 and $5.00. *Booklet on request.*

B. PADDINGTON SALES & MFG. CO., 244-46 East 52nd St., New York



TYPEWRITERS FACTORY REBUILT

Save $25 to $50 on manufacturers' prices. Buy our Factory Rebuilt Typewriters. Nearest-to-new on the market. Have trademark and guarantee like new machines. Are thoroughly rebuilt, and perfect in appearance. Satisfaction guaranteed. We are the largest rebuilt typewriter concern in the world. Branch stores in leading cities.

Write for catalog of standard makes.

AMERICAN WRITING MACHINE CO., Inc., 345 Broadway, N. Y.

Magnificent Steel Launch $96

Complete With Engine, Ready to Run

18-20-28 and 27 ft. boats at proportionate prices. All launches tested and fitted with Detroit two-cycle reversible engines with speed controlling lever—simplest engine made—starts without cranking—has only 3 moving parts—anyone can run it. **The Safe Launch**—absolutely non-sinkable—needs no boathouse. All boats fitted with air-tight compartments—cannot sink, leak or rust. We are sole owners of the patents for the manufacture of rolled steel, lock-seamed steel boats. Orders filled the day they are received. Boats shipped to every part of the world. **Free Catalog. Steel Rowboats, $20.** (83)

MICHIGAN STEEL BOAT CO., 1280 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

JOHN DAVEY
Father of Tree Surgery

The next storm may do this to your finest trees

Your trees may appear strong and healthy—and yet be so unsound that the next storm will snap them off like the one shown here. If your trees need no attention you want to know it. If they do, you ought to know it. If you want real Tree Surgery, it must be Davey Tree Surgery.

Expert Examinations Without Charge.

Representatives with credentials available everywhere. Write today for beautiful free book and letters from estate owners to whom our examinations have been a revelation. Write today.

THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO., Inc., 529 Elm Street, Kent, O.
Branches with telephone connections: New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Montreal, San Francisco

Ouch! It slipped!

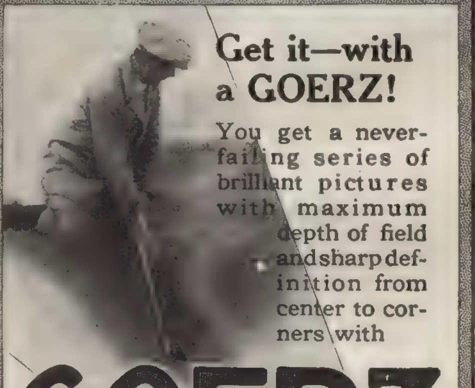
Germs are everywhere. They may enter through the tiniest break in the skin. The safe way is to paint the hurt with

New-Skin

It kills germs and protects the skin. Always have it handy.

10c. and 25c. at druggists. The genuine has our name on the box. Home Size by Parcel Post for 25c. in stamps. Address Dept. C, Newskin Co., New York

When you need it, you need it badly



Get it—with a GOERZ!

You get a never-failing series of brilliant pictures with maximum depth of field and sharp definition from center to corners with

GOERZ

LENSES CAMERAS

Speedy? Nothing gets away from them. They are standard with professionals and with amateurs who demand quality first.

You will find your dealer glad to talk Goerz goods to you NOW—and the New Tariff lowers price

Send for article, "The Optics of Lenses," in our Illustrated, Descriptive Price Catalogue

C P GOERZ AMERICAN OPTICAL CO
No. 319-D East 34th Street New York City

No "Made Up" Look

Every woman owes it to herself and to her friends to *always* retain that transparent, smooth, velvety complexion of youth which wonderfully enhances her attractiveness.

There's no secret, mystery or difficulty about it—every woman can have *just a natural, beautiful complexion through the use of*

CARMEN

Complexion Powder

Enhances Your Natural Attractiveness

Distinctively different from any other complexion powder—blending perfectly with the tones of the complexion—improving and preserving a good complexion, transforming a poor complexion into one of charming attractiveness, imparting a transparent, velvety texture not obtainable through use of any other preparation.

CARMEN Stays On

Doesn't Show Powder

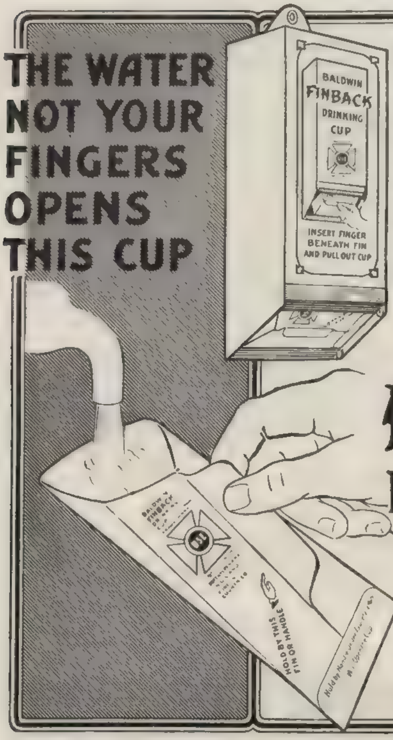
No matter if the skin is rough, *CarmenPowder* is so fine, unusually fine, that it will not show powder—and it stays on until you remove it. *Carmen Powder* possesses an exquisite fragrance, lasting as long as the powder.

White, Flesh, Cream, Pink, 50 cents
Drug and Department Stores Everywhere.

A Purse Size Box, containing two or three weeks supply of Carmen Powder (state shade) and mirror will be mailed to any woman upon receipt of 10c stamps or silver.

Stafford-Miller Company,
571 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

Makers of Carmen Cold Cream, 25c and 35c Jars


THE WATER
NOT YOUR
FINGERS
OPENS
THIS CUP
BALDWIN
FINBACK
DRINKING
CUP
INSERT FINGER BENEATH FIN AND PULL OUT CUP
HOLD BY THIS FIN OR HANDLE

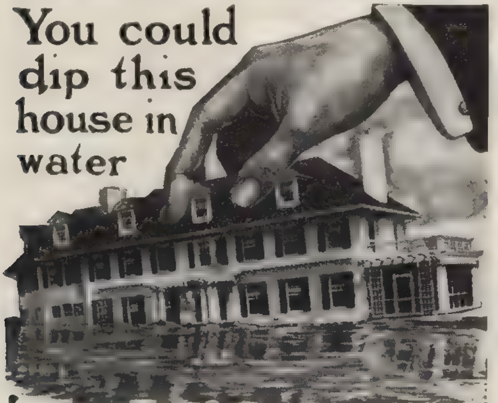
Public drinking cups are now conceded to be a frequent source of contagion. The laws prohibit their common use in most states. Many of the largest corporations, business houses and factories in the United States are showing consideration for their employees by supplying them with Baldwin "Finback" Drinking Cups. These cups are made under cleanly conditions from a specially prepared paper absolutely "safe" from every possible contagion because they are perfectly clean, the handiest and most satisfactory individual drinking cup made, a health necessity and indispensable for R. R. Stations, Dep't Stores, Hotels, Theatres, Clubs, Steamboats, Hospitals, Churches, Factories, Conventions and all public places. The

BALDWIN FINBACK DRINKING CUP

"UTILITY" CASE

holding 250 cups, ready to hang up anywhere there is water, will be found very convenient for business offices, picnics, automobile parties, yachting, camping, etc., and can be furnished by stationers generally or we will send post prepaid anywhere in U. S. for 80 cents. Sample cups free.

UNITED STATES ENVELOPE CO.
Drinking Cup Dept. "A," Worcester, Mass.



Stucco, concrete or brick walls absorb much water, becoming damp, unsanitary and disfigured. But they can be water-proofed and beautified with

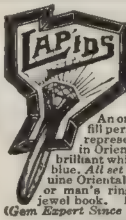
TRUS-CON STONETEX

APPLIED WITH A BRUSH

A liquid cement coating which becomes an inseparable part of the wall, sealing all pores and filling hair-cracks. Hard as flint. Dampproof, weather-resisting. Gives uniform, artistic color. Applied to new or old walls. Furnished in a variety of pleasing tones.

It will pay you to learn about Trus-Con Waterproofing Products. Write for full information, telling us your needs.

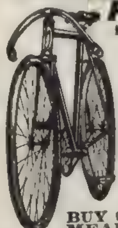
THE TRUS-CON LABORATORIES, 134 Trus-Con Building, Detroit, Mich.
Waterproofings—Dampproofings—Technical Paints



NEXT to DIAMONDS OUTSHINE ALL OTHERS.

Every Woman Loves a Real Jewel

An only human desire, which **Lapids** fulfill permanently and inexpensively as they represent to the minutest detail—**Rubies** in Oriental pigeon blood red—**Diamonds** in brilliant white and canary—**Sapphires** in rich Oriental blue. *All set in Solid Gold* and as beautiful as the genuine Oriental stones and guaranteed everlasting. Lady's or man's ring, 1-2 Carat stone, **$5.40** up. Send for jewel book. Patent Ring measure 10c. **Albert W. Engel,** (*Gem Expert Since 1879*), **Desk 14-E, 1456 Leland Ave., Chicago**



RIDER AGENTS WANTED

in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1914 model. *Write for Special Offer.* Finest Guaranteed 1914 Models **$10 to $27** with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof Tires. 1912 and 1913 MODELS ALL OF BEST MAKES...... **$7 to $12**

100 Second-Hand Wheels

All makes and models, good as new **$3 to $8** Great Factory Clearing Sale. We **Ship on Approval** *without a cent deposit, pay the freight* & allow **10 Days' Free Trial**

TIRES coaster-brake wheels, lamps, and sundries, *half usual prices.* DO NOT BUY till you get our catalogue and offer. *Write now.*
MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. A-43 CHICAGO

Shirley President Suspenders

Light as down on tender shoulders

50¢

"Satisfaction or money back"

Be sure "SHIRLEY PRESIDENT" is on buckles

The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co., Shirley, Mass.

"Land of the Sky"

Spend Your Summer Vacation in the "Land of the Sky."

Among the gigantic mountains of Western North Carolina, at an average height of 2000 feet above sea level, are the cool, picturesque resorts of the "Land of the Sky". The scenery is always grand, outdoor life invigorating and the evenings cool, restful and recuperative. You may indulge to your heart's content in outdoor sports such as:

Golf, Tennis, Fishing, Shooting, Boating, Canoeing, Riding, Driving, Automobiling and Mountain Climbing.

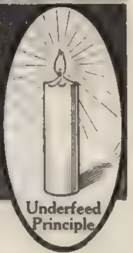
In this lovely section of Western North Carolina are many beautiful resorts, among them being—Asheville, Tryon, Hendersonville, Brevard, Saluda, Waynesville, Balsam, Hot Springs, Flat Rock, and Lake Toxaway, in the "Beautiful Sapphire Country."

Tourist tickets now on sale to resorts in the "Land of the Sky."

SOUTHERN RAILWAY
Premier Carrier of the South

Top Feed Principle

Is Half Your Fuel Expense Worth Saving?



Read This Letter

The Peck-Williamson Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. Home Bank Building, Detroit, Mich.

This is my third winter and I am perfectly satisfied with results. Am using slack coal at a cost of about $3.65 per ton, when my neighbors are paying $8 and $8.50 for their fuel. A ton of slack lasts as long as a ton of hard coal and with equal results.

Yours truly, GEO. M. CONDON

Why Underfeeds Cut Coal Bills in Two

Coal in the Underfeed is fed from *below*, and like a candle, burns *from top down*. The fire must burn down into the fresh coal slowly, against the draft. As in the candle, this down-burning gives the best and cleanest heat and makes the coal last longer. With the fire always on top, smoke and gases are consumed, making more heat with *no* soot, smell, smoke, clinkers or dirt, and few ashes. *Cheap* slack soft coal and pea or buckwheat sizes of hard coal yield in the Underfeed as much clean, even heat as *highest*-priced coal in other heaters. The Underfeed is adapted to warm air, steam or hot water. Shall we send you the names and addresses of over 2,000 Underfeed users—some right in your vicinity—who *know* by experience that clean, even, *economical* heat is obtainable with the Underfeed?

OUR STARTLING GUARANTEE

We guarantee a saving over your present coal bills of at least one-half by means of the Underfeed, when properly installed and operated. Every Underfeed carries this guarantee, which is backed by a $1,000,000 company. So you take no risk. The burden of proof is on the Underfeed. It has satisfied thousands—it will satisfy you.

YOU NEED THIS BOOK. If you are tired of paying big coal bills; if you want more heat at less cost or if you are going to build, then you need our big free book, "From Overfed to Underfeed." This book will open your eyes and save you money.

The Williamson Heater Co.
Formerly The Peck-Williamson Co.
198 W. Fifth St., Cincinnati, Ohio

Cut-Out View of Underfeed Furnace

This Brings The Free Book

The Williamson Heater Co., (20)
198 W. Fifth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

I would like to know *how* to cut my coal bills from one-half to two-thirds with an Underfeed.

Warm Air . . . . . . Steam or Hot Water . .
(Mark an X after system interested in

Name . . . .
Address . . . .
. . . .
My Dealer's Name is . . . .

LOOK FOR NAME IN SHOE

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES
The Florsheim SHOE

The Duke—proper style with "Natural Shape" comfort features. Cool—because "Skeleton Lined."

WHEN you see a smart, polished shoe think of Florsheims—men wear them everywhere. Shapes and leathers to fulfill every requirement. Priced at $5—and up to $7.

The Florsheim dealer will show you the season's correct styles.

Free on Request
"THE SIGN of CORRECT STYLES"

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

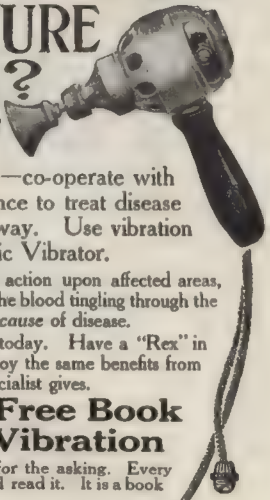
Are You A Player-Piano Owner?

If so, you may now obtain the most artistic music rolls made, at less than half the price you have been paying. Personal hand-played rolls by the world's greatest pianists—Paderewski, Busoni, Gabrilowitsch and many others.

Any $1 Liszt Hand-Played Roll Sent Free Upon Receipt of Names of 5 Player Piano Owners

Send us the 5 names today, and a $1.00 Liszt Roll will be sent you free by return mail. Write for free catalog of over 3,000 selections. Buy your music rolls direct from the factory—pay only one profit—we pay parcel post charges. Write today.

NEW YORK 1326 Broadway. **THE LISZT CO.** CHICAGO 28 E. Jackson Blvd.



WHY DON'T YOU GIVE NATURE A CHANCE?

Quit fighting Nature—co-operate with her—give her a chance to treat disease and pain in her own way. Use vibration with a "Rex" Electric Vibrator.

The "Rex," by its direct action upon affected areas, builds up the body, sends the blood tingling through the body, and eliminates the *cause* of disease.

Why wait longer? Act today. Have a "Rex" in your own home, and enjoy the same benefits from vibration the trained specialist gives.

Send for Free Book on Vibration

FREE BOOK ON VIBRATION

It's yours for the asking. Every one should read it. It is a book of *facts*.

THE P. A. GEIER CO.
5115 St. Clair Ave. CLEVELAND OHIO.

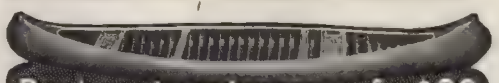
RANGER BICYCLES

Have *imported roller chains, sprockets* and *pedals; New Departure Coaster-Brakes* and *Hubs; Puncture Proof Tires; highest grade equipment* and many advanced features possessed by no other wheels. *Guaranteed 5 yrs.*

FACTORY PRICES direct to you are less than others ask for cheap wheels. Other reliable models from $12 up. A few good second hand machines $3 to $8.

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL We ship on approval, *freight prepaid*, anywhere in U.S., *without a cent in advance*. **DO NOT BUY** a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you get our big new catalog and *special prices* and *a marvelous new offer*. A postal brings everything. *Write it now*. **TIRES, Coaster-Brake Rear Wheels**, lamps, parts, sundries, *half usual prices*. **Rider Agents** everywhere are coining money selling our bicycles, tires and sundries. **Write today.**

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. A 43 CHICAGO



Best grade cedar canoe for $20
Detroit canoes can't sink

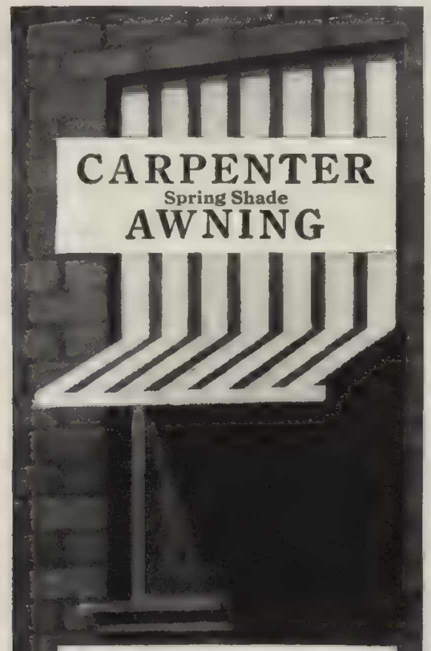
All canoes cedar and copper fastened. We make all sizes and styles, also power canoes. Write for free catalog, giving prices with retailer's profit cut out. We are the largest manufacturers of canoes in the world.

DETROIT BOAT CO., 114 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Garage $49.50

Genuine "Edwards," Ready-made, fire-proof garages. Quickly set up any place. Direct-from-factory prices—$49.50 and up. Postal brings illustrated 64-page catalog.

The Edwards Mfg. Co., 309-359 Eggleston Av., Cincinnati, O.



It Works from the Inside

Owners of buildings, architects and contractors need our book about the most practical, simplest and handsomest awning that has ever been produced.

The Carpenter Spring Shade Awning is giving complete satisfaction on thousands of buildings all over the country. Send for our 1914 awning book; it tells you what you want to know.

GEO·B·CARPENTER & Co.
417-427 Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

NEW MODEL WATCH-SHAPED AUTOMATIC LIGHTER 50c

Most attractive and useful article ever presented. Operated with one hand; gives an instantaneous light. No battery, non-explosive; does away with matches. Lights your pipe, cigar, cigarette, lamp, gas jet, etc. Dandy thing for the end of your chain.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE

Write for wholesale terms and prices.

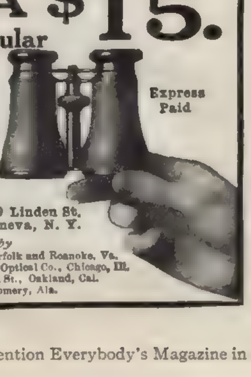
N. Brandt Mfg. Co., 148 Duane St., N. Y.

Used by U. S. Signal Corps

GENEVA $15.

Superior Binocular

Our handsome book "The Near Distance" sent FREE on request



Express Paid

Its magnifying power, field view and clearness of definition are seldom equaled.

Sent for $15, express paid. If not satisfactory, return at our expense. We refund your money. Also at dealers'.

Geneva Optical Co. 39 Linden St., Geneva, N. Y.

Also for sale by
S. Galeski Optical Co., Richmond, Norfolk and Roanoke, Va.
Globe Optical Co., Boston, Mass. Geneva Optical Co., Chicago, Ill.
Chas. H. Wood, 1305 Washington St., Oakland, Cal.
J. Weles & Sons, Montgomery, Ala.

Lee PUNCTURE-PROOF OR MONEY BACK **Pneumatic Tires**

No more punctures!

Sounds too good to be true. But the automobilists who sent in the old hardware shown here—and thousands of others—know by happy experience that it *is* true.

They *know* that the remedy for tire troubles—for the costly delays that punctures cause — for frequent, expensive inner-tube replacements, is the **LEE PUNCTURE-PROOF** — *the extra-service pneumatic tire.* Their reports should convince any skeptic.

Free Pamphlet "H," "Real Relief for Auto Owners," contains many letters on the service given by *"the tires that put the sure in pleasure."*

Why gamble with punctures—losing time, patience and money—when with every **LEE PUNCTURE-PROOF PNEUMATIC TIRE** we give a

Money-Back Guarantee

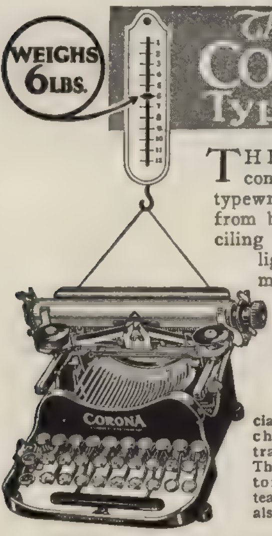
which assures you freedom from punctures, or the return of every extra cent you paid for insurance against them. You can't lose—you have everything to gain. Write today for this Pamphlet "H," giving full data on *the experience of users; the exact wording of that guarantee; the details of construction* (with 3200 or more discs of armor-steel, imbedded in rubber, overlapping with heavy fabric between—making friction and heating impossible); *the live, extra-dense, doubly-tough*

"Vanadium" Rubber

(used *only* in the Lee factory) which assures longer life greater resiliency and comparative freedom from oil-rotting.

LEE TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
Conshohocken, Pa.

"Smile at Miles"



The $50 CORONA Typewriter

THE CORONA is a complete, high grade typewriter in every detail—from back spacer to stenciling device. It is the lightest (6 lbs.) and most compact standard typewriter on the market, the logical machine for *personal use*, in the home or on the road.

Hundreds of commercial institutions have purchased Coronas for their traveling representatives. Thousands of lawyers, doctors, ministers, authors, teachers and other individuals have purchased Coronas.

The Corona will *save* its cost ($50.) for any individual in a short time—anyone can operate it.

Space prohibits further details, so write for the Corona Catalog No. 16. When you have read the Catalog you will realize the Corona is an innovation in typewriter efficiency and appreciate the advisability of having one for ***your personal use.***

An examination of the Corona would quickly convince you that it is the most satisfactory typewriter on the market for *personal use.*

STANDARD TYPEWRITER CO., GROTON, N. Y.
New York City Office, 1493 Broadway
Agencies in principal cities of the world

This Book FREE

MOORE'S MODERN METHODS

Sent anywhere on Request

A Moore Loose Leaf Record Book

BEATS CARD SYSTEMS

A perfect, quick, easy bookkeeping system, understood at a glance.
In use in more than 200,000 offices.
For all business and factory purposes.
Special record outfits for professional men.
Sketches **FREE** for forms to handle special conditions.

MOORE'S MODERN METHODS contains 160 pages, illustrating and describing 40 of the most popular forms used in business, factory and professional offices—complete information on installing properly and maintaining easily and correctly a Loose Leaf System for any purpose—

Our Catalog

MOORE'S MODERN METHODS sent FREE to anybody who writes for it on his own or his firm's business stationery.

JOHN C. MOORE CORP., 868 Stone St., Rochester, N. Y.

Ten Days' Free Trial

allowed on every bicycle we sell. We **Ship on Approval and trial** to anyone in the U. S. and *prepay the freight.* If you are not satisfied with the bicycle after using it ten days, ship it back *and don't pay a cent.*

FACTORY PRICES *Do not buy a* **bicycle** or a pair of **tires** from *anyone* at *any price* until you receive our latest **Art Catalogs** of high grade bicycles and sundries and learn our *unheard-of prices* and *marvelous new special offers.*

IT ONLY COSTS a cent to write a postal and everything will be sent you **FREE** by return mail. You will get much valuable information. **Do Not Wait; write it NOW!**

TIRES, Coaster-Brake, rear wheels, lamps, parts, repairs and sundries of all kinds at *half usual prices.*

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. A-43 CHICAGO

LABLACHE FACE POWDER

THE RETURN TO OUTDOORS

marks a trying time for dainty complexions and tender skins. LABLACHE, the powder invisible, protects and perpetuates that velvety smoothness. Used by millions of discriminating women the world over. Exquisitely fragrant. A constant delight.

COPR 1913 BEN LEVY CO.

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream. 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually

Send 10c. for a sample box.

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. 8
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

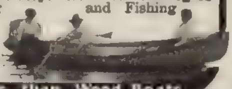
KELLY'S PRODUCTS
Geo J Kelly Co Lynn Mass

BAGOF is the clever idea of combining a powder, receptacle and brush in one package for whitening shoes. The powder is contained in a bag with fine enough mesh to properly sift through when rubbed on shoe. Ladies carry it in their hand-bags on outings and when shopping, as it requires but a minute to whiten their shoes with Bagof if they are soiled. By using Bagof you avoid waiting for your shoes to dry. It's one of the cleverest, best selling, and most profitable novelties ever put on the market for canvassers. Write today.

GEORGE J. KELLY CO., 510 Washington St., LYNN, MASS.

MULLINS STEEL BOATS CAN'T SINK

Safe as a life boat—Cannot warp or rot—No seams to calk—Cost but a coat of paint to keep in commission—**Guaranteed absolutely against puncture.** The easiest boat to row and to keep its course—Ideal for recreation or livery. Write for Catalog of Motor Boats, Row Boats, Hunting and Fishing Boats and Canoes. **FREE.**



THE W. H. MULLINS CO.
401 Franklin St. Salem, O., U. S. A.
The World's Largest Boat Builders.

Cost Less – Last Longer Than Wood Boats

Folding Canvas Boats and Canoes

Light, easy to handle, no boathouse, leaks or repairs. **Safe anywhere,** always ready, check as baggage, carry by hand. **Safe for family,** or bait casting standing, all sizes. Ribbed longitudinally and diagonally. **Non-Sinkable.** Stronger than wood or steel. Used in the U. S. Navy and Army, and Canadian and Foreign governments. **Awarded First Prize** at Chicago and St. Louis World's Fairs. Catalogue.

KING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO., 676 Harrison St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Complete Launch With Engine Ready to Run $94.50

16, 18, 20, 23, 27, 28 and 35 footers at proportionate prices, including Family Launches, Speed Boats, Auto Boats and Hunting Cabin Cruisers. We are the world's largest Power Boat Manufacturers.

A NEW PROPOSITION TO DEMONSTRATING AGENTS

Sixty-four different models in all sizes ready to ship, equipped with the simplest motors made; start without cranking; only three moving parts; ten-year-old child can run them. Boats and engines fully guaranteed. 12,500 satisfied owners. Write today for large Free Illustrated Catalog.

DETROIT BOAT CO., 1119 Jefferson Ave., DETROIT, MICH.

Save Money—Build the Lewis Easy Built Way

LEWIS EASY-BUILT HOMES

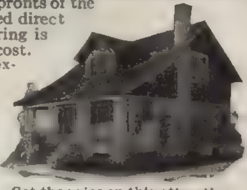
You can cut a big slice off your building bill. You can put into your own pocket the profits of the middleman, the dealer and the jobber by building the Lewis way. Lewis homes are shipped direct from the mills all ready to erect. The planning and designing, the worry and work of figuring is lifted from your shoulders. The Lewis Easy-Built way means better homes at low cost.

$248.00 and up Lewis Easy-Built Homes come in many sizes, styles and prices. Small, inexpensive cottages, cozy, attractive bungalows and larger homes, each one a masterpiece of design and construction. Lewis Homes are carefully planned and laid out by skilled designers—men with a lifetime knowledge of the business.

Shipped complete direct to you. Easy-Built Homes are made of the best grades of lumber. Lewis specifications include all lumber, millwork, hardware, paints, and plaster—all sawed and worked to fit, ready to put up. Complete working plans come with each home.

Send for Plan Book If you are going to build send for the Lewis Easy-Built Book. It shows you every kink of the building game. It tells you how to build better and for less money. Get this valuable book. Every home builder should have it. A postage stamp will save you many dollars. Send for it today.

Lewis Manufacturing Co., 1021 Lafayette Ave., Bay City, Mich.



Get the price on this attractive semi-Bungalow. 7 rooms and bath

Why Pay $17.50?

The material and workmanship of this chair—Genuine, Select, Quarter Sawn White Oak of rare quality—costs less than half of $17.50 at the factory. Yet that is the price you would pay for it at a store.

We Ship It Direct From Our Factory In Sections—

You Set It Up and Save $8.55

You pay only for materials, workmanship, and the usual small profit to manufacturer. We save you all other unnecessary expenses—dealer's profit, jobber's profit, traveling men's salaries, high packing expenses—and freight rates, etc.—*almost 50%*. And back of each piece is our guarantee—if you are not satisfied at any time within a full year you may ship it back and we immediately refund your money, including freight.

Mail Postal For This Catalog

SECTIONAL "COME-PACKT" FURNITURE

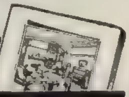
Only $8.95 In Four Sections

Select Quartered WHITE Oak. Built with the care and skill of the old master cabinet makers—possessing an individuality and artistic charm befitting the home of quality. Eight different shades of finish. Imperial leather cushions. Packed in compact crate—shipped at knock-down rates.

New 1914 Catalog FREE

Shows over 400 other beautiful examples of Come-Packt craftsmanship in living, dining and bedroom furniture—in sections—at 30% to 60% price savings. Sent free—postpaid. Mail postal today.

Come-Packt Furniture Co., 506 Dorr St., Toledo, O.



Send a 2¢ Stamp

WHITE ROSE
4711
GLYCERINE

for a Sample Cake

JUST look through this pure transparent soap, smell its delicate perfume, and feel its rich, creamy lather on your face. You will never again be satisfied with any toilet soap less pure and perfect.

No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap

Insures a soft, clear, beautiful skin. Three generations of refined women on both sides of the Atlantic have proven its merits. Sold in every country where beauty is admired, or health desired. At your dry goods dealer or druggist.

For sample trial cake, send 2c stamp, or for 10 cents in stamps we will send you a package containing a sample cake of No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap, a sample bottle of No. 4711 Bath Salts and a sample bottle of No. 4711 Eau de Cologne.

No. 4711 Liquid White Rose Glycerine Soap. A new, convenient, delightful form of this refreshing soap—sanitary, economical, efficient. A luxurious shampoo.

MÜHLENS & KROPFF, Dept. E, 25 W. 45th Street, New York

U. S. BRANCH OF

Ferd. Mülhens, 4711, Glockengasse, Cologne o/R Germany

"61" FLOOR VARNISH
STAMP ON IT

HEEL-PROOF, mar-proof, water-proof. Easy to apply and hard to wear out. Send for free booklet, and sample panel finished with "61". Stamp on it. You may dent the wood but the varnish wont crack. If not at your dealers' write Pratt & Lambert-Inc. 93 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 35 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ont.

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

American Factories: New York, Buffalo, Chicago, Bridgeburg, Canada. Foreign Factories: London, Paris, Hamburg.

You can begin your vacation right now—

HALF its joy lies in planning its absorbing details and in the delightful anticipation of its pleasures. Start today to arrange for your summer recreation by sending for a copy of "A Summer Paradise"—a book bubbling over with vacation joy and sunshine. It tells where to go and how to go—imparts intimate information concerning the wonderful Northern New York resort region reached by

THE DELAWARE AND HUDSON SERVICE

Shortest, Quickest and Best Line Between New York and Montreal

To Saratoga, Lake George, Lake Champlain, Lake Placid, Au Sable, Cooperstown and the Adirondacks—where Nature offers every charm, and where finest personal associations are formed in superior hotel, club and inn surroundings.

"D. & H." through trains leave the New York Grand Central Terminal. Summer passengers on the Hudson River Boat Lines can make connections with "D. & H." trains at Albany and Troy.

Send six cents in stamps to cover postage and you will receive "A Summer Paradise," ready May 1st. Over 300 pages of valuable vacation information.

A. A. HEARD, G.P.A., Albany, N. Y.
New York City Information Bureau
1354 Broadway

"The D&H" RAIL AND STEAMER LINES

You Have Enough to Build

Don't Delay Building

Have you decided on a home, the cost, style and size? Are you saving for this home? You can build it today for less. Aladdin Houses are artistic—modern dwellings, cozy bungalows—cost you less. You get better lumber. One dollar for every knot found in our Red Cedar Siding is the 1914 Aladdin guarantee to you.

ALADDIN Dwellings, Bungalows, Garages $137 to $2000

Complete Material

Aladdin Readi-Cut Lumber comes direct from the forest—no in-between profits. Lumber cut to fit, you save a third on cost of labor. Price includes all lumber cut to fit; all framing, sheathing, siding, flooring, outside and inside finish, windows, frames, stairways, glass, hardware, locks, nails, paints and varnishes—everything to complete the house. Send today for catalog No. 130.

Five Room House
$298

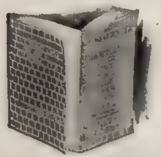
NORTH AMERICAN CONSTRUCTION COMPANY
134 Aladdin Ave.
Bay City, Mich.
Canadian Branch: C. P. R. Bldg.
Toronto, Can.

ALADDIN HOUSES

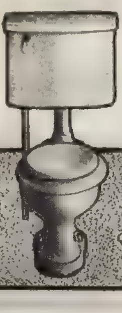
This House
$1,286

Your Guest and You—?

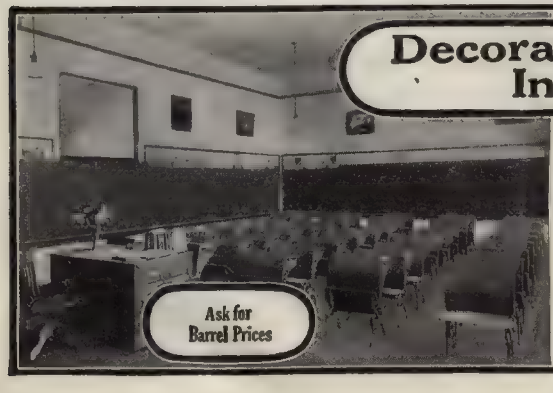
¶ The hostess is freed from untold embarrassment and the mental comfort of the guest has had thoughtful consideration in the home where the noiseless SI-WEL-CLO Closet has been properly installed. The flushing of it cannot be heard outside of its immediate environment. Its sanitary features are perfect. ¶ Si-wel-clo Closets are made of Trenton Potteries Company Vitreous China, beautiful in appearance, pure white all through, impervious to acids and grease, and as easy to clean as a china plate. ¶ If you are planning to build or remodel, ask your architect or plumber about Trenton Potteries Company products. ¶ Send now for our booklet, "Bathrooms of Character." You will value its suggestions on bathroom planning.



"Bathrooms of Character"
S-10
sent on request



THE TRENTON
POTTERIES COMPANY
Trenton, N. J., U. S. A.
Largest Manufacturers of Sanitary Pottery in the U. S. A.

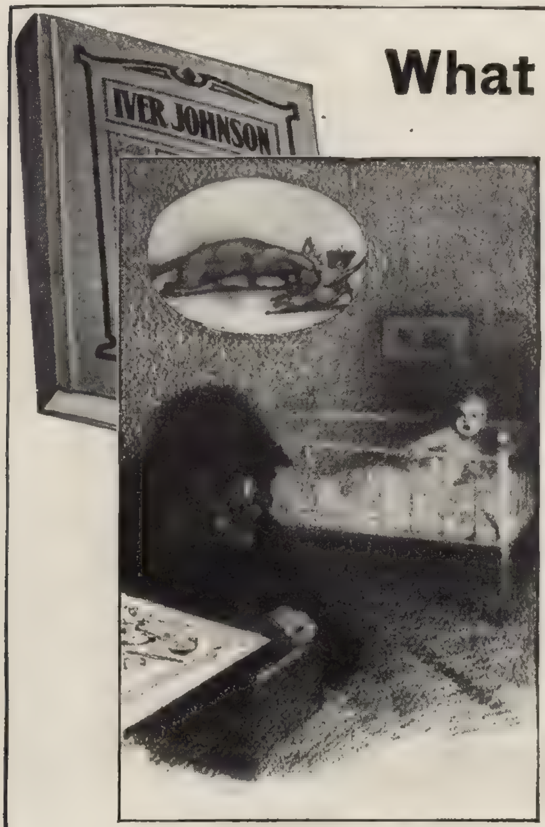


Decorate That Large Interior With This

For school, church, club, hospital, use Alabastine, the *sanitary* wall tint—**will not rub off, chip nor peel** when applied according to directions. Great surface coverer. Economical. Lasting. Many famous buildings employ it. Ask for barrel prices. FREE—special color plans for your particular needs.

Alabastine
The Beautiful Wall Tint

Alabastine Co., 281 Grandville Rd., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Desk 81, 105 Water Street, New York



What will he do?

What will the tense, crazy-nerved, doped weasel of a man do? Baby's cry calls the mother—baby, mother and this cruel, human vermin in a dark room—that's what burglary is.

Are you ready—if the time should come—to do your duty by *your* burglar?

Between you and the burglar there is but one law—a law which was old when the cave man followed it—your right to *defend your home and family.*

SAFETY

Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver is safe—safe even if dropped—safe in nervous hands, for its safety is automatic—part of the revolver—no levers nor buttons to press—or forget. The only way it can be fired is by a long pull on the trigger. The final test—you can Hammer the Hammer.

Equipped throughout with unbreakable, permanent tension wire springs.

$6.00 at Hardware and Sporting Goods Dealers

Send for our 82-page Book, bound in board covers, which tells all about Revolvers, Iver Johnson Champion Shot Guns, Bicycles and Motorcycles.

Hammer the Hammer

IVER JOHNSON
Safety Automatic REVOLVER

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
126 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
99 Chambers Street, New York 717 Market Street, San Francisco

Throw Away Your Oars!

You won't need them any more. No more back-breaking work, tired muscles or blistered hands. The newest and most powerful attachable row boat motor ever made. **Guaranteed for five years.** Full 2 h. p., three-port, long-stroke motor. Easily attached to any row boat—**any speed from 2½ to 8½ miles an hour.** (Can be attached and operated by woman or child). **Weighs less than 60 pounds.**

New WRIGHT Attachable Rowboat Motor
Reversible in Two Seconds

Manufacturers of famous Wright Marine Engines and Imperial Launches.

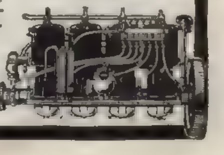
The only row boat motor that can be reversed without stopping the motor. Great **new safety device** makes it greatest for women and children. Starts under full load at low speed. Brass muffler, 9-in. bronze propellor of special weedless construction. Coils, batteries, etc., complete without extra charge. Suitable for fresh or salt water.

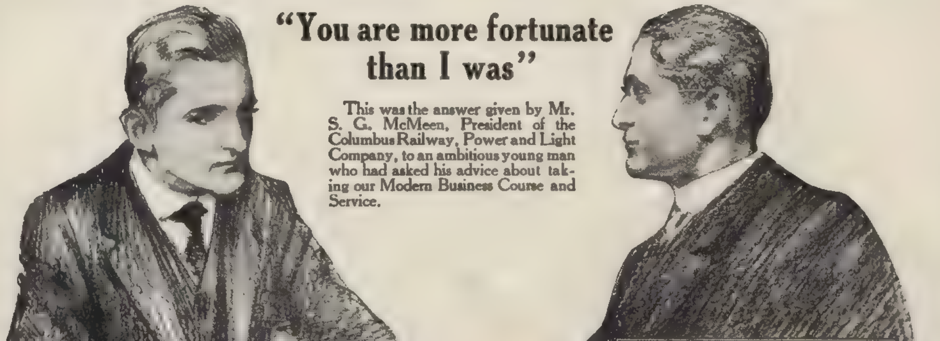
10 Days Free Trial

Write Today for free book and great special offer. Don't delay. We are making a great special offer to get the Wright into every locality so it may prove its great superiority. This offer is limited. Learn about it. Send your address today.

Extra Special Proposition for Dealers.

C. T. WRIGHT ENGINE CO., Dept. 1035, Greenville, Mich.





"You are more fortunate than I was"

This was the answer given by Mr. S. G. McMeen, President of the Columbus Railway, Power and Light Company, to an ambitious young man who had asked his advice about taking our Modern Business Course and Service.

"You are fortunate in that the Alexander Hamilton Institute has undertaken to have practical and successful business men write about business and put all those writings together in the Modern Business Course and Service.

"More than that, these men form an active organization that keeps in constant touch with you, bringing you their best thought and experience—and, when you need it, their advice. This advantage was not open to me during my earlier experience in business.

"My business experience began many years ago in technical lines, and this technical work led me fairly early into executive affairs. I found immediately that I had missed getting a great deal of commercial knowledge that I badly needed. For years I looked in vain for a source of classified business information—business training—business advice.

"This source I finally found in the texts, the periodical literature and the service of the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

"My experience with the Institute leaves me only with the regret that I did not make contact with it at an earlier time. But I presume that the Institute was not in existence at the time when I began to be ripe for it."

Mr. McMeen is at the head of several important Public Service Corporations. He was formerly in engineering work and owes his success in business to his natural executive ability coupled with his power to get and use the knowledge and experience of others. He enrolled for the Modern Business Course and Service over two years ago; so he has had ample time to test its practical value to him.

Mr. McMeen is only one of the many big business executives who use the Modern Business Course and Service and take every opportunity to recommend it enthusiastically.

They realize that a man in executive position—or one who hopes to become an executive—must get the benefit of the experience and knowledge of others if he is to make the best use of his own personal experience and ability.

That is why Mr. N. A. Hawkins, Commercial Manager of the Ford Motor Company, calls the Modern Business Course and Service, "a splendid equipment for any business executive."

Whatever your business position now, you can strengthen it and equip yourself for the bigger things that are just ahead of you. You can do it more easily than you realize.

Our booklet, "Organized Business Knowledge," by Joseph French Johnson, carries a message that no progressive man in business will ignore. We will gladly send you a copy. Write for it on your business letterhead or use the attached coupon.

Samuel G. McMeen, President of the Columbus Railway, Power and Light Company, President of the East St. Louis & Suburban Railway Company and other corporations.

Among the other big executives who are subscribers to the Modern Business Course and Service of the Alexander Hamilton Institute are the following:

H. C. OSBORN, President, American Multigraph Sales Company

GEORGE D. LOCKE, President, Kansas City and Memphis Railway Company

C. R. HARDY, President, Rock Falls Manufacturing Company

ALFRED I. DUPONT, Vice-President, DuPont Powder Company

W. F. MacGLASHAN, President, The Beaver Board Companies

MELVILLE W. MIX, President, Dodge Manufacturing Company

C. EDWIN MICHAEL, President, Virginia Bridge and Iron Company

Alexander Hamilton Institute

45 Astor Place, New York City

Without placing me under any sort of obligation send me your book, "Organized Business Knowledge," and full information regarding your Course and Service. (Write your name, address and business position below.)

....

TO a piano years of history are nothing; honors and medals and awards are nothing, if that piano has not today the quality or group of qualities which make it greater as a musical instrument, greater as a musician's musical instrument, than at any time in its past history.

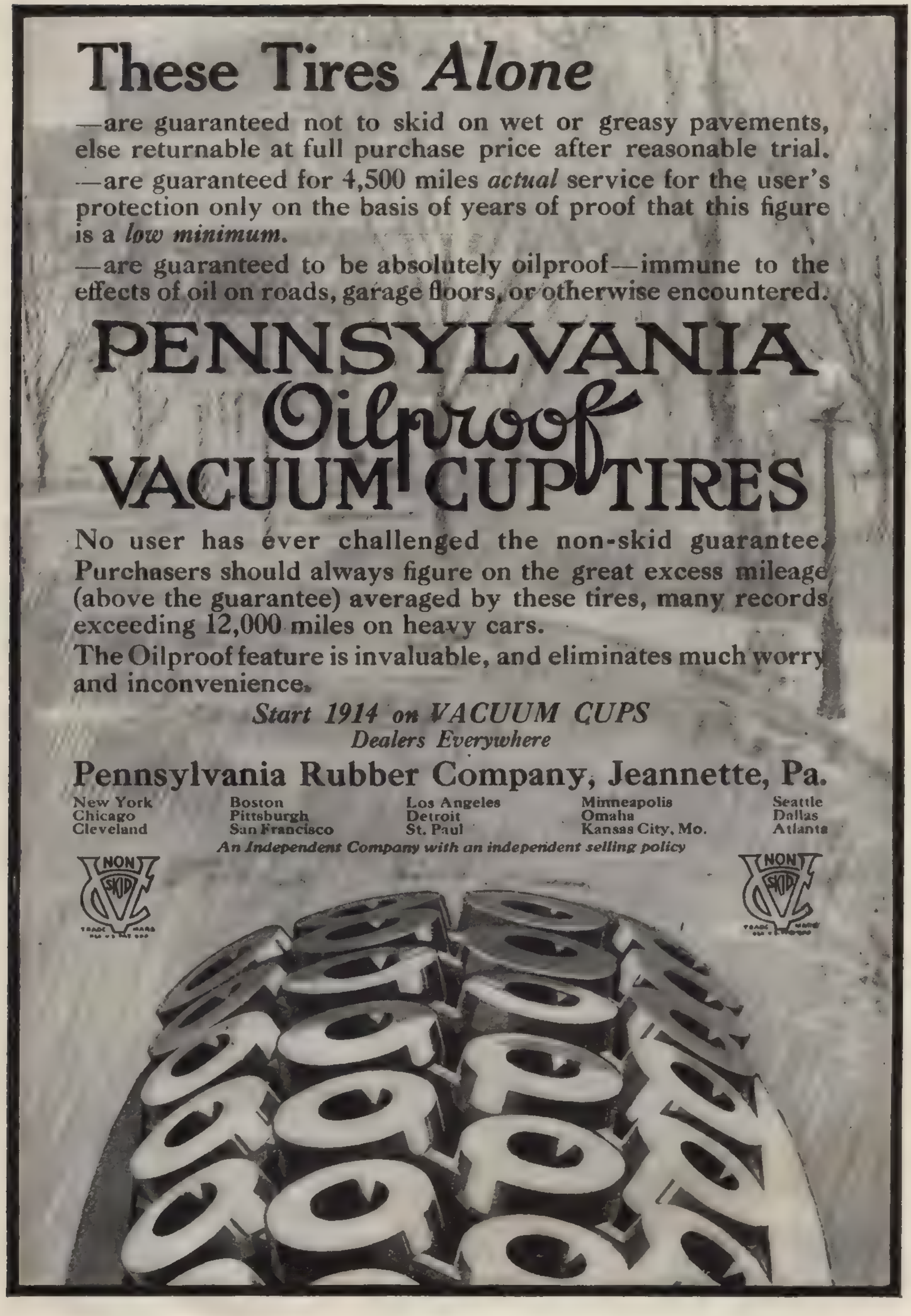
Literature mailed gladly

Chickering
Pianos

Chickering & Sons, Boston
Division of American Piano Co.

Missing Page

Missing Page



These Tires *Alone*

—are guaranteed not to skid on wet or greasy pavements, else returnable at full purchase price after reasonable trial.

—are guaranteed for 4,500 miles *actual* service for the user's protection only on the basis of years of proof that this figure is a *low minimum.*

—are guaranteed to be absolutely oilproof—immune to the effects of oil on roads, garage floors, or otherwise encountered.

PENNSYLVANIA
Oilproof
VACUUM CUP TIRES

No user has ever challenged the non-skid guarantee. Purchasers should always figure on the great excess mileage (above the guarantee) averaged by these tires, many records exceeding 12,000 miles on heavy cars.

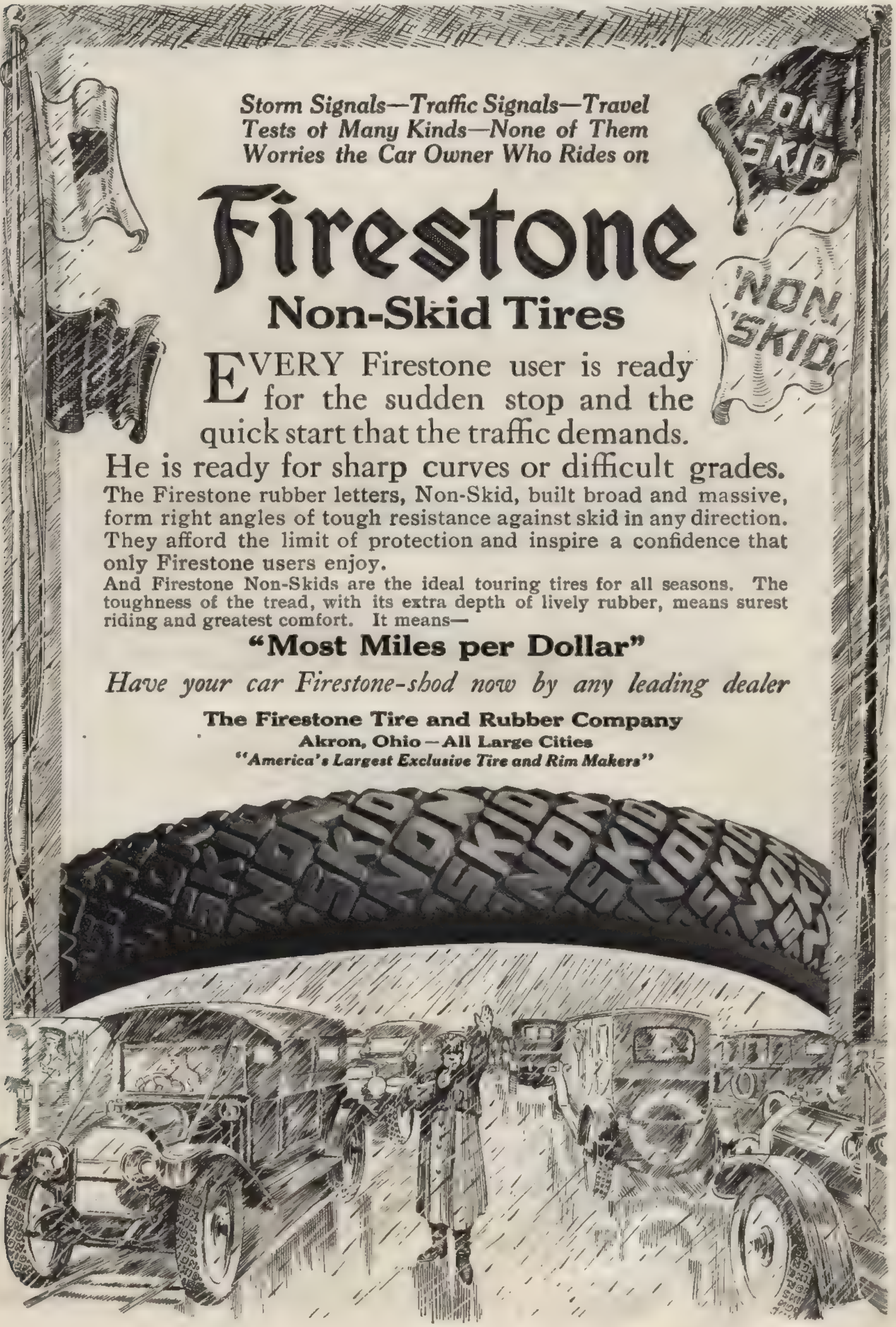
The Oilproof feature is invaluable, and eliminates much worry and inconvenience.

Start 1914 on VACUUM CUPS
Dealers Everywhere

Pennsylvania Rubber Company, Jeannette, Pa.

New York
Chicago
Cleveland
Boston
Pittsburgh
San Francisco
Los Angeles
Detroit
St. Paul
Minneapolis
Omaha
Kansas City, Mo.
Seattle
Dallas
Atlanta

An Independent Company with an independent selling policy



Storm Signals—Traffic Signals—Travel Tests of Many Kinds—None of Them Worries the Car Owner Who Rides on

Firestone

Non-Skid Tires

EVERY Firestone user is ready for the sudden stop and the quick start that the traffic demands. He is ready for sharp curves or difficult grades. The Firestone rubber letters, Non-Skid, built broad and massive, form right angles of tough resistance against skid in any direction. They afford the limit of protection and inspire a confidence that only Firestone users enjoy.

And Firestone Non-Skids are the ideal touring tires for all seasons. The toughness of the tread, with its extra depth of lively rubber, means surest riding and greatest comfort. It means—

"Most Miles per Dollar"

Have your car Firestone-shod now by any leading dealer

The Firestone Tire and Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio—All Large Cities
"America's Largest Exclusive Tire and Rim Makers"

Bowser Keeps the "Punch" In Your Gasolene

And Saves Your Oil

What you seek in a car is *power.* You can't get it from *devitalized* gas. Your gasolene must be full-bodied. It must abound with all its original life—"kick"—"punch"—"hit"—or whatever else you wish to call it.

Bowser has solved that problem.

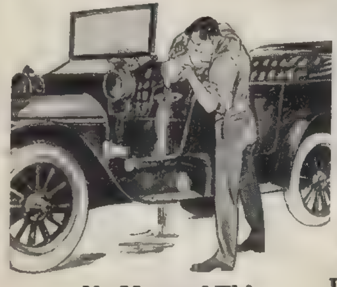
Keep your gasolene underground—in one of the air-tight, waterproof, evaporation and weather-free

BOWSER
ESTABLISHED 1885
Underground Gasolene Storage Systems

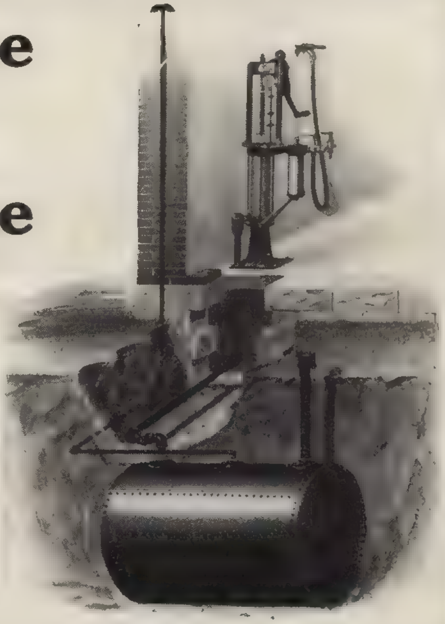
Then your gasolene will always be clean and powerful. It will pump any distance to the garage. The Bowser pump will measure and check it as used. No spillage—no waste—no fire hazard. And when the gas is used it will make the car *go*

A Bowser system in your Garage saves you money. Insures *power—plus.* Comes in any desired capacity. Easy to install. Easy to operate. Adds to the efficiency of your car.

Ask about the particular Bowser System for your Garage. Use the coupon.



No More of This



Bowser Systems for Stores and Factories

For twenty-nine years Bowser has been solving oil storage problems in stores, factories and power plants generally. These range from simple "kerosene" equipment to the big centralized storage, filtering and circulating oil system. Every drop of oil accounted for. No waste. No theft. No evaporation.

Let Bowser help you solve your oil problems. Use the coupon. Send it today—NOW. No charge. No obligation.

S. F. Bowser & Co., Inc.

Engineers and Manufacturers of
Oil Handling Devices

1161 Thomas St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

COUPON

S. F. BOWSER & CO., Inc.
1161 Thomas St., Fort Wayne, Ind., U. S. A.

Without expense or obligation on my part send me particulars regarding a Bowser Oil Storage System for the purpose which I have indicated with an (X).

( ) Private Garage ( ) Public Garage
( ) Manufacturing
(State Line)

( ) Power Plant ( ) Dry Cleaners ( ) Stores

Name____________________

Concern ____________________

Street No.____________________

Town__________ State__________

Why you should be interested in Roofing

Wright Wire Company, Worcester, Mass., Buildings covered with Barrett Specification Roofs exclusively.

Barrett Specification Roofs

FREQUENTLY the building of a roof on a factory or warehouse, or any building, is regarded as merely incidental to the whole proposition.

Great care and thought is spent in deciding whether to use stone or concrete for the foundation. Even the choice of materials for the fence about the place gets its share of attention.

But with many owners of buildings the roof is only a roof and they take it as a matter of course that they must repair leaks every now and then.

Do you realize that this is the wrong viewpoint?

The roof is a most important part of the structure. If properly specified, you will be free from leaks and trouble and expense.

The Barrett Specification is the scientific standardization of an old established theory of roofing—one that has stood for years as the best in roofs—namely, a combination of coal tar and pitch, tarred felt and gravel or slag.

If *you* want a really waterproof, fire-retardant roof covering that will last 20 years or more, be sure you get a Barrett Specification Roof.

Special Note

We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding.

If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested:

ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified and subject to the inspection requirement.

The Turks Head Building
Providence, R. I.
Architects, Howells & Stokes
Builders, Thompson-Starrett Co., New York.

Barrett Specification Roof

A copy of the Barrett Specification in full sent free on request. Every owner, builder and engineer should have it.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Kansas City
Cleveland Cincinnati Minneapolis Pittsburgh Seattle Birmingham
THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Limited:—Montreal Toronto Winnipeg
Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

TRADE B MARK

Build Your Walls With Care

They are the most important feature of your home

Discriminate in the selection of the base behind your interior plastering and your outside stucco and you will have walls of beauty and permanence.

Kno-Burn

Expanded Metal Lath

is the logical base for plaster and stucco. It is absolutely dependable.

Plaster cracks when the lath behind it does not grip. Kno-Burn is made with a mesh which the plaster *surrounds* when applied and grips unfailingly as soon as it has hardened.

Plaster *falls* when the lath behind it begins to rot. Kno-Burn can't rot. It is a *metal lath.*

Our new booklet "Practical Home-building" tells you all about walls and a great deal more. It treats of home-building from the selection of a suitable site clear through to the finishing touches of construction. It is full of plans, photographs, estimates, comparative prices and building economies—just the sort of information every home-builder wants.

Send ten cents to cover cost of mailing and ask for booklet 519.

North Western Expanded Metal Company
951 Old Colony Building **Chicago, U. S. A.**

"Practical" Home-building

CORBIN
CORBIN

"Never a Need to Worry"

With the Corbin Cylinder lock on guard. It has the highest degree of security, and serves as an effectual barrier to thievery. The front door cylinder is the same as that used on the finest office or public building and it has advantages which are peculiar to itself. Catalog K112 tells of them. Sent on request.

P. & F. CORBIN
The American Hardware Corporation Successor
NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT

Chicago **New York** **Philadelphia**

Tarvia
Preserves Roads
Prevents Dust~

Academy Street, Fitchburg, Mass. Constructed with "Tarvia X". One of the many streets constructed in Fitchburg during the last ten years with Tarvia, some with grades up to 14 per cent.

How roads wear out

MACADAM roads disintegrate by various processes. Automobiles destroy the surface, pulverizing and loosening it so that it blows away in the form of dust. When the top coat of screenings is thus destroyed the road has lost its roof, and water, instead of being shed quickly to the gutters, penetrates into the lower layers of larger stone and does endless damage.

Under heavy loads ordinary macadam undergoes a certain amount of internal movement which is very destructive. The stones below the surface, grinding against each other under great pressure, exert a mutually abrasive effect, resulting in a general disintegration and breaking-down.

The modern way to protect roads against such wear is to bond them with Tarvia.

Tarvia is a dense, viscid compound of coal tar. It fills the voids between the stones and forms a tough, plastic matrix. On the Tarvia surface thus formed automobile wheels do no damage, since the tenacity of the Tarvia is great enough to resist the traffic.

Used in the interior of the road, Tarvia keeps the stone in its proper position and prevents internal shifting, rubbing and grinding. These two results of the use of Tarvia bring about great economies in maintenance.

A tarviated road lasts so much longer and needs so little care that the cost of the Tarvia is more than compensated for.

Booklets on request.

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

TRADE B MARK

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Kansas City Cleveland
Cincinnati Minneapolis Pittsburgh Seattle Birmingham

THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Ltd.: Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

ARROW
Silk SHIRTS

Exquisite colors and patterns in durable washable silks

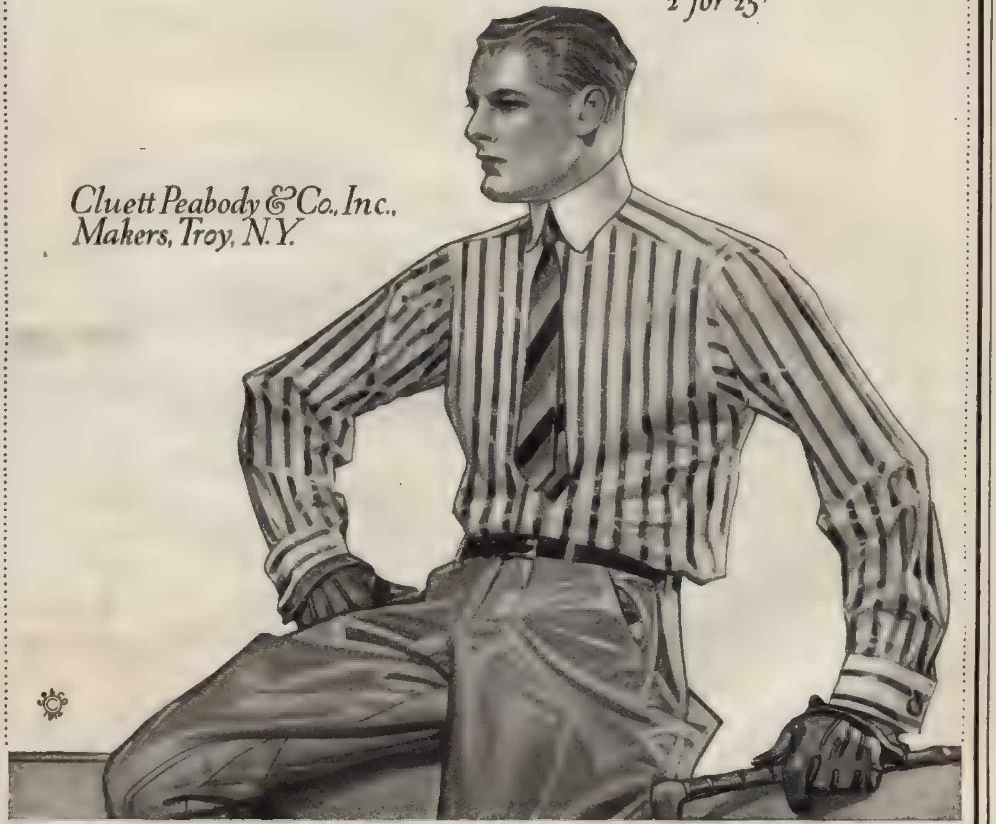
$3.00 to $10.00

ARROW COLLARS

"STANDISH" smartly expresses the best in summer collar styles

2 for 25¢

*Cluett Peabody & Co., Inc.,
Makers, Troy, N.Y.*



"I have used Packer's Tar Soap for 40 years. If your new liquid is as good as the cake, I should like to try it. I enclose 10 cents for sample."

This is confidence born of long experience.

Each ingredient used in the making of this soap, either in cake or liquid form, has always been selected on a quality basis. The purest of pine-tar is combined with other cleansing and healing agents in the proportion best adapted to the needs of the scalp and hair.

The claims made for "Packer's" have always been reasonable. We do not say that it will grow hair—Nature alone can do that. But we do claim that its systematic use is of the greatest aid in improving scalp conditions—thus contributing to the normal growth, health and lustre of the hair.

Packer's

CAKE *or* LIQUID

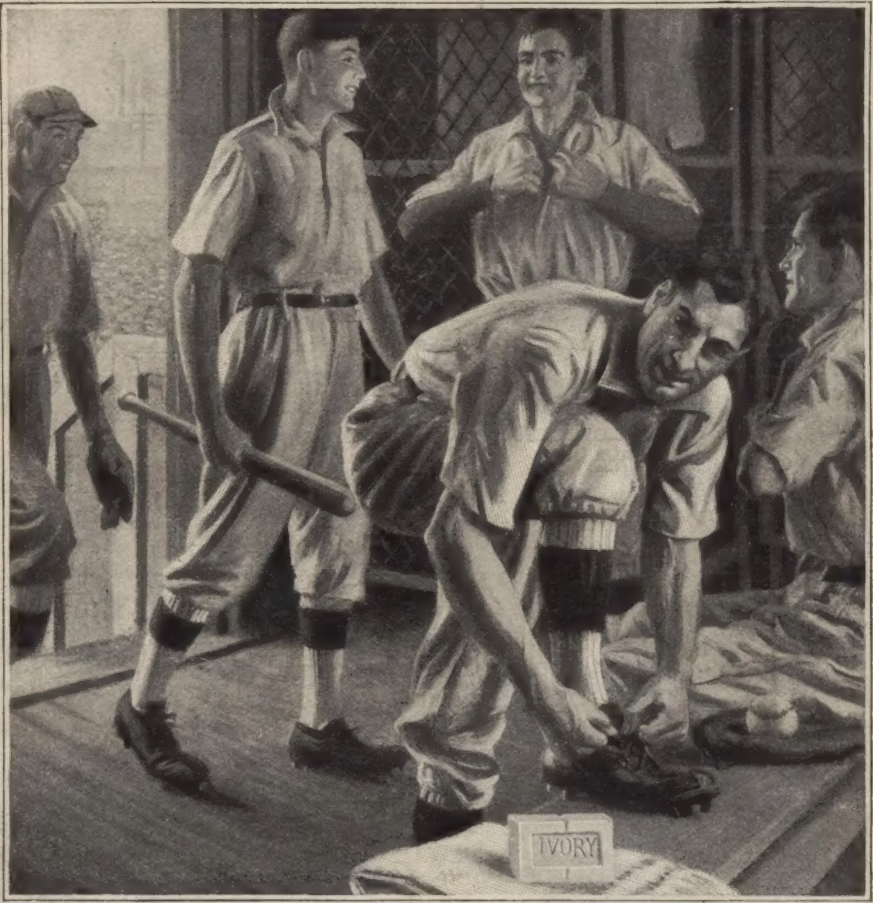
Tar Soap

(Pure as the Pines)

Send 10c for a sample half-cake—or a sample bottle, of Packer's Tar Soap.

We will mail you on request our manual, "The Hair and Scalp—Their Modern Care and Treatment."

THE PACKER MFG. CO., Suite 85 C, 81 Fulton St., N. Y.



The Sporting Editor reported it this way

Our boys came to bat in the last half of the ninth with the score tied. Brady fanned. Stimson walked. He went to second while Griggs was thrown out at first. Big Ed Barrows, looking beyond the pitcher to the club house in center field with its cooling shower, thought this a good time to end the day's toil and sent the first ball safely to right, bringing in Stimson with the winning run.

¶ Of course, the sporting editor thought that he was cracking a joke at Big Ed's expense when he confided to the fans the supposed motive power behind that hit to right. But there was more fact than fancy in his observation. Indeed, Ed saw with his mind's eye not only the refreshing shower but a big cake of Ivory Soap waiting to free his hot, chafing skin from the dust and sweat of the contest. ¶ Under these conditions could you blame him for spoiling an extra-inning game?

IVORY SOAP. . .

IVORY
SOAP
Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati

. . . 99$\frac{44}{100}$% PURE

Missing Page

Inside back cover

Missing Page

Back cover